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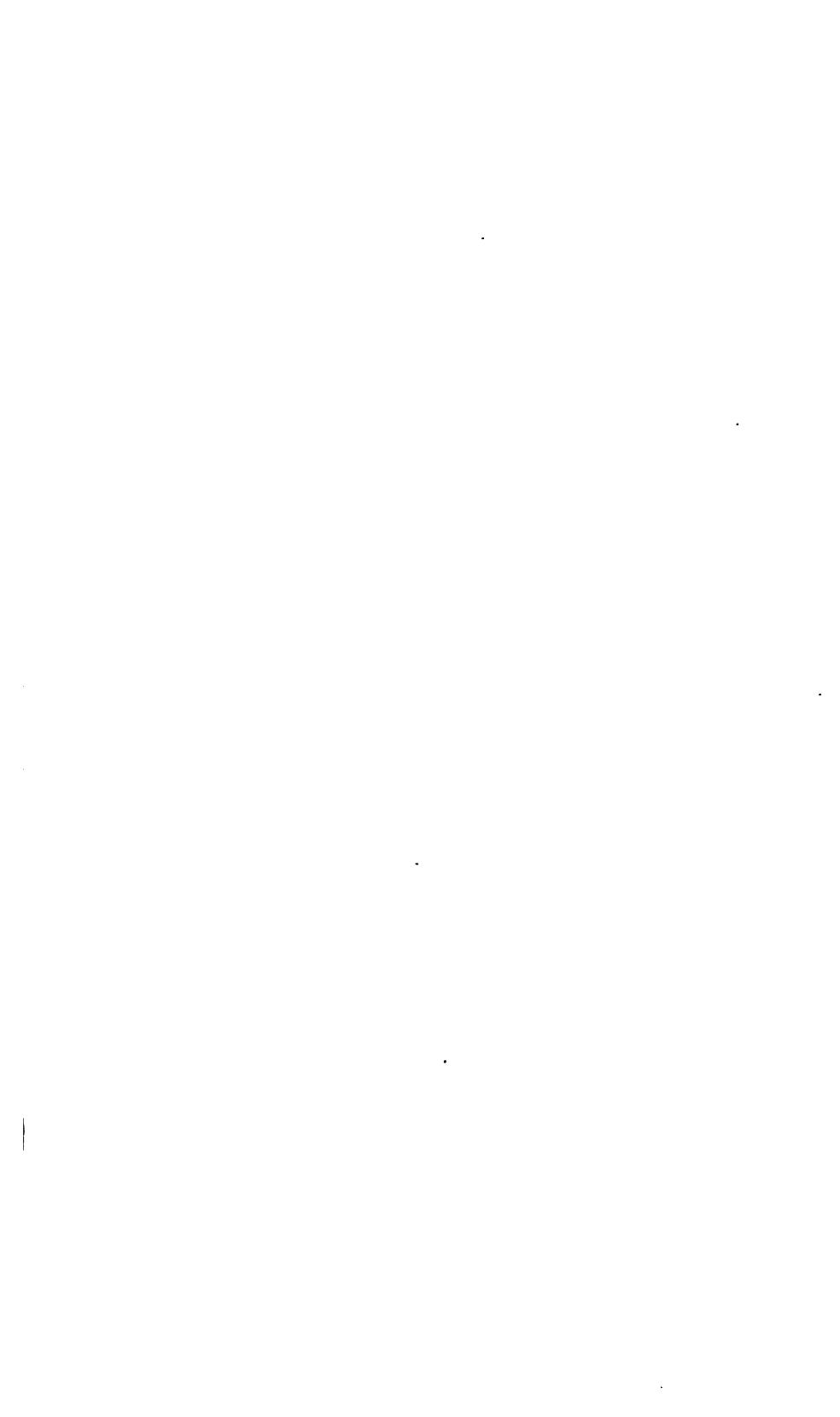
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CHARLES THURNHANS
BINDERS
CARLISLE





BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

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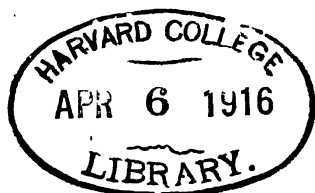


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BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

BESSIE LEIGH.

"**THEN** you have made up your mind not to go to the squire's ball, Bessie. I thought you cared more for me than to refuse when you knew I looked forward to having you for my partner as the best thing there. Well, if you won't go, you won't; I dare say I shall find some one else willing enough to dance with me—not any one I shall like as well as you, Bessie," was added, in a relenting tone, as the speaker caught a timid, sorrowful glance from the eyes of the young girl with whom he was expostulating.

"I think I should have liked to go to the ball, Mr. Maxwell, and I'm sure I should have liked to dance with you, but the servants at the hall are much grander than I am; they dress as fine as ladies, and since grandfather died, and old grannie came to live with us, what with keeping her—though no one grudges it to her—and what with paying for the boy's schooling, father has little enough to spare; he and mother work very hard; I could not look to them to spend their earnings in dressing me for a ball; besides, mother says young girls like me are best away from such places, and I think she's right, so I don't mean to go, though I'm thankful to the young ladies for inviting me, and it's kind of you to wish me to be there."

"All very fine, Miss Bessie. Well, if this is what you have made up your mind to, I must do my best to enjoy my evening without you. I dare say I shall manage it. I wish you good morning."

And Philip Maxwell walked quickly away, striving to appear indifferent by whistling a gay air, and endeavouring to make himself believe he had great cause to be angry with Bessie for disappointing him in the pleasure he had promised himself of dancing with her at the ball which was to be given in the servants' hall at Wendley Court on New Year's-eve.

Philip Maxwell, a bright, manly young fellow of about six-and-twenty, with brown curly hair and laughing hazel eyes, was the son of a farmer near Woodstock, whose well-kept homestead, with its goodly ricks and lowing cows, yielding milk which produced the best butter in the country round, gave him the credit of being in circumstances so prosperous, that Philip was considered a great catch, and had been made not a little conceited by the readiness with which his advances were met by the maidens whom he had flattered by his attentions. The last, and apparently the most de-

cided conquest that had been made of this fickle young gentleman, was that of little Bessie Leigh, a pretty blue-eyed lass of eighteen, the eldest daughter of one of the under-gardeners at Blenheim. Bessie was one of the prettiest and best girls near the town of Woodstock. Brought up in the school there, she was so great a favourite with the young ladies who taught in it, that when old enough to leave school she was offered by them the situation of young ladies' maid at Wendley Court; but just at this time her grandfather died, leaving little behind him but his Bible, an old pair of spectacles, a feather-bed, and a widow, who, though a cheery and intelligent old woman, had long been unable to do much more than sit in an arm-chair and work at her needle, and who, as her husband's sole legatee, took uncontested possession of his property, and came with it to spend the rest of her days in her son's family. So Bessie gave up the grand place at the squire's, and all the ease and plenty she would have had there, to wait upon her old grandmother, to rear poultry, and to help her mother in looking after the numerous young brothers and sisters who clustered round her like so many bees, and who, however troublesome and unruly, loved with all their hearts their kind, bright sister Bessie.

As Philip Maxwell walked whistling away something rose in Bessie's throat which made her feel as if she should be choked; her first impulse was to call him back, and to tell him she would go to the ball; but Bessie was a sensible girl, and modest withal, and having made up her mind she was doing her duty in staying away from it, she felt it would ill become her to yield to Philip's solicitations. "He has been kind to me," she said, "but that is no reason why I should do a wrong thing to please him. I know I'm right," she added, as she wiped away the tears that came to her relief; "such a ball as that will be is not the thing for me, and if Mr. Maxwell tempts me to wish for what I know would do me no good, the less I see him and talk to him the better. Why, all the money I have been saving for the children's Sunday frocks would not be enough to smarten me up for this grand ball, and I am sure I should not enjoy it if I had the thought that it would make me disappoint little Rose and Mary. No! I know I'm right. I wish Mr. Philip would think so too."

And once more little Bessie, wise and good girl though she was, wiped away the tears that would run down her cheeks when she remembered that her decision had probably driven from her one whose apparent partiality had produced many a happy feeling in her innocent young heart.

But Bessie had little time to be sentimental. All was in a bustle at the cottage when she reached home, for this conversation had taken place on Christmas-eve, and preparations—in forwarding which Bessie's assistance was greatly required—were being made for the morrow's feast. Mrs. Leigh, surrounded by her troop of sturdy children, was deep in the mysteries of pudding making; the

old lady was pulling out the white feathers of a goose, one of Bessie's own fattening, which was to be the principal dish of the Christmas dinner, while the father and his eldest boy, Jim, were digging from their garden the potatoes and cabbage by which the savory bird was to be supported. A clamour of voices was raised as Bessie entered, the children left their mother's side to show her the holly-branches with their bright red berries which they had gathered, and to single out a fine piece of mistletoe they had had the good luck to find, while Jim, who heard them, looked up and said:

"I know who'll get kissed under that, and I know who'll kiss her—eh, Bessie?"

"Why, Bessie, your cheeks are as red as the holly berries," said mischievous Rose; while gentle little Mary squeezed her hand into Bessie's as she saw her lip tremble and her eyes fill with tears.

Bessie stooped down to kiss her young sister, and then, laying aside her bonnet and shawl, and turning her sleeves up above her rosy dimpled elbows, she bid her mother rest whilst she finished the pudding, and gave her advice as to the best way of fastening up the holly-branches. Bessie kept up bravely all the evening, but she was not sorry when bedtime came, and she was able in the stillness of her little chamber to think over the temptations of the day, and to ask in simple hearty prayer for help to do what was right. She felt stronger and happier—as who does not?—after she had prayed; but she could hardly help envying the peaceful untroubled sleep of the two little sisters, whose bed stood in a corner of her room. "I almost wish I was as young as Mary," said Bessie, as she looked at them. "She is dreaming of nothing but the happiness she expects to-morrow. I wonder whether old grannie ever had my sort of trouble? If she had, she has forgotten it by this time. I suppose I shall forget it some day; but not yet—not yet!"

Bright was the sun, and bright were the merry faces that shone on Bessie the next morning; her little bedfellow Dick, the youngest of the family, had clasped his fat arms round her neck and waked her with a kiss, while Rose and Mary were singing, with their sweet childish voices, the Christmas carol they had learnt at school. A sharp frost, preceded by a fall of snow, had clothed all without in a pure white dress fit for the holy morning, the arrival of which the bells of Woodstock Church were already welcoming with a merry peal.

"A happy Christmas to you, my lass," said old Mrs. Leigh, as Bessie smoothed the grey hair and kissed the cheek of her grandmother before they started for church—"ay, a happy Christmas to my child, who does her duty, and keeps a smiling face to cheer the others, though she has something aching at her own heart. That's the best way to cure the aching, Bessie. Take an old woman's word

for it, there's nothing like forgetting oneself for the sake of making others happy, to drive away every trouble that God sees fit to send us. Then leave it in His hands, He knows what is best for us; blessed be His holy name," added the old lady, looking up with a pious, hopeful smile, and cheering Bessie, not only by her words, but by the knowledge they gave her that she had an observant and sympathising friend in her grandmother.

Christmas passed on, and New Year's-eve arrived, but Bessie had had no more entreaties from Philip Maxwell to resist. Not far from the Maxwells resided another farmer named Sprinks, whose wife some seventeen years before had presented him with a daughter. At the time of her baby's arrival, Mrs. Sprinks was so deeply filled with admiration of Goldsmith's poetry that nothing would content her but to name her child Angelina. This appellation, too grand for every-day use, had been miserably abbreviated to "Angy." But although her name had been thus shorn of its fair proportions, and although passing years had added many successors to her first-born child, Mrs. Sprinks had always clung to the idea that her Angelina was born to higher things than the life of a country farmer's daughter; and this conviction caused her, when Angy reached her fifteenth year, to worry her good-natured husband into a permission, given against his better judgment, to send the maiden to a "Ladies'" school at Oxford, where for the last two years she had been learning just enough in the way of showy accomplishments to make every useful occupation distasteful to her, and had acquired a taste for dress and gaiety which rendered a quiet country farm life irksome and disagreeable in a high degree.

With the Christmas holidays arrived Miss Angelina Sprinks, a pretty black-eyed, rosy-cheeked damsel, with a trim little figure, a sprightly animated manner when she was pleased, and plenty of that sort of conversation which attracts men who are accustomed to nothing more lively than discussions on farming, or the second-hand politics of a country town. Philip Maxwell, brooding over Bessie's unwillingness to comply with his request, and trying to teach himself that she neither cared for him nor was worth caring for, fell an easy prey to the fascinations of Angy, who was very willing to amuse herself by a flirtation with so handsome an admirer as Philip.

"Why, Phil!" said Mrs. Maxwell, the day after the ball, "I couldn't keep my sides from shaking with laughter last night to see you and Angy Sprinks turning round like a pair of teetotums, and kicking your legs out for all the world as if you'd got St. Vity's dance; she, with those iron hoops round her, showing enough to make a modest woman hide her eyes for very shame, and you hauling her round the waist, with your face as red as a turkey-cock, as if you thought you must hold on by main force or you'd both come sprawling down together. I couldn't hardly help wish-

ing you would, that I declare I couldn't. Why, when I was young, if any one had held on me like that I'd have boxed his ears before them all, and served him right too. See how nicely we used to cross hands and down the middle and up again, with pousette at the four corners, quite seemly like, not polking and galloping like so many colts in a field! I should like to have seen the man who'd have dared to put his arm round my waist!" And the old lady struck her arms akimbo, resting her fingers on each side of a ceinture capacious enough to have required not only temerity, but more than common length of limb to encircle it.

"Angy is a very merry, nice girl, mother—not one of those prudes who are afraid to spend sixpence on themselves, and haven't the spirit to go to a ball 'for fear of making father angry.' She's had a good education, too, and can talk about things one does not hear of every day. I promised I'd go this morning and hear her play on the piano that Farmer Sprinks had home for her at Christmas."

"Play on the pianny!" said Mrs. Maxwell; "she'd a deal better use her arms and fingers at the dairy-churn. I tell you what it is, Phil; I hope you're not going to have a fit of the tenders for Miss Angy. I've no mind to have a pianny-playing, polka-dancing, would-be lady for my daughter, dizzened out with flounces and flowers, and her head full of nonsense that she gets out of those yellow and green books she reads instead of her Bible and honest John Bunyan. Why, when I went to speak to Mrs. Sprinks the other day about that Herefordshire cow I thought of taking in exchange for my Alderney calf, what should I see on Angy's table but a lot of cambric flowers and lace, and a book lying open, with a long story called 'Can Wrong be Right?' in it, as if one wanted a book printed to answer *that*! No, no, Phil, don't you take up with Angy; she won't suit us old-fashioned people, nor you neither, when you come to your right senses."

Evidently, Philip had not yet reached this happy state; for, without waiting to reply to his mother's unfavourable opinion of the damsel, who was just now the object of his admiration, he betook himself to Farmer Sprinks's, where, as Mrs. Maxwell would have predicted, he found Angy deeply interested in the trials of some imaginary heroine, and caring little for the domestic troubles of her mother, a clean, bustling, peevish woman, with a numerous family and a large household, whose short-comings were to her a constant source of fretful worry, and who would have fairly worn herself out with vexation had she not been blessed with the most easy and good-tempered of husbands. The calm, patient way in which John Sprinks listened to his wife's long list of annoyances soothed the poor woman like oil upon the troubled waters, and often restored peace between her and her dependents when the violence of the outbreak rendered the hope of this least probable.

This morning civil war seemed inevitable. Mrs. Sprinks had found the dairy door unlocked, and a couple of strange cats feasting on her best pans of cream; her garden, carefully separated by a thick yew-hedge and a gate from the farm-yard, had been entered by the pigs during the night in consequence of the gates having been left open; and the beds, which had been thickly planted with snowdrop and crocus-bulbs, promising a rich show of gold, white, and purple flowers in the spring, lay covered with the remnants of the roots which these marauders had scratched up and partially devoured. The men and maidens in Mrs. Sprinks's service, taking advantage of the squire's ball, which had withdrawn from them the wonted surveillance of their active mistress, had united in giving so jovial a welcome to the New Year that gates and locks were all forgotten in the enjoyment of the creaming spiced ale and hot cakes, the jokes and laughter with which they kept its vigil.

"A happy new year, indeed! Not much chance of my having a happy new, nor a happy old year neither; and it's not many of one or the other I shall live to see if I'm worried out of my life in this way! To think of that lazy Phoebe letting those two nasty cats into the dairy, and my losing all the cream from my best Alderney! It's all very well for you, John Sprinks, to smile, and say she'll yield as much to-morrow, and that Phoebe may be let to start fair this morning, and have all her last year's faults forgiven; I should like to know what is to become of us if we shut our mouths, like you, when things go wrong, and leave the boys and girls unsolded whatever mishaps they bring upon us by their carelessness!"

"Quite true, Susan—quite true," said the pacificator; "no one knows better than I do how lucky we all are in having you to keep things right and straight. I was only just thinking, old woman, that as this is New Year's-day, and as God has blessed us with so much health and plenty that the loss of a little cream matters not to us, why, I thought we would not be too hard on the lads and lasses, because, when we were enjoying ourselves at the squire's, they were merry, and perhaps careless, at home. I dare say Tom and Phoebe have been quite punished enough by the fright they have had at seeing the mischief they have caused by their forgetfulness."

"Well, Phoebe did cry and say she was very sorry, and I see Tom has been raking up the beds and doing what he could with the snowdrops, so I suppose I must forgive them," said Mrs. Sprinks. "I always feel better when I have had my say out with you, John, though you do almost always turn me round quite to the other side of the point from which I started. It's a pity they can't send you out to America, John," she added, laughing; "I do believe you'd bring those Federals and what-d'ye-call-ums—

those fighting states—to a better understanding, if they would but listen to you.”

Mr. Sprinks's reply to his wife's exalted idea of his powers of persuasion was prevented by the entrance of Philip Maxwell, who received a hearty welcome from the worthy pair, while Miss Angelina endeavoured to show the advantages of her superior education by an amusing assumption of dignity and indifference, which failed, however, in concealing the pleasure she felt at this early visit of the handsome young farmer. Philip's roving fancy was quite caught by the airs and graces of the pretty smartly-dressed maiden and by the accomplishments, which, however imperfectly possessed by Angy, appeared to him, in their novelty, worthy of equal surprise and admiration. With no little disquiet did old Mrs. Maxwell, as the year went on, perceive how many mornings Philip spent at Farmer Sprinks's.

“As sure as I'm alive, George,” she said to her husband, “that young parrot Angy, with her gay feathers and her smart witless sayings, will catch our silly son if you don't take care. Why, ever since New Year's-eve, Philip has been dilly-dallying at Farmer Sprinks's, listening to Angy's pianny-thumping, and gaping at her outlandish French words and songs like a great gudgeon, and she'll hook him before long. A pretty sort of a wife she will be for a farmer! I don't believe she knows the difference between a crow and a pigeon, and as to making butter, or looking after poultry, I'd sooner trust our little Lizzie to do either, though she is but six years old. Bless her little heart, she does run after me so when I go into the dairy, and there's not an old hen in the yard that does not cluck with pleasure when it sees Lizzie's little feet toddling about amongst the chickens.” And Mrs. Maxwell fairly forgot the vexatious subject of her son's fancy for Angelina in the fond pride with which she caressed her youngest darling Lizzie.

It did, indeed, seem as if the blandishments of Angelina had succeeded in fixing the affections of Philip. Day after day he idled away at her side; Bessie was, for the time at least, forgotten; and if occasionally, on his way to Farmer Sprinks's, he met the little maiden, her sweet face glowing with health and good humour, with her well-filled basket of eggs and poultry, on her way to market—or if, on a Sunday, he saw her carefully leading her old grandmother to church, and, with a sidelong glance, observed her earnest and devout attention in the house of God, contrasting, as it did, with Angelina's anxiety, even there, to have her gay clothing remarked and admired—still Philip tried not to confess even to himself how much more fit Bessie was than Angy for a farmer's wife, and how far prettier and more modest she looked than her rival. There seemed, therefore, every prospect that Mrs. Maxwell's fears would be realised, when an invitation from an aunt in London, that Angelina would spend a month with

her, was so eagerly accepted that Philip's eyes began to open to the fact that, however serious were his intentions, those of the young lady had been but to amuse herself by permitting him to occupy the time which often hung heavily on her hands.

"And will you really stay away a whole month, Angy?" said Philip, a few evenings before the day fixed for her departure. "What shall I do when you are gone? I did not think you would have been so pleased to leave me. I am afraid you will quite forget me among all the gay people and doings in London."

"Oh, no, I don't suppose I shall forget you, Mr. Maxwell," said Angy—she had often called him "Philip" before. "I shall be glad to see you when I come back—if I do come back," she added; "but it is a mercy to get away from this dull place. I shall coax my aunt to take me to all sorts of things, and to keep me as long as she can in London. Is there anything I can do for you while I am there, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Nothing, thank you," said poor Philip, taking the hand she held out to him as she rose to leave the room, and hoping that she might return the slight pressure he ventured to give it—"nothing, thank you," he repeated, as the maiden quickly withdrew it. "I hope you will enjoy your visit, Miss Angelina, as much as you expect.—A mercy to get away from this dull place!" said Philip to himself, as he walked home. "What a fool I have been, dangling after this girl, and fancying that she cared for me, when all she thinks of is herself and her silly vanities. After all, Bessie Leigh was quite right when she said balls and such things were no good to girls like her. What an uncommon fool I have been! To think that a young *lady*, with her French and her piano, her silks and her flowers, would ever settle down into a farmer's wife like mother, or look after poultry, and take an interest in such things as—well, I must say it—as Bessie does!" And Philip switched off the heads of sundry primroses that were peeping up beneath the hedge-row, as if the destruction of these pretty harbingers of spring acted as a safety-valve for the hot, angry feelings that were boiling within him.

March and April passed, and May was swiftly gliding into June, but still Angy remained in London. For a week or two after her departure she occasionally mentioned Philip's name in her letters to her mother, who duly reported this fact to one whom she would willingly have accepted as her son-in-law; but soon the charms of London drove all recollection of Philip's admiration, and any wish she might have had to retain it, from Angy's mind, while he, too, freed from the fascinations of her presence, became more and more aware of how much he had erred in forsaking Bessie, and in trying to attach to himself so vain and thoughtless a maiden as Angelina. Very gladly now would Philip have brought matters again to the position in which they were at Christmas between Bessie

and himself; but the little damsel seemed determined to give him no chance of restoring this happy state of things. Ever busy, ever gay and bright, she had a cheerful word for all, and was the very light of her father's home, the joy and darling of her old grandmother, whose strong good sense and kindly sympathy had done much towards restoring peace in Bessie's heart, and in bringing back the smiles that Philip's desertion had, for a time, driven from her rosy lips.

"So that was what made you blush, and almost cry, when Jim joked about the mistletoe, was it, Bessie?" the old lady had said, as she caressingly stroked the fair head of her grandchild, who, after telling all her sorrows, had buried her face on the knees of her patient listener. "Well, child, I cannot blame you for grieving; it would have been a grand match for my little girl, and from all I have seen and heard of Mr. Maxwell, he is a steady, good son, and is likely to make a steady, good husband; the more's the pity he should throw himself away upon Miss Angelina. But you did right, Bessie, and, whatever comes of it, there is nothing like the comfort of knowing this—so cheer up, lass, keep in the straight path, and chance if you don't meet some one there every bit as good as Mr. Maxwell; or, if you don't, you will find something better, for you will have that peace which 'passeth understanding,' which God gives to all His poor creatures who strive to keep a clear conscience and an honest heart before Him."

So Bessie "cheered up," and soon again her sweet voice sang as merrily as the birds above her, and her blithe smile and rosy cheeks showed that she encouraged no love-sick fancies in her heart to worry others, or to fret away her own happiness. Bessie had grown prosperous, too; many a callow brood had her ducks and hens reared for her this spring, and of so good a quality was her merchandise that her basket of eggs was generally emptied before it reached the market, and her coops were greatly lightened of their cackling inmates by those who, on her way there, were glad to become the purchasers of her well-fed poultry. Within the last few weeks she had started a donkey-cart, much to the delight of her younger brothers and sisters, and more especially to the gratification of Harry, the greatest plague, and yet, perhaps, the greatest favourite of the family. Full of fun and frolic, as active as a squirrel and as mischievous as a monkey, he was continually getting into scrapes, and as often escaping the punishment due to them by his irresistible drollery and the good humour with which he received the reprimands that were justly bestowed upon him. When little Mary's doll was brought from the fair, and Harry—to see whether the bran with which it was stuffed was fit food for his rabbits, and to ascertain, also, how the pulling of a wire in the middle of its back could make the doll open and shut its great blue eyes—made an incision in the cotton skin of her new darling,

the little girl's tears were stopped by the ridiculous appearance of one of Harry's young bunnies, which he held up before her attired in the frock and bonnet of the wounded doll; while Bessie's anger, when Harry seized her best Dorking hen (fluttering in fear as it watched its strange brood of ducklings taking to the water), and sent it flying into the little river Evenlode, telling it "it ought to be ashamed not to go and look after its own young 'uns," was appeased by the willingness with which he stripped off his shoes and stockings to wade in after the drowning bird, and the gentleness with which he brought it out of the water, and placed it in a sunny nook to warm and dry its feathers after the sudden bath he had given it. To this young urchin did Bessie confide the care of her long-eared steed and its little cart, and no high-bred horse in lordly stable was ever more anxiously groomed or more carefully tended than was Bessie's rough little donkey by its young groom, while Rose and Mary vied with each other in gathering nosegays from their own gardens to adorn it ere it started every Tuesday morning for the market in Woodstock.

But donkeys, though gaily adorned and lovingly treated, will be donkeys still, and so it befel that one day, as Bessie with her cartful of goods for market was tripping along by its side, her animal took it into its head to stand stock-still at the foot of a little hill, and no coaxing of Bessie's, no pulling of Harry's, who had gone so far with her on his way to school, could induce the donkey to do more than throw out his hind legs, and threaten to kick in a manner which put into imminent danger her fine fresh eggs and the baskets of delicate mushrooms which Rose had risen at day-dawn to gather. The last resource of hitting the obstinate animal only increased these ominous signs, and Bessie was beginning to despair, when the sharp stroke of a whip, and a sudden push from behind the cart, so startled the donkey that it went off in a brisk trot; while Bessie's already glowing face mantled with the brightest blushes as she turned round to thank the giver of this welcome assistance, and found herself close to Philip Maxwell.

"I am sure if you are obliged to me, Miss Bessie, I am very much obliged to your donkey for making you speak to me once more. I began to think I was never to have the pleasure of hearing your voice again. May I not walk a little way towards the market with you?" he added, as Bessie, though still smiling and blushing, seemed inclined to start off again and leave him alone. "Very likely you may want help again; at any rate, I may as well be at hand in case you do. I have been wishing some time to tell you how glad I am you have a cart now, instead of being obliged to carry your heavy basket. It's no wonder you are growing rich, for my mother says there is no poultry like yours in Woodstock market, and that she would rather have you to look

after her farm-yard and dairy than any girl in the country round. She is not the only one who thinks that, Bessie."

"Mrs. Maxwell is very kind, and I thank her for her good opinion of me," said little Bessie, not without a slight tone of triumph in her voice; "but the donkey goes very well now, thank you, sir, and I am so near the market that I do not think there is any fear of his stopping again." And Bessie dropped a little curtsey and went on with her cart, while Philip, between fear of offending the little maiden by following her, and vexation at the cool way in which she received his advances towards reconciliation, stood in the middle of the road looking at Bessie, and tapping the heel of his boot with his whip, for some minutes before he started on his way home again.

"Why, Philip, man, what ails you? I think you are growing soft! Here's little Lizzie been asking you for milk this three minutes, and you've taken no more notice of the poor child than you would of a young sparrow, and now you've just emptied your mug of beer into my teacup! What is come to you, lad? Is Miss Angy coming home with a London volunteer for a lover? She had much better stay, and keep him company there; the London smoke and lamplight will suit her painted flowers better than our fresh country air, where we get the real things for nothing. She's a deal better in London; I hope she is not coming back," said Mrs. Maxwell, as Philip, who had joined the breakfast-table at the farm after his encounter with Bessie, gave evident signs of the preoccupied and not very well pleased state of his mind. "I hope she is not coming back, Philip!"

"I am sure I do not know, mother, and, what's more, I don't care," said Philip.

"That's the best 'don't care' I have heard for many a day," said Mrs. Maxwell; "but if it's not Miss Angy, who, or what is it, makes you look as sour as two-days'-old milk? I declare it sets one's teeth on edge to sit near you! Well, Phil, I don't wish to hurt you, and Lizzie has got lots of milk and sugar, too, now; she is quite happy on your knee, bless her!"

For Lizzie, with a child's instinct, had seen that Philip winced under his mother's remarks, and, with the pretty conceit of a petted one, had clambered up to console her brother by kissing his cheek, and whispering, "Lizzie loves Philip!" whilst he, in return for the little girl's sympathy, had drawn towards her everything on the table that he thought would please her.

"Perhaps it is best to let him alone," said Mrs. Maxwell to herself; "he will come round some day; at any rate, it is a comfort to think he has given up Miss Angy!"

The fields have put on the golden hue of autumn; the hedges are covered with the bright poisonous berries of the nightshade, mingled with the delicate clematis and sweet-smelling honeysuckle;

the blackberries are beginning to ripen; and already the hazel-bushes have been rifled by impatient young nutting parties. August has come, and the children in many a village round Woodstock are counting the days that must elapse before the 15th, when the great holiday of the year, the school treat in Blenheim Park, is to be given.

Bessie's fingers have been very busy lately, and more than one visit has the little maiden paid to the linendraper's at Woodstock, for not only must Rose and Mary have new frocks bought with Bessie's savings, but grannie, "dear grannie," is to have a shawl and dress from the same source. The park gates are to be thrown open to all on the treat day—young and old, rich and poor, are to be invited to wander amid the beautiful gardens of Blenheim; and upwards of a thousand boys and girls are to feast upon the cakes and tea provided for them by the kind and noble Duke of Marlborough.

Many a little face was seen peeping from the lattice windows of the cottagers very early on the morning of the 15th, and many an anxious hope was expressed that the clouds would roll away and the sun shine out, while in every village near the park gaily painted waggons were being prepared for the reception of the happy little people by the farmers, who good naturedly afforded them this means of conveyance. By one o'clock the roads from Bladon, Stonesfield, Woodstock, and many other places towards Blenheim, were enlivened by the merry shouts of children as they rode beneath the fresh cool branches of trees which had been fastened to the sides of the waggons to shield them from the mid-day sun. Along the road walked the parents and the elder brothers and sisters, rejoicing in the happiness of the young ones. At Mrs. Leigh's cottage the bustle had been great. It was arranged that grannie should go as far as the park gates in Bessie's donkey-cart, and Harry's state of excitement and desire to give this an extra cleaning, and to brush the donkey until the patient beast began to doubt whether he should have any coat left, caused this young gentleman to leave his bed at least two hours earlier than usual, and, in consequence, to be so tired and sleepy by breakfast-time, and so cross and perverse, that he narrowly escaped a flogging from his father by Bessie's coaxing him to go and take a good sleep while she got the others ready. Then, when the waggon came, although Harry, Rose, Mary, Willie, and Anne were all ready and willing to enter, it took at least five minutes to induce little Dick to leave his mother and go amongst the other children. At last all were fairly started, and by the time that old Mrs. Leigh, with her son and his wife and Bessie, had found a grassy slope whence they could see the happy gathering, the duke and duchess, with many a high-born friend, and surrounded by their own fair young family, had come to welcome their lowlier,

but not less welcome, visitors of the day. Immediately below the terrace on which they stood were ranged the bands of children, and soon was heard the shrill sweet sound of infant voices singing,

O praise the Lord in that blest place—
From whence His goodness largely flows.

The hymn over, the children dispersed to play until the bell summoned them to tea, and then two and two they walked to the feast.

"There's our Harry," said Mrs. Leigh, as the Woodstock boys marched by. "Well, master, I don't think you could find a brighter face than his if you searched for it the longest summer day! How he does step out to the tune the band plays! He won't see us, though," she added, as Harry, his eyes sparkling and his head thrown back, came on in the procession, evidently considering himself in far too dignified a position to take notice of the group who were watching him with so much loving pride. The smaller boys followed, and among them little Dick, but no sooner did he catch a glimpse of his mother, than all the courage they had coaxed into him forsook him. Dropping the hand of his little companion, he sprung to the side of Mrs. Leigh, and, fastening his fat hands in her gown, he held tight, regardless of every entreaty, every temptation to leave her again.

"Me want no cake—me stay with mammy," said the sturdy little fellow, brave enough now that he found himself close to his mother, and saw, young as he was, the fond happy smile which told how glad she was to keep him with her.

Among the many who that day wandered through the gardens of Blenheim, few seemed more interested in the subject of their conversation than our two friends, Mrs. Sprinks and Mrs. Maxwell; but it was not of Alderney or of any other cows they talked.

"Only to think," said Mrs. Sprinks, "that after all her schooling and the three hundred pounds, neither more nor less, she cost us in the three years she was at Oxford—only think, ma'am, of the news my sister sent me of Angy last week!"

Mrs. Maxwell had felt far more charitably towards Angelina since she had ceased to dread her power over Philip, and it was with real kindness she expressed a hope that no ill had befallen her.

"Well, not ill exactly," whined Mrs. Sprinks, "but she is going to be married to a greengrocer in a London street, who says the only music fit for such as him is what he hears the Talian boys grind on their organs, and who will expect Angy to wear a cotton gown and mind the shop. It's all my sister's doing, I know; she was always plaguing me, and saying I was doing worse than only wasting my money in giving Angy what she called 'a would-be lady's' education; and now she writes me word I may think my-

self lucky I have done so little harm, and hopes I shall be thankful to hear my daughter has a prospect of settling herself so respectably. Respectably, indeed! I wish John had his three hundred safe in his pocket again, that I do. Susan says Mr. Brown is a kind, steady, well-to-do man, who will lead Angy all right, and make her a good useful woman some day; and John seems rather glad at the news than otherwise, but I own to you, Mrs. Maxwell, I thought of something better for our girl, after all we had spent, than to look after potatoes and cabbages in a London shop!"

"She won't have much room for those iron hoops there," was Mrs. Maxwell's first laughing thought. "Well, ma'am, it certainly does seem a pity," she said, aloud, "that so much good money should have been spent to get what would have been better left alone; but what is done cannot be helped; it's no use, as they say, crying over spilt milk. Miss Angy might have had worse luck than this, only I don't quite understand how *she* has made up her mind to do anything so—sensible, if you won't take offence at my saying so."

"No offence taken, ma'am, where none is meant. Susan says she began talking to the girl as soon as she went to her about the nonsense of aping dress and manners which did not belong to her station, and Angy saw how happy her aunt and cousins were doing their duty where God had placed them; so, by degrees, she began to think that busy, useful hands made merry hearts, and that a good husband, whose home she could make happy, would be better than all the balls and love-stories she had liked before; and then, just at the right time, came this Mr. Brown with his plain, honest wooing. Susan backed him, of course, and so Angy soon said, 'Yes.' I hope she will be happy; but, law's me, she little knows the cares she'll have as a family comes around her; it's a'most enough to break one's back, that it is!"

"Oh! the back is well jointed, and bends to its burdens instead of breaking," said Mrs. Maxwell, cheerily. "I am very glad Miss Angy has such happy prospects. But here come all the children back from tea; it does one's heart good to see them look so happy. I would rather be this Duke of Marlborough, with all these young innocent things about my park, than the first duke who brought the palace to the family by spilling the blood of his fellow-creatures, and gaining victories with the lives of thousands of those who were once happy English boys. But still he fought for his Queen and country, and was a brave, good man, they say, and it's not for me to speak disrespectfully of any one belonging to Blenheim; it is a real blessing to have them in our neighbourhood. Here comes Lizzie, and there is little Rose Leigh, and there is your Lucy, Mrs. Sprinks; let us go and see them play on the green sward. I hear the clergy and the ladies are all going to join in the games, and

there is a pole for the boys to climb, and races for the girls, with prizes for both, and the volunteers are marching and firing, and the bands playing. Let us go and see the fun."

And the two dames walked briskly on to join the crowds who had again assembled in front of the palace.

The eyes of many were now fixed on an active boy who had succeeded in reaching a greater height than any of his predecessors on the pole.

"Well done, Harry Leigh! One spring' more! There, he's all but caught it!" was shouted as Harry, clinging tight with one arm round the pole, stretched out his other hand to reach a gaily-painted top, which, tied to a cord, and raised and lowered by a pulley, was continually made to elude his grasp.

"One spring more and you will catch it," said the lively, high-born boy who held the lower end of the cord.

Harry sprang again, the top touched his nose, then jumped above his head; again he sprang, and this time his hand held tight the toy he had climbed so high to gain.

"Well done, my boy; you deserve the top, indeed! You will make a fine sailor some of these days," said the kind curate, who entered now with as much interest into the sports of his young parishioners as at other times he watched the training of their minds. "Who goes up next?" he asked, as several boys came round the foot of the pole. "Here are plenty more balls and tops for all who are willing to fetch them, and bring them down as Harry Leigh did."

The prizes for the girls were obtained by feats less athletic, but scarcely less active; and many a hearty laugh was heard, and many a young face beamed with pleasure, as dolls, books, thimbles, and other gifts were liberally distributed amongst them. Little Mary Leigh was made perfectly happy by becoming the possessor of a real sharp-pointed pair of scissors, finer even, she was sure, than Bennie's, while Rose would not have changed her doll for anything else she saw that day. And now another and a still greater attraction drew many to the very steps of the portico beneath which the ducal party were assembled; for there, attended by his two dogs, an itinerant conjuror had established himself, and was already astounding the beholders with the feats of a wretched-looking but most intelligent black poodle, called "Topsy."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, is there any question you would like to ask Topsy? She is ready to answer it," said the man, throwing down in a circle some thirty cards with various words and numbers upon them. "Topsy, tell the ladies if you are ready. That's a good dog," he added, as Topsy, crouching timidly, laid at his feet a card with "Yes" upon it, which she had selected from the circle. "Now, Topsy, tell us how many days a man works in the week, and how many days he rests. Good dog, again!" he said,

for Topsy had fetched first a card with "Six" upon it, and had next selected one on which "Sunday" was written. Many more questions were put, and were equally well answered, before Topsy was permitted to enjoy the biscuits brought for her by the fair children of the duke, who enjoyed the cleverness of the poor dog as much as *they* did for whom the amusement had been provided. To them the dog's powers were evidently most astounding; they pressed closer and closer towards the little performer; one young face peeped over another to gain a nearer view. Little Mary Leigh, who stood in the front row, amused many by the absorbed gaze she fixed upon the dog. With her large blue eyes wide open, her lips apart, and the valued scissors held tight, but sticking *chevaux-de-frise* fashion in front of her, she stood during the whole performance so interested, but so still, that it required but little imagination to believe her spell-bound, and fit to take her place among the courtiers of the "Sleeping Beauty," thrown, as she seemed to be, by a magic touch into this attitude of motionless attention.

"I say, Mary, won't we try to teach our Bogie like that?" said quiet Willie, startling his little sister from her trance as the performance ended, and Topsy was allowed to run away for a time.

In all parts of the grounds were groups of happy people, some stopping to admire the rich hues of the ribbon borders in the quaint Dutch gardens, others looking with delight at the graceful festoons of bud and blossom in the rosary; while many wandered along the sides of the lake, where the water reflected the grassy slopes and noble trees above it, and was, in places, so clear that the fish were seen gliding swiftly beneath its surface.

Amongst those who strolled here were old Mrs. Leigh and Bessie, joined by Harry, who having won a race, climbed the pole, and performed many other feats of activity, seemed inclined now to attach himself to his favourite sister for the rest of the afternoon. A lazy young jack floating slowly along, about a couple of yards from the bank, and apparently not more than a foot below the water, attracted Harry's attention.

"I do believe I could catch him by his tail!" he cried. And before Bessie had time to hold him back, he, forgetful alike of danger and of the best clothes in which he was dressed, had darted into the lake. The fish, of course, swam quickly away, and Master Harry, somewhat crestfallen, endeavoured to return to land. This, however, he found not so easy as he expected; the soft bottom of the lake yielding to his weight sank him lower and lower into the mud, and resisted all the efforts he made to extricate his feet. "Keep off, Bessie; don't be a fool. I can get out without your help," he cried, as Bessie, frightened, seemed on the point of running into the water towards him. "Hold off, here's better help than yours coming," he added, as Philip Maxwell, who had

been wandering about by himself all day, and had yet managed at no time to be very far from Bessie, drew near, and holding out to Harry the strong hooked stick he carried, soon dragged the young man out of the lake. Harry shook himself like a water-spaniel, and laughing at Bessie's frightened blushing face, he said, "Why, one would think I was made of salt or sugar, and was going to melt, to look at you, Bessie. I shan't hurt, though I know I have been a fool for my pains. I hope father won't be angry about my wet trousers. I think they will dry all right. Thank you for giving me your stick, Mr. Maxwell; it was a great help, sir."

"Had you not better sit down, ma'am," said Philip to old Mrs. Leigh, who, deprived of Bessie's arm, stood quietly looking at her grandchildren; "here is a nice dry bank, and this tree will do for you to lean against. Take hold of my arm, and I will settle you almost as well as Bessie could."

"Thank you kindly, sir; I am sure you are very good; I shall not be sorry to sit down after my walk. Why, Bessie, child, you seem all of a tremble; come and sit by me for a while, and let Harry go home. I think you had best do that, boy, or you will spoil all your clothes, besides catching cold by keeping on your damp things; you deserve to be punished for jumping into the water, and a walk home after your wetting will do you more good than riding in the waggon. I'll tell father and mother why I sent you away."

Harry, thinking his best plan would be to obey his grandmother, and beginning, too, to feel rather uncomfortable in his wet boots and trousers, walked off with a somewhat rueful countenance, and Bessie sat down at her grandmother's side, while Philip, who felt as if he could not leave her now, stood at a little distance from them, and, as he looked at Bessie, thought she had never seemed so pretty or so charming to him as she did then. The evening sun cast its rich rays upon the young girl through the wide-spreading branches of the beech-tree beneath which she sat, and gave a radiance both to her sweet youthful face and to the withered but far from unattractive one of her aged parent, whose arm was thrown lovingly round the neck of her grandchild, and who, old woman though she was, could not repress an arch smile when she saw the pretty, shamefaced look of Bessie, as Philip, unable to resist her attractions, drew gradually nearer and nearer towards the conscious maiden. At last he is close to her, he has taken in his her little unresisting hand, and he whispers, "If you will but forgive me, Bessie, you will make me so very happy; only say you will forgive me, dear Bessie."

What Bessie said in reply was in so low a tone that it is doubtful if even Philip *heard* it, but that he felt quite satisfied with her answer was very evident by the bright smile with which he listened to it. And when, about an hour later, the children and

the other visitors were drawing towards the park gates to resume their places in the waggons and other equipages after their happy treat-day, among the many merry groups there was scarcely one that looked more full of quiet joy than that of Philip Maxwell, with old Mrs. Leigh leaning on one arm and little Bessie on the other.

"Mother," he said, when, having placed the old lady carefully by the side of Bessie in the donkey-cart, and given Bessie's hand a loving squeeze, he returned to fetch his mother from the park—"mother, if I have asked Bessie Leigh to be my wife, I hope you will be pleased."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Maxwell; "Bessie Leigh! Well, Phil! I think your father's son might have looked higher than the daughter of an under-gardener. Not that I have a word to say against Bessie herself, boy"—for Philip began to give signs of impatient anger—"I have nothing to say against Bessie; she is a good girl, and a pretty one, and knows how to rear poultry as well or better than I do myself. She is kind to her old grandmother, too, and manages the younger children well, so I won't go against you, my son, if you have set your heart on marrying Bessie, for I believe you are more likely to be happy with her—clever and industrious as she is—than you would with a richer girl, who might, perhaps, be proud and idle too. I won't say 'nay,' and your father is a sensible man, and generally thinks as I do, so get the banns put up as soon as you please, Phil, and my blessing shall be ready for you and your little wife whenever you bring her home."

"Grannie, dear," said Bessie, as she drove joyfully along the Woodstock road—"grannie, Mr. Maxwell says you are to come and live with us, that father must spare you to me, and that we are to make you as happy and as comfortable as a queen. Oh! Philip is so kind, grannie, and I am so very, very happy!"

"May you long keep so, dear child, and may God, who has given you a heart to care for the happiness of others, and strength to deny yourself what is most pleasing to your fancy if your conscience tells you it is not right—may He pour His richest blessings on you and on the husband who has chosen you, not only because you have a fair and winsome face, but because he knows you are good and prudent. May God bless you both, my darling Bessie, and may Mr. Maxwell find in you the truth of those blessed words of wise King Solomon, that 'the price of a virtuous woman is above rubies,' and that 'the heart of her husband may safely trust in her, for she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.'"

CARDINAL POLE:

OR, THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the fourth.

SMITHFIELD.

I.

HOW DERRICK CARVER FULFILLED HIS PROMISE.

THREE days afterwards, Derrick Carver, upon whom the Cardinal's goodness had operated like a sovereign cordial, giving him new life and energy, announced that he was strong enough to avail himself of the permission he had received, and, accordingly, the door of his cell was unlocked by Mallet, who accompanied him to the palace gates, and there let him go, never expecting, as he frankly avowed, to behold him again.

"It may be well to follow him and see what he is about," observed Rodomont, who was standing by.

"Nay, his Eminence has strictly forbidden that," said Mallet. "The man is to be left to his own devices. If he come back, I shall esteem him a greater fool than heretic."

"Tut, he will return," said Rodomont. "His Eminence understands him better than you do."

"Well, we shall see," rejoined the other.

On that very day, it chanced that Bishop Bonner came to Lambeth Palace, and, proceeding straightway to the Lollards' Tower, inquired for the prisoner. On learning that he had been allowed to go forth, he flew into a violent passion, and declared he would have the keeper punished for his gross breach of duty. Mallet excused himself, and referred the infuriated bishop to the Cardinal, but Bonner could not obtain an audience till his rage had had time to subside. Pole listened to his complaints, and then replied, calmly,

"It is true, I have let the man go on his promise to return in the evening."

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"But what is the promise of such a false knave worth?" cried Bonner, contemptuously. "He will infallibly break it."

"I do not think so," rejoined the Cardinal. "But tarry with me till eventide, and you will see."

Bonner agreed, dined with the Cardinal in the banqueting-hall, and, as there were many other important guests that day, he made merry, and thought no more about the prisoner. While he was sitting, however, with his host and Priuli, Rodomont Bittern entered, and, bowing to the Cardinal, said,

"Your Eminence desired to be informed when Derrick Carver came back. As the clock struck five, he returned to his cell."

Pole smiled, and, turning to the bishop, observed,

"I was right in my judgment of him, you perceive."

"I cannot deny it," replied Bonner. "Nevertheless, I would advise your Eminence to recal your permission. Most assuredly he will do much mischief out of doors."

"If it turn out so, he shall be kept within his cell," rejoined Pole.

Shortly after this, Bonner took leave of the Cardinal, but before quitting the palace, he satisfied himself, by personal inspection, that Carver was safe in his cell. He found him, as usual, reading the Bible, and if he had dared would have vented his rage upon him by causing him to be tied to the whipping-post in the chamber beneath and scourged.

"I will have him burnt as soon as possible," he observed to Mallet. "It is monstrous that such a vile wretch should be treated with so much leniency. And what of the Cardinal's other cadelamb, Mistress Constance Tyrrell? Has she been brought back from her apostasy?"

"I cannot say, in sooth, my lord," replied Mallet. "But I incline to think not, seeing she doth not attend mass."

"Not attend mass! Then she is still defiled by heresy," cried Bonner. "We will have her at Smithfield in spite of the Cardinal." And with this amiable resolve he departed.

Next morning Carver went forth again, returning punctually at five o'clock in the evening, and he pursued the same course for nearly a week, rather anticipating his time than staying beyond it. One evening, however, he did not appear as usual. Three hours more went by, and still he came not, and then Mallet thought it right to acquaint the Cardinal with his prolonged absence. The information caused Pole to look grave.

"Something must have happened to him," he said. "I do not believe he would have stayed away of his own accord, still less do I deem he has any design of evasion. Send Rodomont Bittern to me."

On Rodomont's arrival, the Cardinal ordered him to make immediate inquiries after the prisoner, and to take any persons with him who might aid in the quest.

"My own opinion is that the man has fallen into a snare," Pole said. "But I leave it to your shrewdness to discover what has become of him."

"In obedience to your Eminence's injunctions his movements have not been watched," replied Rodomont, "so that we have no clue to guide us. Nevertheless, I will essay to find him."

"About the business forthwith, and with a good heart," said the Cardinal. "You are quick-witted, and your penetration will put you on the right track."

Taking with him his lieutenants, Jack Holiday and Nick Simnel, Rodomont set out on his mission. Revolving what the Cardinal had said while dismissing him, he came to the conclusion that he should get on the right track by going to Bonner, who, he suspected, had a strong motive for keeping the prisoner out of the way.

Accordingly, he entered the Cardinal's barge with his friends, bidding the oarsmen row them with all possible despatch to the stairs at Paul's Chain, where, landing, they made the best of their way to the palace of the Bishop of London—a large edifice, which then stood on the north-west side of the cathedral.

From the porter at the palace gate they ascertained that Bonner was attending vespers in Saint Paul's, where they could speak with him on the conclusion of the service. Rodomont then inquired from the porter whether any heretics had been arrested that day. The man replied that several had been taken at a conventicle in Foster-lane, and that the chief sacramentary, who had been holding forth to the others, was detained in a strong-room in the gate till the lord bishop should decide what was to be done with him.

Rodomont then explained to the porter that he was an officer in Cardinal Pole's household, and with his companions was in search of an heretical prisoner named Derrick Carver, and this perchance might be he.

"Marry, 'tis the very man," replied the porter.

Whereupon, he unlocked the door of the strong-room, and showed them Carver within it, seated on a bench, with his hands tied behind his back with cords. Rodomont would fain have carried him off at once, but this the porter would not permit, saying they must tarry till the bishop returned from Saint Paul's.

Half an hour elapsed before Bonner made his appearance, and when he found Rodomont and his comrades there he was exceedingly wrath, and refused to give up the prisoner.

"The knave was taken at a conventicle in Foster-lane," he said, "where he was preaching heretical doctrines, praying against her Majesty, and giving the communion according to the prohibited book of service. I greatly marvel that the Cardinal should allow such a pestilent wretch to go forth to spread contagion abroad. Depart now, and tell his Eminence that I will bring back

the man to him to-morrow. He is safe here, as ye can bear witness."

"Our orders are to bring him back wherever we may find him," rejoined Rodomont, "and those we must obey."

"What!" cried Bonner. "Will ye take him from me by force?"

"We trust your lordship will not drive us to that extremity," replied Rodomont. "We claim this man as the Lord Cardinal's prisoner, and we require your lordship to deliver him up to us. If you resist, the fault will rest with you."

"E'en take him, then," rejoined Bonner, furiously. "But ye may rest assured I will not be robbed of my prey. He is a preacher of heresy and sedition, a blasphemer and traitor, and I will burn him in spite of the Cardinal. It shall go hard if I burn not Mistress Constance Tyrrell at the same time."

Rodomont and his comrades stayed to hear no more, but carried off the prisoner, and placing him in the barge, conveyed him to Lambeth Palace. On arriving there they took him at once before the Cardinal, and Rodomont explained what had occurred.

"Your Eminence will perceive that I was forcibly detained," said Carver. "Had it not been so, I should have returned at the appointed hour."

"I sent you not forth to propagate heresy and sedition," said Pole, severely. "You have broken the compact between us, and abused my confidence. You can go forth no more."

Carver bowed his head in submission, and was taken to his cell in the Lollards' Tower.

II.

HOW A SOLEMN PROCESSION WAS FORMED AT SAINT PAUL'S, AND SET FORTH TOWARDS SMITHFIELD.

FIVE Protestant divines, amongst whom were Hooper, the deprived Bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, a prebend of Saint Paul's, having been excommunicated and delivered to the sheriffs, and continuing firm in the maintenance of their opinions, they were doomed to death at the stake. It was appointed that Hooper should suffer at Gloucester, and Rogers at Smithfield, and it was furthermore appointed that Rogers should be the first to die. Rogers, we may mention, was one of the first theological scholars of the age, and had assisted Tyndal in translating the Bible in the time of Henry VIII.

At the earnest solicitation of Gardiner and Bonner, the King consented to be present at the celebration of this act of faith, but Cardinal Pole refused to attend it, stating that he would not countenance such a proceeding. Enraged at his opposition, the two prelates took the only revenge in their power, and procured a warrant from the Queen authorising them to compel the attendance at the terrible ceremonial of any heretical prisoners they might

designate. Armed with this warrant, on the night previous to the execution they gave notice to the Cardinal that they should send for Derrick Carver and Constance Tyrrell at an early hour on the morrow.

That night, as enjoined by the Cardinal, and as her own feelings would have prompted without the injunction, Constance never sought her couch, but spent the hours in prayer and meditation. Before daybreak she awoke old Dorcas, who was slumbering tranquilly, and with her aid attired herself carefully in dark habiliments, and, thus prepared, patiently awaited the anticipated summons. Ere long, a gentle tap was heard without, and the door being opened by Dorcas, the Cardinal entered.

"I have come to see you before you set out, daughter," he said. "My own heart is sad. I have passed the night in vigil and prayer, yet I do not feel comforted. I cannot divest myself of the dread that this day will be prejudicial to our religion. A just man is about to be sacrificed, and his blood will cry out for vengeance. But here come the guard," he added, as Rodomont and his companions appeared at the doorway. "Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," she replied. "But before I leave, let me crave a blessing from your Eminence."

"You have it, daughter," he replied, extending his arms over her. "May Heaven sustain you during the awful scene you will be compelled to witness!"

Quitting the room, she followed Rodomont and the others to the outer court. At the Lollards' Tower they were joined by Derrick Carver, who was brought forth by Mallet. On beholding Constance, the enthusiast uttered a joyful exclamation, but he was not permitted to converse with her, and the party proceeded in silence to the wharf without the palace gate, where lay a barge, which had been sent for the prisoners by Bonner.

Within this vessel were two Dominicans, an officer of the guard, and a couple of halberdiers. At the prow was displayed a black banner, on which was inscribed the words: *EXURGE, DOMINE, ET JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM, ET DISSIPENTUR INIMICI FIDEI.*

The prisoners having entered the barge with Rodomont Bittern, who had been enjoined by the Cardinal to attend them, the vessel was pushed off, and moved down the stream.

The morning was dark and raw. A fog hung over the river, partly concealing the objects on its banks. Officers and men maintained a moody silence, and the only sound heard was a doleful hymn chanted by the Dominicans, and taken up by the occupants of some skiffs that had accompanied the barge from Lambeth.

At Paul's Wharf the prisoners were landed, and conducted thence up Bennet's Hill and Paul's Chain to the Cathedral.

Matins were just over, and within the broad nave of the noble fine a great number of priests, attired in their robes, were assembled, prior to marching in solemn procession to Smithfield.

In the aisles, guarded by halberdiers, were collected groups of recusants of both sexes, brought thither to give effect to the ceremonial. Apart from these, but likewise brought from prison to grace the procession, were several deprived divines of the Protestant Church, some of whom afterwards testified to their faith at the stake, while others were starved in their cells, or died from ill treatment. Many who then met on that melancholy morn, and exchanged a friendly greeting, or a few words of comfort, saw each other for the last time on earth. But in the faces of these stout-hearted champions of the Protestant Church no traces of doubt or discouragement could be discerned. They were evidently prepared to meet their fate with resolution. Neither did they manifest sorrow for the brother about to suffer, regarding him as one whose trials were well-nigh over, and who was certain of meeting his reward.

Within the nave and aisles were congregated a vast number of spectators of the solemn scene.

Close to one of the enormous columns lining the south aisle of the magnificent fane stood Constance. She was looking with a wistful eye at the deprived Protestant divines, when her own name was breathed in her ear by some one close behind.

Not doubting who spoke, she partly turned her head, and perceived Osbert Clinton, who, screened from the guard by the pillar, had contrived to approach her. The only person who noticed the manoeuvre was Rodomont, but the kind-hearted fellow looked another way, and tried not to hear what was passing.

Not much was said—but the few words spoke of the young man's wretchedness at the protracted separation from her he loved.

"Be patient," she said. "All will be well in the end."

"Talk not to me of patience," he rejoined. "I am unable to practise it. My heart will burst in the effort. I cannot live without you, Constance. Commit yourself to me, and I will free you. You will be gone before the guard can notice your absence; and once mingled with the throng, you will be safe. Come!"

"I cannot—dare not go," she replied. "What would the good Cardinal think of me if I complied?"

"Heed him not, but think of me, whom you doom to misery by hesitation. Do not throw away this chance. Another may not occur."

"Pass if you will," interposed the friendly Rodomont, in a low voice. "I shall hear and see nothing."

Squeezing his arm by way of thanks, Osbert renewed his entreaties to Constance.

"No, I cannot do it," she rejoined. "My word to the Queen restrains me."

"What! not gone!" exclaimed Rodomont, looking round. "Pest! it is now too late."

Just then a movement took place in the nave, and the attention of the guard was drawn to the prisoners.

Clad in his full robes, wearing his mitre, and carrying his crozier, Bonner issued from the sacristy. Before him were borne two large silver crosses, and the pix under a rich canopy. At the same time, the procession was marshalled by the priests. Long wax tapers were lighted and distributed among the recusants, who were compelled to carry them; the Protestant divines being alone exempted from this degrading office.

As soon as the procession was formed, the halberdiers at the head of it marched through the great western portal of the cathedral, and were followed by a long line of recusants, men and women, bearing lighted tapers. Amongst these were Constance and Derrick Carver.

Then came the deprived Protestant clergy, walking two and two. They were succeeded by monks and friars in the habits of their orders. Then came priests in their robes, and lastly Bonner himself, attired as we have described, and preceded by the large silver crosses and the pix. On either side of the sacramentaries were halberdiers to keep off the crowd. Nor was this the only precaution taken. Outside the cathedral there was a detachment of mounted arquebusiers to clear the way for the train, while a band of archers brought up the rear.

As the procession issued forth from Saint Paul's, the bells of Saint Martin's, Ludgate, and other churches on the line of way, began to toll slowly and solemnly.

III.

THE HALT AT NEWGATE.

It was a day of triumph to Bonner, and his heart swelled with pride and gratified vengeance as he marched along. The precincts of the cathedral were crowded with spectators, as indeed were all the streets traversed by the cortège on its way to Smithfield. The majority of the beholders being Romanists, they prostrated themselves devoutly as the host went by, while the priests accompanying the bishop sprinkled them with holy water.

However, there were many who refused to kneel, and who were only restrained by fear from giving utterance to their abhorrence of the ceremony. As the train was passing through Ludgate, a man called out, in a stentorian voice, "So, my masters, at last, we have got the Inquisition in England!" But scarcely had the words escaped him, when he was seized, and dragged off.

Arrived at Newgate, where Prebend Rogers had been kept since his condemnation, the cortège came to a halt, and, after a short delay, the prisoner was brought forth. He was a man of

middle age, tall of stature, thin, but well built, dark-complexioned, and possessing a grave, intelligent countenance.

He looked perfectly composed, and remarked, as he noticed the extent of the cortège, "Ye make as great a show as if ye were about to conduct me to a festival, and not to the stake."

While the sheriffs, who had charge of the doomed man, and who wore their robes and chains, were mounting their horses, a painful incident occurred. With loud cries, that ought to have moved every breast, a woman, having a young child in her arms, and with several other terrified children clinging to her, burst through the ranks of the halberdiers, exclaiming, "For Christ our Saviour's sake, let me bid a last farewell to my husband!"

"Get hence, importunate and troublesome woman!" cried one of the sheriffs, named Woodrooffe, in loud and harsh tones. "This man is not thy husband."

"I protest to you he is, sir," she rejoined, in extremity of anguish, "my lawful husband, and these are our children."

"Spawn of the devil!" shouted Woodrooffe. "Away with all thy brood of Satan, or the men shall drive you hence with their halberds. You ought to know that a priest cannot marry."

"We have been married these fourteen years, sir," said Rogers. "I pray you suffer her to come to me. 'Twill be a comfort to her and to the children to say farewell, and receive my blessing. Our parting will be short. If you are a husband and a father yourself you will not be deaf to my appeal."

"I am both, yet will I not suffer her or her base-born brats to come near thee," roared Woodrooffe. "Push them away with your pikes, if they will not retire peaceably," he added to the guard.

"Heaven forgive you!" exclaimed Rogers, as his wife and children were thrust aside. "'Twas the sole consolation I asked, and that is denied me."

Shortly after this interruption, the cortège moved forward again, the condemned, closely attended by the sheriffs and their officers, following next after Bonner.

On either side of the doomed man walked a priest with a crucifix in his hand, one or other of whom was constantly dinning exhortations to repentance into his ears. To these he would not listen, but recited aloud the *Miserere*. His firm deportment and serene countenance—for he speedily recovered his composure—produced a strong effect upon the beholders.

The bell of Saint Sepulchre's tolled solemnly, as the procession wended its way along Giltspur-street, and the bells of the two churches dedicated to Saint Bartholomew filled the air with the like dismal clangour, as the head of the cavalcade rode into Smith-field.

IV.

SMITHFIELD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

No part of London is richer in historical recollections of various kinds than Smithfield. In this enclosure, which in old old times was a broad and pleasant field, lying without the City walls on the north-west, were held jousts and tournaments on the most splendid scale, and attended by kings, foreign potentates and ambassadors, nobles, knights, and dames of the highest rank and peerless beauty. Barriers were frequently set up in Smithfield by Edward III., and here a grand tournament, which lasted for a week, was given by the same monarch, in the latter part of his reign, in honour of the beautiful Alice Perrers, by whose charms he was bewitched. Another grand tournament was held here by Richard II., on which occasion sixty knights on richly caparisoned coursers, and each attended by a lady of honour mounted upon a palfrey, rode from the Tower to Smithfield, where, in the presence of the King and Queen and chief nobles, many commendable courses were run. In the same reign, the Earl of Mar came from Scotland to challenge the Earl of Nottingham, and the trial of skill took place at Smithfield, resulting in the overthrow of Mar, who was so severely hurt by his opponent that he died on the way back. In the time of Henry IV., the Earl of Somerset, Sir John Cornwall, Sir Richard Arundel, and others, tilted with certain Frenchmen; and in the same reign a duel took place between Gloucester and Arthur, which would have terminated fatally but for the King's interference. In the succeeding reign, Sir Robert Carey fought an Aragonese knight at Smithfield, and slew him. Several desperate combats occurred here in the reign of Henry VI., but we cannot dwell upon them, and must conclude our brief summary by allusion to the famous encounter between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, held before Edward IV., at which the English noble had the advantage, both mounted and on foot, with pole-axe as well as with spear.

Many judicial combats were likewise fought at Smithfield, and here it was that the armourer was slain by his false servant—a picturesque incident introduced with admirable effect by Shakespeare in the Second Part of "Henry VI." Other occurrences of a yet more tragical character are not wanting to deepen the interest of the spot. At the north of the field, and between a large pool and a track of marshy land, grew some gigantic elms, and amidst these stately trees stood a permanent gallows, at which the great Scottish hero, William Wallace, was barbarously hanged, and while yet breathing, disembowelled and quartered. In the centre of the field the Lollards were burnt, and

on the same spot, at a later date, numberless victims of the tyrant Henry's rage perished in the same fearful manner.

The darkest page, however, in the annals of Smithfield belongs to the period under consideration.

But Smithfield has lively as well as sombre traditions. Here the famous Bartholomew Fair was held, the humours of which have been painted by Ben Jonson. Though the amusements of this annual City carnival might scandalise the present decorous generation, they suited our forefathers, who had no objection to a little riotous excess. In the last century, when Bartholomew Fair was at its zenith, excellent theatrical representations were given there, and Fielding himself had a booth at Smithfield.* However, tastes changed. Bartholomew Fair lost its attractions, was voted a nuisance, and finally abolished, though it lingered on till within the last few years.

At the period of our history Smithfield retained most of its original features. It was still an open field without the walls, resorted to by the citizens for purposes of recreation, and was constantly used, as at an earlier date, for grand military displays and for public executions. The grove of giant elms, with the gallows in the midst, was still standing near the pool, and no part of the broad enclosure had as yet been encroached upon.

On the east side of the area, partially screened by a large mansion, stood the Priory of Saint Bartholomew, a noble religious institution founded in the time of Henry I., by Rahere, the King's minstrel, and which flourished until the dissolution of the monasteries, when it was granted by Henry VIII. to his Attorney-General, Sir Richard Rich. The size and importance of the priory will be understood when it is stated that in addition to the abode and dormitories of the prior and monks, the establishment comprised a large conventual church, refectory, hall, cloisters, courts, and numerous offices, together with extensive gardens—among which was a mulberry-garden. The splendid church was partially pulled down and the materials sold, but, on the accession of Queen Mary, the remnant of the sacred pile, together with other portions of the monastery, were restored to the brotherhood of Black Canons, from whom they had been wrested, and continued in their hands till the time of Elizabeth, when the fraternity was ejected.

In front of the priory, as above stated, was a large and picturesque mansion, which delighted the eye with its high pointed roof, carved gables, richly-sculptured portals, and mullioned windows. Adjacent to this habitation was an ancient gateway, leading to the conventual church, over the pointed arch of which was a tabernacle containing a statue of Saint Bartholomew holding a knife. On the north of the priory ran a long narrow lane, with

* See Mr. Morley's "*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair*"—a work full of curious research, and delightfully written.

detached houses and gardens on either side of it, communicating with Aldersgate-street.

On the south side of Smithfield stood the old hospital belonging to the priory, at the rear of which was the church of St. Bartholomew the Less. On the west of the area were a few scattered habitations, amongst which were three renowned hostels, the Saint Catherine's Wheel, the King's Head, and the Rose. Here another narrow lane, skirted by small tenements, ran down to Holborn.

The best view of Smithfield was from the ground near the old elm-trees. Standing there, and looking towards the City, the prospect was exceedingly striking. On the left was the priory, surmounted by the square tower of the conventual church, and contiguous to it the ancient hospital—a highly picturesque structure. Farther on was Saint Sepulchre's. The north-western angle of the ancient City walls, with its ramparts and battlements, was seen to great advantage from this point. Hundreds of lofty and slender spires, graceful steeples, crocketed pinnacles, and embattled towers, long since destroyed, met the gaze. But the grand object of all was the venerable Gothic cathedral, with its spire, upwards of five hundred feet in height, which could here be surveyed in all its majesty and beauty.

V.

WHAT PASSED IN SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

A GREAT crowd had assembled in Smithfield to witness the sad spectacle, but a circular space was kept clear in the centre of the area exactly opposite the ancient gateway leading to the priory.

Within this ring, which was guarded by a double line of halberdiers, stood a stout square oak-post, about nine feet high, driven securely into the ground, and having a heavy iron chain attached to it by a staple. Hard by was an immense pile of fagots, with some blocks of wood. A little farther off there was another pile, consisting of bundles of dried reeds.

Close by the stake stood three men, of savage and repulsive aspect, clothed in leathern jerkins and tight-fitting hose of blood-red hue, having long iron prongs in their hands.

As the cortège entered Smithfield, and the intended martyr was desecrated, a murmur of commiseration rose from those who sympathised with him, but it was instantly drowned by a hurricane of fierce and exulting yells from the Romanists.

Meantime, the mounted arquebusiers having cleared a passage through the crowd, the long line of priests with their banners and crosses, the recusants with the tapers, the deprived Protestant divines, Bonner and the condemned, passed through the gateway, and, traversing the court, proceeded to the ancient conventual church, the bell of which sounded dolefully the while.

At the portal they were met by the prior of the Black Canons, with several of the brethren in their sable robes, and conducted to the places appointed for them in the sacred edifice.

The recusants were ranged on one side, and the Protestant divines on the other, while the Romish priests proceeded to the presbytery. A chair opposite the pulpit was assigned to the doomed man, on which he sat down, with two halberdiers standing behind him.

On a faldstool near the altar sat Philip, who had come there quite privately, and was only attended by his confessor, Father Alfonso de Castro. In the choir sat Gardiner, with some members of the council.

Beneath a circular arch, resting on massive cylindrical pillars, near the north transept, stood Osbert Clinton, who, having accompanied the cortège from Saint Paul's, had entered the church at the same time with it, and stationed himself where he could best see Constance without being observed by the King. She soon became aware of his presence, but only ventured occasionally to look towards him, and then her glances yielded him little comfort.

After a brief delay, Bonner ascended the pulpit, and taking for his text Saint Paul's words to the Galatians, "*I would they were cut off that trouble you,*" he preached a violent sermon on the necessity of punishing heretics and false brethren with death, citing many authorities in favour of his views, and asserting that to maintain that heresy ought to go unpunished would be to maintain that the worst crimes should be unchastised. "Heresy," he said, "being treason against Heaven, deserves the punishment of treason. As such a traitor," he added, turning to Rogers, "thou wilt be consigned to a fire, which will be to thee a foretaste of the flames in which thou shalt burn everlastingly. Thy fate will be a terrible lesson to all who think with thee."

"It will be a lesson to them how to testify to their faith," rejoined the prebend.

Bonner having descended from the pulpit, a votive mass for taking away schism was performed by Gardiner, who solemnly pronounced the oration: *Deus qui errata corrigis, et dispersa congregas, et congregata conservas; quæsumus, super populum Christianum tuæ unionis gratiam clementer infunde: ut divisione rejecta, vero Pastori Ecclesiæ tuæ se venies, tibi dignè valeat famulari.*

Mass ended, the *Dies Iræ* was sung by the choir of the Black Canons, and, while this was proceeding, the cortège began to move, passing slowly before the altar, preparatory to quitting the church.

As before, a long array of priests with banners walked with noiseless tread, bowing reverently as they passed the altar. Then came the recusants carrying their lighted tapers, but not a knee was bent amongst them, not a head inclined.

Last amongst these walked Constance, alone. She had to pass

close by Philip, who was seated on the faldstool, with Gardiner and Father Alfonso beside him, and as she approached him, her strength began to fail, and her knees tottered.

She tried to summon all her energies, but in vain. In another moment she felt she must sink. Philip's gaze was fixed steadily upon her. A desperate effort to pass deprived her of the little strength left, and with a cry she let fall the taper, and would have sunk upon the pavement if the King himself had not caught her.

"Oh that I could die!" she gasped.

"No, you must live for me, Constance," whispered Philip, passionately.

She looked at him for a moment with mingled fear and aversion, and then closed her eyes.

"She has swooned," said the King, consigning her to Rodomont, who had been marching behind her. "Take her where she can be tended."

In obedience to the injunction, Rodomont bore her to the sacristy, where restoratives were applied by a monk, who acted as physician to the brotherhood of Black Canons.

This incident, as may be supposed, had not passed unnoticed by Osbert Clinton, whose eyes had never quitted Constance for a moment. As she tottered and fell into the King's arms, his agony became almost unsupportable; and when she was borne to the sacristy by Rodomont, he would have flown instantly to her assistance if he had dared.

Meanwhile, the cortége continued to pass slowly by the King. The Protestant divines made him an obeisance as they passed, but sedulously abstained from bowing to the altar. Lastly came the intended martyr, who walked with a firm step, and head erect.

As he came near, Gardiner commanded him to stop, and thus addressed him: "John Rogers, sometime priest, but now an excommunicate person, we have striven to convert thee, and by wholesome admonitions to reduce thee again unto the true faith and unity of the universal Catholic Church, but have found thee obstinate and stiff-necked, steadfastly continuing in thy damnable opinions and heresies, and refusing to return to the lap of the holy mother Church. Wherefore, not being willing that thou shouldst infect the Lord's flock with thine heresy, we have cast thee out from the Church as an obstinate, impenitent sinner, and have left thee to the judgment of the secular power, by whom thou hast been justly condemned to perish by fire. The punishment is inflicted upon thee for the salvation of thine own soul, and as a step towards the extirpation of heresy."

"What consequences may follow my punishment, my lord, none of us can tell," rejoined Rogers; "but I am fully prepared to die."

"Sinner as thou art, wilt thou be converted and live?" cried Gardiner. "Here is her Majesty's pardon," he added, showing him a scroll.

"I reject it," said Rogers, stoutly. "I maintain that the Catholic Church of Rome is the Church of Antichrist. Item, that in the sacrament of the altar——"

"A truce to thy blasphemies," interrupted Gardiner, furiously. "Away with him to the stake!"

"I am ready," said Rogers. "I bid you all to my funeral pile. You shall see how a true believer can die. If I blench, proclaim me a renegade."

Hereupon, the Protestant divines, who had listened with great satisfaction, moved on, and Rogers followed them with a firm step.

While this occurred, Osbert Clinton had contrived to steal unperceived to the sacristy. Constance had just recovered from her swoon. Luckily, no one was with her but Rodomont, the monk who had tended her having just quitted the chamber.

"Why have you come here, sir?" cried Rodomont. "Matters were bad enough before, but your imprudence will make them ten times worse. If the King discovers you, you are lost."

"I care not what happens to me," replied Osbert. "I could not keep away. Fear nothing, Constance," he added. "I will not quit you more."

"This is madness," cried Rodomont. "The King is certain to come hither, and then you will be arrested. Hide yourself in this cupboard," he added, opening the door of a large oak ambry reared against the wall. "It only contains a few priestly vestments, and you can stand upright within it."

But Osbert refused to move.

"Do as he recommends, I implore you," said Constance to him. "You will throw away your life by staying with me."

"To be sure he will," rejoined Rodomont, dragging him away, and forcing him into the ambry, the door of which he shut.

The step was only just taken in time. In another moment, the King came into the sacristy, and, seeing that Constance had recovered, he signed to Rodomont to leave the chamber.

"I have much to say to you, Constance," he began, "but this is not the moment for it. Are you still in the same mood as when I saw you last? Has no change been wrought in your sentiments?"

"None, sire," she replied. "I am quite happy in the life I lead with the good Cardinal, and only pray it may continue."

"But you still maintain your heretical opinions?" said the King.

"Firmly as ever, sire."

"And does not this awful ceremonial shake you?"

"On the contrary, it strengthens my convictions."

"All heretics are alike—all obstinate and contumacious," muttered Philip. "Constance, you cannot go back to the Cardinal. He is much too lenient to you. I shall deliver you to Bishop Bonner, who will treat you very differently."

"Oh! sire, do not deliver me to that cruel man. Let me go back to the good Cardinal, who has been as a father to me. Have compassion upon me."

"You have no compassion upon me, Constance," rejoined Philip. "You care not for my sufferings. Relent towards me, and I will be less rigorous towards you."

"It cannot be, sire," she rejoined.

"Be not hasty. Reflect. If I consign you to Bonner, your fate is certain. After the execution, the sight of which I will spare you, I will return for your answer. A guard will be placed at the door to prevent your exit, but no one shall disturb you. Again, I say, reflect. On your own decision hangs your fate."

So saying he quitted the sacristy, the door of which was locked outside.

VI.

THE PROTO-MARTYR OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

THE solemn proceedings we have described as taking place in the conventual church of Saint Bartholomew occupied more than an hour, and during this time the concourse within Smithfield had considerably increased. Every available inch of ground commanding a view of the place of execution was by this time occupied. The roofs and windows of all the habitations overlooking the enclosure were filled, and the giant elm-trees near the pool had hundreds among their branches. Romanists and Protestants could be readily distinguished from each other by their looks—the countenances of the former being fierce and exulting in expression, while those of the other bespoke sorrow and indignation.

On the left of the gateway leading to the priory, and opposite the stake, a large scaffold had been erected. It was covered with black cloth, and in front was an immense cross embroidered in silver, underneath which was inscribed, *UNUS DOMINUS, UNA FIDES, UNUM BAPTISMA*. This scaffold was intended for the recusants and Protestant divines, and was guarded by mounted arquebusiers.

On the right of the gateway was reared a long covered gallery, hung with crimson cloth of gold, and emblazoned with the royal arms. This gallery was approached from the upper windows of the mansion against which it was set, and was reserved for the King, the bishops, and the council. It was likewise guarded by mounted men-at-arms.

The patience of the densely-packed crowd, eager for the exciting spectacle it had come to witness, was well-nigh exhausted, when the solemn tolling of the bell of the conventual church announced that, at last, the intended martyr was coming forth. Then all noise and tumult suddenly ceased, and deep silence fell upon the throng.

In the midst of this hush the doleful hymn chanted by the monks could be distinctly heard. Every eye was then directed towards the gateway. Presently the priests emerged, carrying the crucifixes and banners, and mounting the scaffold, they ranged themselves in front of it. They were followed by the recusants with lighted torches, who were placed at the back of the scaffold, while the middle seats were allotted to the Protestant divines.

All these proceedings were watched with deep interest by the spectators. Many an eye was then cast towards the royal gallery, but it was still vacant.

As yet nothing had been seen of the doomed man, but now the sheriffs rode forth from the gateway, and in another moment Rogers came after them, still maintaining his firmness of deportment. He was preceded by half a dozen halberdiers, and followed by two officers, with drawn swords in their hands.

At this moment, Philip came forth, and sat down in the fauteuil prepared for him in the centre of the gallery. Close behind him stood Father Alfonso, while on his right were Gardiner, and Bonner, and other prelates, and on his left the principal members of the council.

As Philip appeared, a half-suppressed murmur arose among the spectators, and had not their attention been diverted by what was going on below, stronger manifestations of dislike might have been made. Philip frowned as these murmurs greeted him, but made no remark.

Meanwhile, Rogers continued to march resolutely towards the place of execution—some of the spectators pitying and comforting him, others flouting and reviling him. His firmness, however, was exposed to a sore trial at the last. His unhappy and half-distracted wife having followed him with her children to Smithfield, had managed to force her way close up to the ring of halberdiers encircling the stake; and as he came up, aided by some charitable persons near her, who drew aside to let her pass, she burst forth, and ere she could be prevented, flung herself into his arms, and was strained to his breast, while his children clung to his knees.

But this agonising scene, which moved most of those who beheld it, whatever their religious opinions might be, was of brief duration. Seeing what had occurred, Sheriff Woodrooffe turned fiercely round, and roared out, "What! here again, thou pestilent woman! Pluck her from him, and take her and her children from the ground."

"Go, dear wife and children," cried Rogers. "We shall meet again in a better world, where none will trouble us. Farewell for a little while—only a little while! My blessing be upon you!"

"I will not leave you. I will die with you," shrieked his unhappy wife.

"Let these cruel men kill us also," cried one of the younger children—a little girl. "We do not desire to live."

"Pluck them away instantly, I say," roared Woodrooffe. "Why do you hesitate? Do you sympathise with these heretics?"

"Gently, sirs, gently," said Rogers. "See ye not she faints. Farewell, dear wife, he continued, kissing her marble cheek. "You can take her now. She will not struggle more. Be of good cheer, my children. We shall meet again in heaven. Once more, farewell."

As his swooning wife and weeping children were taken away, he covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud, but, roused by the angry voice of the sheriff, he lifted up his head, and, brushing the tears from his eyes, marched with firm footsteps into the ring, in the midst of which was planted the stake. No sooner had he come there than a priest advanced towards him, and, holding up a crucifix, besought him to repent.

But Rogers pushed him aside, and, turning to the assemblage, called out, with a loud voice,

"Good people, having taught you nothing but God's holy word, and such lessons as I have learnt from His blessed book, the Holy Bible, I am come hither to seal my faith with my blood."

"Have done, thou false knave!" cried Woodrooffe, "or I will have thy lying tongue torn from thy throat. Make ready. Thou hast detained us long enough."

"Nay, treat him not thus harshly," interposed the priest. "Again, I implore you to renounce your errors."

"You waste time with him, good father," cried the sheriff.

"Not so," rejoined the priest. "Perchance, even now, Heaven may soften his heart."

"I pray you let me be," said Rogers, taking a Prayer-book from his breast, and turning the leaves.

"Thou shalt not read that book," cried the sheriff, snatching it from him: "I will cast it into the fire with thee. Make ready, I say."

On this Rogers went up to the stake, and pressing his lips fervently to it, exclaimed, "Welcome the cross of Christ! Welcome eternal life!"

On turning round, he would have addressed a few more words to the people, but the sheriff, perceiving his design, authoritatively forbade him.

Then one of the men standing near the stake came up and besought his forgiveness.

"Forgiveness for what?" rejoined Rogers. "Thou hast done me no injury that I know of."

"I am one of those appointed to burn you," replied the man.

"Nay, then, I freely forgive thee, good fellow," replied Rogers. "And I will give thee thanks also, if thou wilt heap plenty of good about me."

With that, he took off his gown and doublet, and bestowed them

upon the man. Then, kneeling down by the stake, he passed a few moments in deep and earnest prayer; after which he arose, and said, in a firm voice, "I am ready."

Thereupon, a smith and his man, who were in attendance with the sheriffs, stepped forward, and putting the chain around him, fastened it at the back of the stake. An iron hoop was likewise passed around his body, and nailed to the post.

Then the men with the prongs began to pile the fagots around him, mingling them with bundles of reeds.

"Are your fagots dry?" he inquired, as they were thus engaged.

"Ay, marry are they," replied the man to whom he had given his cloak and doublet. "You shall not be long a-burning, I'll warrant you."

When sufficient fagots had been heaped around him, Sheriff Woodrooffe called for torches, which were brought, but ere they could be applied, the priest again interposed.

"Hold yet a moment," he exclaimed.

Then advancing towards the martyr, who, chained to the stake and half covered by the fagots, regarded him steadily, he displayed a warrant to him, and said, "Here is the Queen's pardon. Recant, I conjure thee, and thou shalt be spared."

"Away with thee, tempter!" exclaimed Rogers. "I take you all to witness," he added, with a loud voice, "that I die in the Protestant faith."

"Kindle the pile instantly!" vociferated the sheriff.

Three blazing torches were then applied to the bundles of reeds, and the next moment the flames leaped up and enveloped the martyr.

Many of the beholders shouted and exulted at the terrific spectacle, but groans and lamentations burst from others.

Then the flame fell for a moment, and the serene countenance of the martyr could be descried, his lips moving in prayer. But not a groan or a cry escaped him.

The fagots now began to crackle and blaze. The flames mounted higher and higher, and again wrapped the martyr from view.

At this moment the sheriff threw the Prayer-book into the fire, commanding the assistants to heap on fresh fagots as fast as the others were consumed; and this was continued till the sufferer was reduced to ashes.

Thus died the Proto-martyr of the Protestant Church.

End of the fourth Book.

A VISIT TO CAPRERA.

In the early days of February last, I made up my mind to pay a visit to my old chief in his island home. The next ship of the Rubattino Company, which would touch at Maddalena, the nearest island to Caprera, left Genoa on February 13th, and on the 15th, between eight and nine in the morning, we anchored, after a frightfully stormy passage, in the harbour of Maddalena. The first thing I noticed was the large sailing-boat belonging to Menotti Garibaldi, who had come across from Caprera with Ricciotti, and two other companions, to wait for the *Sardegna*. Menotti came on board, and welcomed us. He wished first to unload the goods brought for him, and then take us over to Caprera.

We went ashore, where we had matters to arrange with the customs, who keep up an insupportable surveillance over the trade with Caprera, and found, to our horror, that Bruzsesi, my old comrade in arms of 1860, whom I had met again on board the steamer, had great difficulty in presenting a silver crown of honour, intended as a Christmas present for Garibaldi, from being temporarily sent to Cagliari. After this was settled, the customs officers demanded dues to the amount of forty-eight francs upon it, but eventually consented to take six.

At length, Menotti sent to tell us that he was ready to start, but, owing to the stormy weather, could only take Bruzsesi and myself with him. Shortly after twelve o'clock we stepped into the boat, and, after an hour and a half's sail, ran in between the reefs facing the palace of Caprera, and effected our landing.

I hastened with Bruzsesi up the beach, gazing at the windmill and the stone house, with its older northern wing, and the newly-built façade looking towards the south. The part of the island which belongs to Garibaldi, and all its dependencies, have been so repeatedly described, that I need not enter into any formal details; still, I will ask my readers to accompany me through the rooms. We went through the front door into that part of the old building which formerly served as salon; from there we went through the kitchen to the back part of the house, and passed into the sanctuary of the patient. He at once drew me down to him, and kissed me: I could not doubt but that I was a welcome guest. I had no chance of delivering my numerous messages, for questions and answers rapidly pressed upon each other. I remained for nearly an hour alone with Garibaldi, while Bruzsesi merely went backwards and forwards.

Instead of attempting here to repeat all that we said to each other, I will describe how I found the general. He was much better than I had expected, at least, judging from the photograph which represents him on his sick-bed. The face was that of the Dictator of the Two Sicilies in 1860. Perchance there was a grey hair the more here and there, but I can hardly say that I noticed one more. The expression of the countenance was cheerful. He was lying on a bed, or a species of sofa, provided with a movable reading-desk: over the red shirt he wore a dress-

ing-gown of his own fashioning, a poncho of Turkish stuff, with a green ground, and a fez-like low cap on his head. The room is the same he has occupied always, in the older part of the house, cheerful, and having a southern aspect. Tables, with letters, books, a barometer, a thermometer, &c., stand on either side of the bed.

We had not been long together, when Garibaldi asked about Poland : what news I had? what I thought of the business? how Prussia and Germany would behave in the matter?

We returned to this subject at least five times during my stay at Caprera, sometimes when alone, at others in company. It would be a difficult task for me to repeat the different conversations fully, and hence I will only give a general idea of them.

"The daily papers," I said, "though generally favourable to the Polish insurrection, are tolerably united in predicting no favourable issue for it." Here Garibaldi interrupted me with the remark that most of the papers had in 1860 declared the landing at Masmala an act of folly which could not possibly be crowned with success.

While allowing this, I expressed the opinion that the papers based their presuppositions on the general state of Europe, which must have a decided influence on the fate of this insurrection in a continental and enclosed country. "The dangers, however, which I feared," I went on to say, "lay principally among the Poles themselves. In the first place, the insurrection had hitherto been one of desperation, and consequently had no regular organisation; but this organisation it must strive after, if it would triumph. Into whose hands would the organisation fall? I am very much afraid that it will lapse again, as it has done so often, to the aristocratic clerical party, and thus, in all probability, become utterly dependent on Napoleon. Such a result, however, would have the necessary effect of perceptibly cooling the sympathies of Europe for the cause of Poland. What I fear even more, though, is the false application of the principle of nationality, which the Poles will make, perhaps even before they have achieved any certain success. The 'old frontiers' is one of the Polish hallucinations, but it is a perfect impossibility to restore them, say, as against Germany. Apart from the fact that the principle of nationality is not the highest thing, but that liberty stands far above it, the principle of nationality would be outraged by the demand of mathematical frontiers, such as they existed a hundred years ago, without taking into consideration that the frontiers of civilisation, the only real ones, have been entirely changed. If the old frontiers of Poland, such as they were before the first partition, were to be restored, enormous districts would be torn from Germany which have become entirely Germanised. But to make such a sacrifice on the chance of Poland becoming a mere vassal of France, would be not only absurd but unjust, and opposed to the best interests of liberty and civilisation."

Garibaldi replied that his views were identical with mine, and promised that he would take the first opportunity of exhorting the Poles to guard against the insidious efforts of the reaction, and regard the neighbouring nations as the true friends they were.

"And what will Prussia do?" he asked next.

"In Prussia," I replied, "a distinction must be drawn greater than elsewhere between government and people. The Prussian nation is occupied with the task of establishing and settling its internal liberty. Through the great intelligence which pervades all strata of society, and the path which the government has selected, it sees, however, that it can leave the greater portion of the task to the ministry. It stands on the watch, and notices how the ministers rush from one unreasonable entanglement into another, and work so zealously to make themselves unpopular. The Prussian press, with the exception of a few reactionary organs, will write most determinedly against any interference of Prussia in the subjugation of Poland, and the ministers will end by being in perfect opposition to the wishes of the people. It is, however, impossible to mobilise any large body of troops for a lengthened period without raising taxes or loans. But these the Chamber of Deputies will not vote, of that I feel assured, and thus the ministry will be placed in a dead stick, from which they will not easily escape."

Garibaldi, who was but little acquainted with these facts, and they are, indeed, generally unknown in Italy, understood them, however, at once. He asked me whether it would not be possible to send arms and men out of Prussia into Poland, for the purpose of strengthening the revolution. I replied that this, though difficult, was not impossible, but to what extent it might happen would depend on the position the Poles assumed towards the Germans. The Germans, as a nation, were too nobly-minded to let themselves be turned against the efforts of the Poles, but they would assuredly become lukewarm unless the Poles recognised the enormous difference existing between the German nation and the German governments. If I add that we also talked of the relations of Hungary to Poland, the preceding will contain pretty nearly all that was said about the Polish cause.

Our first conversation was temporarily interrupted by my being summoned to dinner. The order of the day at Caprera, as regards eating and drinking, is this, that in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, every one goes down to the salon to drink his coffee; at twelve or one the principal meal of the day collects all those who may be staying at the Palazzo Garibaldi; and at seven P.M. supper is served in the same way. Garibaldi does not at present appear at the meals in the salon, but eats on his sofa. During meals all are gay and cheerful; there is no lack of provisions. Caprera itself supplies a few vegetables, but the staple is game, from the adjoining island of Sardinia; and then, too, there are numerous hampers of fruit, preserves, and good wine, sent by friends on the continent. There is only one great want, that of ready money; but no one misses it, for you feel on the island in the happy state of the natural man. Many a sum which comes to Caprera only appears there to leave the island at once for charitable purposes. Two hundred francs which I had brought from a kind lady for the prisoners and wounded of Aspromonte, and more especially for the unhappy deserters from the regular army, immediately departed for their destination.

Garibaldi had requested me to regard his house as my own, and directed Pietro to give me and Bruzzesi a room. It was on the first floor of the double building. My next step was to have a conference with

Albanese, the only physician at present residing with Garibaldi. He lived opposite to me, but in order to reach him I had to pass through another room, in which I saw traces, *inter alia*, of the tailoring trade being carried on. It was the room of Fasoli, a young Calabrian who was with us in 1860, joined Garibaldi again in 1862, and now lives with him at Caprera. At the college of Catanzaro, his native town, he had learned, as is the custom at the Neapolitan schools, a trade, that of tailoring, and an imprisonment at Varagnano had afforded him time and abundant opportunities for practising his art. Now he proudly called himself the tailor of Caprera. As he mentioned to me that he felt a sad want of red shirts, I was so lucky as to be able to leave him a spare one I had by me.

I made my inquiries of Albanese, and spoke with him about the general's state of health. My hopes that Garibaldi, judging from his appearance, which I had found much more promising than I had anticipated, would soon be able to sit his horse again, were disappointed. Albanese said to me that the cure of the patient, though certain, progressed but slowly, mainly in consequence of the rheumatic affections from which he was suffering: splinters of bone continually issued from the wound. In fact, on the morning of February 16th another piece came away.

After I had opened my little portmanteau, I handed Garibaldi the letters I had brought for him, and settled a few business affairs with him. When this was all satisfactorily arranged, the general said to me that he must now show me how he could walk. I helped him to get up, gave him his crutches, and he hobbled before me through several rooms and into the kitchen. The trial went off satisfactorily. A pair of new crutches had arrived with the *Sardegna*. On experimentalising with them, however, an unfortunate accident occurred; the general fell down, though, luckily, without hurting himself. The new crutches proved to be too long, and he had to revert to the old ones for the present.

I spent an amusing hour in looking over the gems of Garibaldi's correspondence. In one of them a young man of Hull, relying on the noble sentiments of Mr. Garibaldi, begged for some employment, as things had been going queer with him for some time past. In another, a Viennese doctor declared that he was in possession of an infallible recipe to cure the gout. After he had succeeded in effecting six hundred cures, he ventured to offer his services to the hero of Italy. All Garibaldi's doctors were to collect some fifty gouty patients, prepare the cure, and he would complete it. The result should then be laid before the eyes of astounded Europe; but the secret, which the Austrian government was trying to extort from the discoverer, not. An immediate answer was requested, as the discoverer had an excellent opportunity at the time for getting away.

So far as I am aware, Garibaldi followed my advice, and left all these letters unanswered. The general is much too good humoured in replying to letters, many of which are the sheerest nonsense. In the evening, as the weather had become rather better, I strolled about the northern part of the island, and plucked several flowers and leaves as a reminiscence, with which to oblige friends some day.

The next morning (February 16) I was at breakfast and busily engaged in conversation with the other islanders present, when the general hobbled in and sat down by our side. Bruzzesi and I read the latest telegraphic despatches of any importance that we found, more especially those giving any news about Poland. After this, the catalogue of the last London Exhibition was fetched, in which the general looked out the agricultural machines, with especial reference to the one which had arrived for him on board the *Sardegna*. Ricciotti, the mechanic and road-maker of the island, was called upon to give an explanation of the drawings and diagrams.

After I had conveyed Garibaldi to his room, I brought him various photographs of himself, intended as presents, to which he signed his name. After dinner I paid a visit, under Fruscianti's guidance, to the stable, which is called the oratory. On the north side of the court-yard, whose western side is entirely occupied by the main building, there is next to the stables a small iron house, sent from England, in which Bassi now has his office and lodgings. This iron house was the immediate predecessor of the older stone house, but the third erection on Garibaldi's territory; before it was a small wooden house, which is still standing on the south side of the court-yard, and separated from the house by a garden. On the same spot stood, before the wooden house was built, the very first roof Garibaldi possessed in Caprera—a tent. The eastern side of the court-yard, facing the main building, is equally composed of wall and hedges.

After my visit to the oratory, I went with my companions through the south gateway, and began a long stroll about the island. We first came to the meadow to the south of the court-yard, on which graze the only two horses at present residing on Caprera—Marsala, the mare the general rode at Calatafimi, and her filly Caprera, born on the island itself, a charming little creature, which at once struck up a great friendship with me, kissed me, and, when we went away, followed me in order to knock my hat off.

When we had clambered over the nearest layer of rocks among the bushes, we noticed a cabin, surrounded by turnip-fields, belonging to Ferracciuolo, one of the inhabitants of the island, who settled there before the general: Signora Ferracciuolo was engaged in drawing water. This cabin led to a statistical conversation about the population of Caprera, from which I derived the following facts. Besides Garibaldi and his family, three other families, or individuals, inhabit the island: the Sonza family, Isolano, and il Pastore, the shepherd of an English lady, who formerly possessed the greater part of Caprera, and from whom Garibaldi purchased his estate. The lady at present resides at Maddalena, facing Caprera. The oldest inhabitant is ninety-eight years of age: as far as is known, no one has ever died on the island.

When we returned, we found an artist of the name of Stefani, and a housekeeper selected for the general by the ladies of Milan, who had arrived the previous day on board the *Sardegna*, and had now come across from Maddalena, as the weather had grown calmer. Stefani, who had been engaged by an English gentleman to make various sketches of the island, at once looked out for the best points, and the housekeeper

was also at work already. She was inspecting the linen stores. The inhabitants of the Palazzo Garibaldi seemed not particularly edified by the anticipated labours of the housekeeper. They said that they could make their own beds and wash their linen: if there was anything to repair, Fasoli was there, and there was nothing that wanted ironing. Why, then, bring this confusion into the house? Happy fellows!

We began our walk through the island at about half-past one o'clock, and were back soon after four. As supper would not be ready till six, I persuaded Fasoli to accompany me on a short stroll along the coast. We followed the great "highway," which runs to the coast in a northern direction from the Palazzo to what is called the port, a bay which is the prolongation of a ravine down which a mountain torrent flows—when there is any rain. To the side of the road lie several patches of ground, which the general has fenced in and begun to cultivate. Along the road runs a double row of young cypresses planted by Garibaldi. On the port stands a small building, which forms the naval arsenal of the island, and serves to stow away the sails and tackling of the several boats and barques of which the fleet of Caprera is composed. I counted four of them; among them Menotti's stately yawl was the most remarkable.

On the morning of the 17th, after drinking coffee, we began the day with agricultural tasks. I and Fasoli and Bruzzesi set to work hoeing the garden, the others, with the exception of Fruscianti, who had something to do at the arsenal, and Bassi, who was engaged in writing despatches chiefly intended for me, proceeded to the rocks on the north shore to perform the same operations as ourselves. Stefani was drawing, and I every now and then had a stroll on the beach. After dinner we continued our task, this time in the presence of the general, who seated himself outside in the pleasant warm sunshine, accompanied by Sgranelini, who had also come across. Among other exploits, we transferred from their pots a mandarin and an orange-tree, and planted them in the garden, after I had made a layer of compost for the former. Garibaldi complimented me highly, by the way, on my horticultural talents.

In the afternoon, Captain Cuneo, a friend of Garibaldi's, paid him a visit, and invited all Caprera to a carnival supper. As the weather had become much calmer, it might be anticipated that the *Sardegna* would return from Porto Torres on Wednesday morning, and as I had no time to lose, it was settled that I should sail over to Maddalena that evening. I therefore packed up my few traps, received my various commissions from all sides, and bade the general a hearty farewell. Then I started with Menotti for Maddalena, and my visit to Caprera was ended.

FRENCH KITCHENS.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

Of all the differences which exist between England and France in the details of domestic arrangement, there is not one more radical and more striking than the opposite organisation of their respective kitchens.

In England, where everybody lives in a house, the kitchen has a certain fixed specified place, the same throughout the land; it humbly remains the inferior position assigned to it, and regards with proper deference and respect the other rooms which stand over its head; it would never dare to indulge the revolutionary notion of going up-stairs or of approaching the drawing-room. The distinctions of rank, which form the essential basis of life in aristocratic England, exist here as in everything else; the kitchen is born to occupy a subordinate situation, and must stop in it.

But in democratic France, where there are no castes, where everybody is equal to everybody else, where, in the towns at least, people do not live in houses at all, but in apartments which are all complete on the same floor, the kitchen is no longer an outcast condemned to live half underground beneath the cold shade of its superiors; it enters the great family of rooms on a footing of equality with all its members, and lives on an absolute level with its fellows. The only cases in which this republican fraternity is not applied occur in the private hotels, which are few in number, and of rents so high that they can be occupied by very rich people alone, and in the country, where each family has a separate house. But the country is so little inhabited in France (by people who have kitchens that is, for, as regards this subject, the twenty-five millions of peasants are like the kitchens in England—they don't count), that the latter category of habitations, and the facility which they afford for cooking on the ground floor, can scarcely be admitted to constitute a serious exception to the general rule, especially as the organisation of the kitchen itself is materially the same in the châteaux and country residences as in the town apartments; the only real difference is in its size and position.

In each of the apartments of Paris and the other towns of France, an ordinary room, generally extremely small, is all that is reserved for the preparation of food; there are in each house as many kitchens as there are apartments. The only invidious distinction of which they are the object is, that they are usually placed at one end of the apartment, not from any want of proper respect for them, but solely to keep the smell of cooking as far off as possible, just as people in London, with all their veneration for the Thames, avoid its immediate too odorous neighbourhood. In all the good houses a separate staircase leads directly up, through each successive floor, to a door which opens thereon from each kitchen, so that the water-carrier, the charcoal dealer, the butcher boy, and other bearers of dirtying goods or wearers of unclean boots, may reach it without passing through the apartment or up the polished steps of the grand escalier. But in the smaller and cheaper apartments, which everywhere necessarily constitute the vast majority of the whole (at least 400,000 of

the 480,000 lodgings which Paris now contains are under 30*l.* a year rent), there is no escalier de service at all; the kitchen is only accessible through the rooms. In these ordinary cases it is at best a diminutive room, and is sometimes merely a cupboard five feet by three, without a window. A British cook would shriek with horror at the notion of calling such a hole a kitchen, and might even be justified in doubting whether she would consent to put her empty boxes into it. And yet more admirable dinners issue from it than she ever produced in the large, well-lighted, airy hall in which she perspiringly damages the food confided to her ignorance.

The culinary genius of the French is for more than half in this remarkable result; the handy installation of the kitchen itself makes up the rest.

It cannot be fairly argued that the larger kitchens which are found in the great houses or in the dearer apartments should be taken as the type; they are relatively so rare, that a just idea on the subject can only be formed on the mass of the little ones. Besides, it may be repeated that the arrangement is substantially the same in all the kitchens of France, without reference to their position, size, or vertical latitude; there is more or less room to walk about in them, and they contain more or less saucepans; but they are alike in their distribution, whether they are on a sixth floor or in a cellar.

A fair average Paris kitchen is about nine feet long and five feet wide; it never has more than one window, which generally looks into an obscure court-yard, some three yards square, so that at least half the objects it contains are often invisible in the daytime, from sheer want of illumination.

The great immediate fact which strikes the mind of an Englishman who enters a French kitchen for the first time (that is, supposing he can see across it) is, there is no fireplace in it. A kitchen without a fireplace! one would as soon expect to see a pear without pips, or an Englishman without an umbrella. It is, however, a groundless impression. It is true that nothing is to be discovered which in any way corresponds with British ideas of a proper, respectable, legitimate range; but there is something which replaces it, and the fantastic form of that something affords a remarkable proof of the danger of imagining, as a good many people do, that the same object ought necessarily to have the same shape and the same character everywhere. Along the wall of the dark den—called kitchen by courtesy, just as the title of soup is conferred on mixtures which a right-thinking Englishman takes for warm water stirred with a tallow candle—runs an iron edged table, four or five feet long, and eighteen inches or two feet wide; it is paved with blue and white chequered earthenware tiles—and that is the fireplace.

It must be owned that when one is first told that a table is a fireplace the statement is not easy to realise, but an investigation of the nature of the structure diminishes the difficulty. In this table are cut from four to six square holes, each some eight inches across; in each of these holes, three inches below the surface of the table, is fixed a little iron grating; eighteen inches underneath runs a shelf or bottom, of stone or iron, of just the same size as the table itself. The space between this bottom and the table above it is closed in front by iron doors. The whole forms a

block against the wall, and bears the general name of *fourneau*, which is also applied, with a more limited signification, to each separate fire-hole. With the single exception of roasting, it is on this formless, insignificant block that all the ten thousand dishes, whose confection is described in the *Cuisinière Royale*, are created.

The means seem at first sight to be utterly unworthy of so great an end, but when they are studied in detail they reveal an intelligence and economy of arrangement which impress the beholder with a very different idea of their merit.

When the cook wants a fire she puts a piece of lighted paper into one of the square holes (she generally has a peculiar preference for one of them, and inflames it habitually with a steadiness of preference which must be wounding to the others), she throws upon this paper a small handful of "braise," or broken charred wood from the bakeries, and on the braise she lays five or six little pieces of charcoal, each two or three inches long, and about one inch thick. She blows up the whole with the bellows; in one minute the braise is red, and in five minutes the charcoal follows its example. The draught is regulated by the door below, and as the air can only reach the fire by the bottom, the sides of the hole shutting it off laterally, the combustion is equally and vigorously stimulated. On this little fire, which costs about three halfpence to set going, and which will burn on indefinitely, with successive additions of charcoal, for a cost of about a penny an hour (these are Paris prices), the cook boils, fries, stews, and grills. She lights as many of the holes as she has dishes to put on at once, and, in cases of pressure, she sometimes puts two saucepans together in amicable partnership on the same hole. A flat funnel-mouthed chimney runs over the whole, at a considerable height above the *fourneau*, and carries away the vapour of the charcoal.

The fire is rarely more than two inches thick, when, therefore, it is remembered that it is only four inches square, its total cube will appear impossibly small to people accustomed to employ the blazing masses of coal which constitute an English kitchen fire; but it is amply sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The quantity of fuel is reduced to the lowest possible point in proportion to the heat required, but the economy of the system does not end there; it is not limited to the feeble amount of combustible employed; the moment the cooking is over the unconsumed charcoal is taken out of the hole (or rather ought to be, for all cooks are not careful to that degree), and put into a closed iron bucket called an "étrouffoir," where it is at once extinguished by the want of air; it serves again the next day. It is difficult to realise the economy of fuel which is rendered possible by the use of these *fourneaux*: in ordinary cases the expense stands at about eightpence a day for a family of seven or eight persons, but if the cook contracts for the kitchen fire, as she sometimes does, she contrives to limit her average to fivepence, or in small families to threepence, including in both cases a small mixture of broken patent fuel (*charbon de Paris*), which is almost as heating as charcoal, and much cheaper.

The *fourneau*, however, from its horizontal form, cannot roast, and even in *toasting* is far from perfect: indeed, toast is a purely English product, which no other country can successfully imitate, from want of the right broad and vertical fires. At the end of the *fourneau* is another lower shelf,

in stone, about two feet square, above which is another chimney; it is called the "âtre." It is on this detached shelf that roasting is performed, at a special fire of coal or wood, which is lighted in a little portable basket grate placed momentarily for the purpose against the wall. In front of it is stationed a half-cylindrical tin box, called a *cuisinière*, open only towards the fire; in this box is placed the spit and the meat it carries, which are turned by hand every five minutes: jacks are utterly unknown, and would be inapplicable under such conditions.

The furniture of the kitchen consists in a wooden dresser full of shelves and closed with doors, which serves as a table, on which the food is prepared for cooking, the servants dine, and everything in general is done; a high, square, stone filter, which looks like a wooden box, and is filled every day by the water-carrier, water being laid on scarcely anywhere; a little stone washing-table fixed up in a corner, with a plug and waste-pipe; a chair, if there is room for one, if not the cook never sits down, and the servants dine on their legs; a box of charcoal under the *fourneau*; and rows of saucepans, coffee-pots, and other tools, which hang against the wall above the dresser. The floor is paved with red tiles.

All the utensils are necessarily small in proportion to the limited size of the fire-holes in the *fourneau* and of the dishes served in France, which, habitually, are only sufficient for the wants of each single meal. But of course they rise in dimensions and quantity with the importance of the establishment, and in the houses of rich people the supply of copper utensils, of every form, is sometimes alarming to look at, especially when one thinks of the amount of poisoning which might be done with them by a dirty or homicidal cook. In the smaller houses, on the contrary, copper is almost entirely suppressed; it costs too much to buy, and is too troublesome to keep clean; it is replaced either by iron or by varnished brown earthenware saucepans, called *poêlons*. In many middle-class families the entire cooking is performed in these awkward *poêlons*, which cost from threepence to tenpence each, according to their size: indeed, they are, in spite of their lumbering ugliness, especially good for all dishes which require slow stewing; no vessel is so admirable for simmering. The pot in which *bouillon* is made is also in earthenware, but the importance of its functions has created for it the special designation of *marmite*. It is worth observing, while on the subject of the small kitchen utensils used by the French, that their dinner-services, glasses, and knives are all smaller and lighter than the corresponding English articles.

Tea-kettles not existing in France, water is boiled in a covered tin jug, called a *bouillotte*, the handle of which is coated with osier to protect the hands. This *bouillotte* heats water very rapidly, but it has one unpardonable defect, it never sings. That charming faculty of the kettle is unknown to and unappreciated by the French, who simply regard their *bouillotte* as a necessary tool, and have no idea that the addition of a spout would convert it into a melodious companion, whose friendly murmurings are sweet to lazily listen to on a winter night.

But this is only a detail. The French cooking system, as a whole, is singularly perfect. Its economy of fuel could scarcely be carried further; its cleanliness is complete; and as it permits the cheap cooking of the smallest quantities of food, it is the first cause of the infinite variety of nourishment which is one of the privileges of French life. It suppresses

cold meat, that nightmare of the British husband, because, as it costs no more to prepare small dishes than large ones, no one ever loads himself with more than enough for the day. It gives out no heat—even in summer the warmth of the fourneau is scarcely perceptible a yard away, the volume of fire is so small. There is no smoke, excepting from the special roasting-grate, and that is too small to give much of it.

As in Paris and the other towns the houses have no dust-holes, the kitchen waste, the ashes, and the sweepings of the rooms are collected each day into a bucket known by the attractive name of *sseau aux ordures*, which is carried down stairs and emptied into the street before the house between nine at night and seven in the morning, when the scavengers arrive and cart away the collected contributions of the night. It is on the promiscuous heaps of nastiness so piled up before each house that the chiffonniers exercise their investigating eye; indeed, the very existence of their trade is a consequence of this system of turning the streets at night into a receptacle for the accumulated waste of the day. If ever a stray spoon should accidentally find its way into the rubbish, it becomes their natural property, though cases have been known in which they have had the Spartan virtue to ring the bell, and restore it to its owner.

The only important exception to the universal application of these arrangements, on a larger or smaller scale, is that in certain provinces, especially in the south, charcoal is replaced by brushwood, which burns much faster, and gives a peculiar taste to the meat roasted before it, just as coal does to English joints. The English are so accustomed to this latter flavour that they don't perceive it, but an arriving foreigner detects it instantly.

In the large houses there is a pantry or a scullery, or a little offshoot from the kitchen which serves for both, but in the great mass of ordinary apartments space is too valuable to be so employed. The four walls of the kitchen itself limit the field of action of the cook, and there she cooks, washes the plates, cleans the knives (on a sort of strop eighteen inches long and three inches wide), polishes the spoons and forks, cleans her master's boots, mends her own clothes, and irons her caps and cuffs; and all this is done, cleverly and handily, in a space which is sometimes only six feet by four!

In addition to these various merits, the French kitchen offers peculiar facilities for spying the servants, and for the exercise of the mistress's own skill in the preparation of crafty dishes. There is no going down stairs to it, for it is only half a dozen yards from the drawing-room door; it is almost always clean, and scarcely ever hot; it is, consequently, most easy to survey the labours of the cook, or to indulge the vanity which ladies sometimes feel in the personal perpetration of a successful plat.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE:

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY MONKSHOOD.

MARE'S-NESTING malice lost no time in discovering, and made no scruple of asserting, that Mr. Dickens designedly drew from the life when he described Harold Skimpole, and that his original was Leigh Hunt. Whereas, in point of fact, those who daily saw Leigh Hunt nearest, and ought to have known him best, assure us that in his personal habits he was a sheer contrast to his absurdly alleged type—that he was simple even to severity in his ways of life—and very far less of the Epicurean than the Stoic. At any rate Mr. Dickens, when the mischief-making rumour reached his ears, at once and unconditionally gave it the lie.

But if the author of "Bleak House" was, as no decent person can doubt, entirely clear of the malice prepense thus gratuitously imputed to him,—we can fancy him fresh from the reading of an essay of Leigh Hunt's friend and fellow-scribe, William Hazlitt, on Effeminacy of Character, when such a representative man as Harold Skimpole was devised, delineated, and developed. In that essay we have a lively picture of the Skimpole species—people who live in the present moment, and are the creatures of the present impulse, whatever that may be. You might as well, says the essayist, ask the gossamer not to wanton in the idle summer air, or of the moth not to play with the flame that scorches it, as to ask of these persons to put off any enjoyment for a single instant, or to gird themselves up to any enterprise of pith or moment. They lie on beds of roses, he says, and spread their gauze wings to the sun and summer gale, and cannot bear to put their tender feet to the ground, much less to encounter the thorns and briars of the world. Life for them "rolls o'er Elysian flowers its amber stream," and they have no fancy for fishing in troubled waters. "The ordinary state of existence they regard as something importunate and vain, and out of nature. What must they think of its trials and sharp vicissitudes?" Siren sounds must float around them; smiling forms must everywhere meet their sight; they must tread a soft measure on painted carpets or smooth-shaven lawns; books, arts, jests, laughter, occupy every thought and hour—what have they to do with the drudgery, the struggles, the poverty, the disease or anguish, which are the common lot of humanity? These things are intolerable to them, even in imagination. They disturb the enchantment in which they are lapt. They cause a wrinkle in the clear and polished surface of their existence. How they shall "discourse the freezing hours away, when wind and rain beat dark December down," or "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm," gives them no concern; it never once enters their head. They close the shutters, draw the curtains, and enjoy or shut out the whistling of the approaching tempest. "They take no thought for the morrow," not they. They do not anticipate evils. Let them come when they will, they will not run to meet them. Nay more, they will not

more one step to prevent them. "The mention of such things is shocking; the very supposition is a nuisance that must not be tolerated."* To them the only recognised conception of an endurable or allowable kind of death, is to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

The Harold Skimpole of "Bleak House" is a little bright creature, past middle age, with a rather large head, a delicate face, and a sweet voice. New acquaintance discover a perfect charm in him. All he says is so free from effort and spontaneous, and is said with such a captivating gaiety, that it is fascinating to hear him talk. He has more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than of a well-preserved elderly one; and none of the appearance of a man who has advanced in life by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences.

Nor has he. Absolutely wanting in two great ideas, the idea of time, and the idea of money, he has never kept an appointment in his life, never could transact any business, never knew the value of anything. He is very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asks of society is, to let him live. *That* isn't much. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret,—give him all these gratis, and he asks no more. He is a mere child in the world, but he don't cry for the moon. He says to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn-sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!"

As to paying his bills, he substitutes the will for the deed. His will being, he says, genuine and real, it appears to him that it is the same as coin, and cancels the obligation. "My good friend," he tells the butcher, "if you knew it, you are paid. I mean it." But suppose the butcher had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it? Well, a butcher he once dealt with, *did* occupy the very ground of that objection. "Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at eighteenpence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteenpence a pound, my good friend?' said I, naturally amazed at the question. 'I like spring lamb.' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb as you mean the money.' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. How could that be? You *had* got the lamb, and I have *not* got the money. You couldn't really mean the lamb without sending it in, whereas I can, and do, really mean the money without paying it.' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject." True, this evil-disposed butcher took legal proceedings. But in that, argues his airy customer, he was influenced by passion, not by reason.

Some men want legs of beef and mutton for breakfast, he remarks, when discovered at home, over that meal; he don't. Give him his peach, his cup of coffee, and his claret; he is content. He don't want them for themselves, but they remind him of the sun. There's nothing solar about legs of beef and mutton. Mere animal satisfaction.—He and his

* See, *passim*, the sixth Essay in vol. ii. of Hazlitt's Table-talk.

neglected family are all children, and he is the youngest. They know nothing about chops in that house. They can't cook anything whatever. A needle and thread they don't know how to use. "We admire the people who possess the practical wisdom we want; but we don't quarrel with them. Then why should they quarrel with us? Live, and let live, we say to them. Live upon your practical wisdom, and let us live upon you!"*

Such is the buoyant being that lived on the bounty of Mr. Jarndyce, and that left a diary behind him, when he died, with letters and other materials towards his Life; which being published, showed him to have been the victim of a combination on the part of mankind against an amiable child; and one sentence of which began, "Jarndyce, in common with most other men I have known, is the Incarnation of Selfishness." Such is Harold Skimpole.

His whole life he has lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood,
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good:
Yet how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no thought at all?†

Mr. Anthony Trollope's *Victoire Jaquêtanàpe* is pictured as one of those butterfly beings who seem to have been created that they may flutter about from flower to flower in the summer hours of such gala times as at Chiswick shows, just like other butterflies. What the butterflies were last winter, or what will become of them next winter, no one but the naturalist thinks of inquiring. How they may feed themselves on flower-juice, or on insects small enough to be their prey, is matter of no moment to the general world. It is sufficient that they flit about in the sunbeams, and add bright glancing spangles to the beauty of the summer day.

"And so it was with *Victoire Jaquêtanàpe*. He did no work. He made no honey. He appeared to no one in the more serious moments of life. He was the reverse of *Shylock*; he would neither buy with you nor sell with you, but he would eat with you and drink with you; as for praying, he did little of that, either with or without company. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, as butterflies should be clothed, and fared sumptuously every day; but whence came his gay colours, or why people fed him with *pâté* and champagne, nobody knew and nobody asked."‡

Himself included—is an essential Skimpole characteristic.

Take a being of our kind, writes Burns, in one of his super-sentimental letters, so unlike the manly ring of his verse,—Take one of our poetical temperament, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, "such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, watching the grass-

* Cf. "Bleak House," pp. 48 sq., 66, 145 sq., 154, 172 sq., 178 sq., 304-7, 366-8, 378-4, 418-24, 550, 586-90.

† Wordsworth, *Resolution and Independence*.

‡ The Three Clerks, ch. xxv.

hopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of butterflies"—in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall "eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase;"* do this, and woe worth the wight thus exceptionally endowed.

Mr. Burley tells us, with an air of superb dignity, that an author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon ortolans and tokay. "He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silk awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but write books upon tables of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley."† Quite in the style of the insect "spunger on the public" in Gay:

Sir, I'm a gentleman: Is't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread:
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower;
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine:
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.‡

Or like the Wasp and Drone in another fable:

Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No business interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.§

Dryden hardly meant to be taken literally, in the Skimpole sense, when, picturing himself in his decline, he says,

Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence.||

But Skimpole himself might have put his own sense on Pope's couplets

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own?

* * * *

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?¶

It has been said of Goldsmith's poet, sitting in his garret with a worsted stocking on his head, that in spite of bailiffs, writs, duns, and milk-scores, the most horrible that even Hogarth imagined, he was still a happy fellow. "The individual Mr. Jones, seated before a delicate leg of lamb and a bottle of sherry, is an abstraction of the Mr. Jones who owes

* Burns to Miss C——, Aug., 1793.

† My Novel, book vi. ch. xx.

‡ Gay's Fables: The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

§ Ibid., The Degenerate Bees.

¶ Lines to Congreve.

¶ Pope's Imitations of Horace, II. 2,

284l. 18s. 4d., and has, as the Dutchmen say, nix to pay. Satisfied that he would pay if he could, which is all that is necessary to place the morale of his character upon high ground, he leaves the affairs of the world to right themselves, and enjoys the everlasting day-rule of the imagination.* As for pang or scruple about lodging and boarding gratis at a good-natured friend's,

Propositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,
Ut bona summa putet, alienâ vivere quadrâ.†

And apologists will be found to plead for him Béranger's plea,

A tant d'esprit passez la négligence :
Ah ! du talent le besoin est l'écueil.‡

There is a dash of Harold Skimpole about La Bruyère's *Ruffin*, who "commence à grisonner," but is so airy, buoyant, and easy-hearted, so "gai, jovial, familier, indifférent," and who, when he loses his son, remarks, "Mon fils est mort, cela fera mourir sa mère,"—which feeling remark made, "il est consolé."§ One is reminded of Lord Brougham's observations on two statesmen of renown, uncle and nephew, that with the simplicity of an infantine nature, they had the defect, as regards their affections, of that tender age. "Their feelings were strong, but not deep; the impressions made on their heart were passing, and soon effaced."|| A description but too applicable to that type of character whose disappearance from a busy prosaic world Mr. Hawthorne seems to regret, when he complains that mankind are getting so far beyond the childhood of their race that they scorn to be happy any longer; and that a simple and joyous character can find no place for itself among the sage and sombre figures that would put his unsophisticated cheerfulness to shame. The entire system of man's affairs, as at present established, is, according to Mr. Hawthorne, built up purposely to exclude the careless and happy soul: the very children would upbraid the wretched man who should endeavour to take life and the world as—what this author presumes them to be meant for—a place and opportunity for enjoyment.

"It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. It makes us all parts of a complicated scheme of progress, which can only result in our arrival at a colder and drearier region than we were born in. It insists upon everybody's adding somewhat—a mite, perhaps, but earned by incessant effort—to an accumulated pile of usefulness, of which the only use will be, to burden our posterity with even heavier thoughts and more inordinate labour than our own. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We all go wrong, by too strenuous a resolution to go all right."¶

Infected with the like doctrine is the Spanish Don in one of Mr. Hannay's fictions, who utters in the tropics his lazy "Ah, me! you sleepless Englishmen! You carry the turbulence of Europe about with you,

* Quoted, admiringly, from the *Atlas*, then in its palmy prime, by Leigh Hunt, in his essay on the Fortunes of Genius.

† Juvenal.

‡ Chansons de Béranger, "Emile Debraux."

§ Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. xi.

|| Statesmen of Time of George III., "Lord Holland."

¶ Transformation, ch. xxvi.

and you bring it into my quiet dream-land, when I thought I had bid it good-by. You have lost all sense, in Europe, of the value of rest. No man sits under his vine; he is off to the market to sell the grapes." "Heigho!" he yawns, on another occasion: "it is a monotonous thing, *his*." It is an awful thing, suggests his visitor. "Yes, under one aspect," the Don admits: "when one wakes suddenly at night—disagreeable thing that. But then I open the window, and there is a rich smell of flowers, and the glowing moon fills the garden," &c. &c. And when sin is touched upon, and spoken of (*not* by the Don) as awful too, that Sybarite goes on to remark that what his little priest over there calls a sin is simply, in *his* eyes, like a false note in music. Why should he hate the poor sinner who had a bad moral ear? "Don't you hate a scoundrel?" he is asked. The Don shrugs his shoulders. What is called a scoundrel is generally a disagreeable object; so far he is unpleasant, certainly. And so far the Don would keep out of his way.*

My sick brother—so Mr. Carlyle apostrophises such people—as in hospital-maladies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. This that thou seest with those sick eyes is no *fin* Eldorado, and Paradise of Do-nothings, but a dream of thine own fevered brain. "It is a glass window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street; where are iron spikes and the law of gravitation!" As in another place the same philosopher urges, that "No beautifullest Poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes, sleeping in the æther with outspread wings."†

A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature.
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.‡

For it is a foremost profession and pet phrase of the Skimpole genius, that he has few wants. Like Sir Lionel Bertram, who would look so very pleasant, and say that, speaking for himself, he had not many wants now; nor had he, pleasant old man that he was, Mr. Trollope tells us, only three or four comfortable rooms for himself and his servant; a phaeton and a pair of horses; and another smaller establishment in a secluded quiet street; nothing more than that, including, of course, all that was excellent in the eating and drinking line—"speaking for myself, I have not many wants now." And Sir Lionel did look very good humoured and pleasant as he spoke.§

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

* * * *

* Eustace Conyers, *passim*.

† Past and Present, book ii. ch. iv.; book iii. ch. viii.

‡ Wordsworth, The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly.

§ The Bertrams, ch. xxi.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things;—
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
 Some, not so large, in rings,—
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me;—I laugh at show.
 * * * *

Of books but few,—some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear;
 The rest upon an upper floor;—
 Some *little* luxury *there*
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
 And vellum rich as country cream.
 Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
 Which others often show for pride,
 I value for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.
 Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl?
 Give grasping pomp its double share,—
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.*

Marivaux, we are told, "avait les goûts recherchés que l'on conçoit de la part d'une organisation si fine et si coquette, parure, propreté curieuse, friandise, *tout ce superflu lui était nécessaire.*"† These tastes, plus a taste for John Law's System of making haste to be rich, soon reduced Marivaux to the *triste expédient* of sponging on his friends—subsisting, *inter alia*, on one pension from this friend, and another from that, and proclaiming himself, the while, a deeply-wronged and hardly-driven man. Like Dickens's Mr. Slyme, who, being lazy, and ill qualified for any regular pursuit, and having dissipated such means as he ever possessed, had formally established himself as a professor of Taste for a livelihood, and to whom, retaining nothing of his old self but his boastfulness and his bile—at once so maudlin, insolent, beggarly, and proud—we are introduced at a tavern, where he is drinking at others' expense, and sulkily whining at being obliged to two strangers for a tavern bill.‡ Well says Mr. Henry Taylor, that generosity comes to be perverted from its uses when it ministers to selfishness in others; and that it should be our care to give all needful support to our neighbour in his self-denial, rather than to bait a trap for his self-indulgence; in short, to give him pleasure only when it will do him good, not when sacrifices on our part are the correlatives of abuses on his; for he who pampers the selfishness of another, does that other a moral injury which cannot be compensated by any amount of gratification imparted to him.§

Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,
 What he may not in honour's interest take;
 Else shalt thou but befriend his faults, allied
 Against his better with his baser self.

* Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.

† Sainte-Beuve.

‡ Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. vii.

§ Notes from Life, 22 sq.

It is noway a delightful sight to gaze on Beau Brummel at Calais, at five o'clock precisely (for he was methodical in the extreme), ascending the staircase to his rooms, and dressing for dinner, which is sent from Desai's at six; dining daintily,—“wetting his whistle” with a bottle of Dorchester ale, which potent stuff is followed by a liqueur glass of brandy, and the rear brought up by a bottle of Bordeaux; “a pretty comfortable refection,” observes his biographer, “for a man who lived entirely on the charity of his friends.” It is said to have been after one of these niggardly repasts that he wrote to Lord Sefton to describe himself as “lying on straw; and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran bread, my good fellow, eating bran bread.”*

The dilapidated, expatriated Beau had been a well-seasoned Diner-out. And what is the butcher to the Diner-out? a satirist has asked; himself supplying the answer, No other than the executioner to the cook, the cut-throat to the kitchen; while the fishmonger is a kind of benevolent Triton; a creature bringing the treasures of the deep to the earth, for the capital gratification of the Diner-out: he vends turbot, crimped skate, for the palate of that fortune's-favourite, who eats in happy ignorance of a future call. “The wine-merchant is to him the genial and generous vassal of Bacchus—the cup-bearer deputed by the glorious god—calling men to drink and never bringing in the score. The gardener, who raises peas at only five guineas per quarter-peck, and flings pine-apples at the head of holly-crowned Christmas, what is he to the Diner-out, but the servitor of plenty—of plenty in her most luscious and delightful aspect?”† A first-class graduate in this free school of indulgence, a master of arts in this university of good living, a foundation fellow in this college of convives—no wonder that Beau Brummel in his exile took his meals and made his complaints in the manner above mentioned.

His temperament may have been as remote as possible from the poetical. But extremes meet. And in Harold Skimpole a soulless dandy and a self-worshipping poetaster, all sensibility and gush and effusion, may alike find themselves represented.

To the same type we may refer a young Angoleto,‡ given up to eager impulses, greedy of pleasure, loving only what promotes his happiness, hating and avoiding whatever opposes his gratifications; “at heart an artist—that is to say, feeling and revelling in life with surpassing intensity.” Or again, young Hardress Cregan,§ who “was not without the peculiar selfishness of genius, that selfishness which consists not in the love of getting, or the love of keeping in cupidity or avarice; but in a luxurious indulgence of one's natural inclinations, even to an effeminate degree.” Nay, quitting the realms of romance, and lighting on the dusty ways of this worky-day world, and dealing with comparatively upright and estimable men, is there not the order exemplified in poor William Sidney Walker, who profited so unprotestingly by the ingeniously delicate largesse of Mackworth Praed, and contrived to believe, in the matter of an annuity, that “so far from receiving, he had himself conferred an obligation;” and who, though he was almost incessantly occupied in a series of critical and philological researches, and from time to time pro-

* *Jesse's Life of George Brummel, Esq.*

† *Jerrold's Works*, V. 289 *sq.*

‡ *Consuelo*, t. i. ch. iii.

§ In Gerald Griffin's “*Collegians*”—to which Mr. Dion Boucicault owes, who shall say how much?

duced a sonnet or fragment of a poem, could never be induced to turn any of his labours to pecuniary profit, or to contribute in any way, directly or indirectly, to his own support.* One of William Roscoe's biographers reckons it greatly to the credit of Liverpool, that its merchants continued to employ and confide in a literary man of business, proving themselves superior to the vulgar prejudice that a man of any occupation must be ruining himself and all who are concerned with him, if his mind, heart, and soul are not absorbed in the working-day means of his livelihood; a prejudice, it is added, "which authors have contributed very much to cherish, not only by gross neglect of their positive duties, but by avowedly ascribing that neglect to their refined studies."†

For it is generally held, according to Professor Masson, that poets and artists are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. "Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist."‡ While Professor Kingsley makes a mock of the "poets" for getting disgusted with this hard-hearted prosaic world, which is trying to get its living like an industrious animal as it is, and demand homage—for what? For making a noise, pleasant or otherwise? For not being as other men are? For pleading "the eccentricities of genius" as an excuse for sitting like naughty children in the middle of the schoolroom floor, in everybody's way, shouting and playing on penny trumpets, and when begged to be quiet, that other people may learn their lessons, considering themselves insulted, and pleading "genius"?

"Genius!—hapless byword, which, like charity, covers now-a-days the multitude of sins, all the seven deadly ones included! Is there any form of human folly which one has not heard excused by 'he is a genius, you know—one must not judge him by common rules.' Poor genius!—to have come to this! To be when confest, not a reason for being more of a man than others, but an excuse for being less of a man, less amenable than the herd to the common laws of humanity, and therefore less able than they to comprehend its common duties, common temptations, common sins, common virtues, common destinies."

So writes the Regius apostle of muscular Christianity in one essay;§ and in another he wages renewed war on this same spurious notion of artistic genius which has spread among us of late years, just in proportion as the real amount of artistic genius has diminished; till we see men, on the mere ground of being literary men, too refined to keep accounts, or pay their butchers' bills; giving themselves credit for being unable to bear a noise, keep their temper, educate their own children, associate with their fellow-men, and a thousand other paltry weaknesses, self-indulgences, fastidiousnesses, vulgarities—for all this, the Professor contends,|| is essentially vulgar, and demands, not honour and sympathy, but a chapter in Mr. Thackeray's Book of Snobs.

* Memoir of W. S. Walker, by Rev. J. Moultrie, pp. cxvi. *sq.*

† Northern Worthies, III. 34.

‡ Masson, *Life of Milton*, I. 279.

§ Alexander Smith and Alexander Pope, 1853.

|| Thoughts about Shelley and Byron.

A VISIT TO DENMARK AND SWEDEN IN THE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART II.

On returning to Gothenburg, as on first arriving at it, we would have liked much to have spent a few days in becoming acquainted with its objects of interest, and should have had a very able cicerone in the Mr. R. we had met at Trollhätten, but the equinox was close at hand. We found that the land journey to Helsingborg, on the Sound, just opposite to Elsinour, or Helsingör, as it is called in Denmark, would be very tedious and inconvenient, as well as expensive, and we were anxious to get across the dreaded Kattegat before the equinoctial gales had commenced. We therefore left Gothenburg after a very short stay, but not until we had seen and admired its excellent shops, handsome houses, and wide, airy streets, and also not until we had renewed our acquaintance with Mr. R., who was so kind as to come to see us off. Happily the Kattegat was in a quiet mood, and we had a very smooth passage across to Elsinour, where we were landed in a little row boat between five and six in the morning.

We merely passed in and out of the custom-house, for nothing was opened, and then we made the best of our way to the Öresund, a quaint old hotel, but much more comfortable than the Gotha Kallar on the opposite side of the water.

We did not propose remaining in Elsinour itself, but had wished to take apartments at Marienlyst, now a bathing establishment, much frequented in summer. Marienlyst is only a walk from Elsinour, but is perfectly in the country, surrounded by gardens, woods, and green fields sloping down to the very edge of the shore of the Sound. The palace of Marienlyst was built on the site of an ancient convent, by Frederick II., but the building and the grounds were much improved by Queen Juliana Maria, who made it her summer palace, and after whom it was called Marienlyst.

After the war in Schleswig-Holstein, when the Prussians and other Germans so unjustifiably attacked the Danes, the King of Denmark generously gave his palace of Marienlyst to be converted into an asylum for the Danish soldiers who had been disabled in the war, but the generality of them did not wish to reside there; they preferred returning to their relatives and to their homes, however humble. It was therefore determined, with the king's consent, to sell the palace and the extensive grounds, and thus create a fund for maintaining the recipients of the royal bounty in their own abodes. Marienlyst was accordingly sold, not to one proprietor, but in shares to gentlemen and others at Elsinour, and thus it is held by a sort of joint-stock company. To turn the purchase to good account, the palace has been converted into a kind of hotel, or boarding-house, with bathing-houses attached to it. A handsome ball-room has been built, in which dancing takes place on certain evenings in the week, and concerts are held on others. Under this roof are billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, music-rooms, drawing-rooms, &c., and a very large hall

where the table d'hôte is served. The kitchen and store-rooms are also here. In another house recently built, nearer the sea, are the bedrooms and private apartments of the visitors staying at Marienlyst; these apartments are divided into separate suites of rooms, larger and smaller, higher and lower in price, to suit the convenience and means of the different guests. For instance, there would be a large, handsome sitting-room, with four or five bedrooms belonging to it, a very nice, well furnished sitting-room, with two or three bedrooms, and a neat little parlour with one bedroom. These various suites of rooms are all airy and cheerful, and have nothing to do with each other. The visitors can dine at the table d'hôte, or in their own apartments, as they please, and the communication is instantaneous between the two houses by means of an underground telegraph.

The season at this establishment was just over when we went to Elsineur; the Danish, Swedish, and German visitors had almost all gone, only a few lingered on, and the establishment was about to be closed for the winter, so we could not be received there; but we obtained lodgings in the neighbourhood. And a charming neighbourhood it is; the quandum palace stands on rising ground near the foot of a sloping wooded hill; the walks, extending to a considerable distance, are like terraces, one above the other, and are furnished with numerous seats, some placed in shady nooks, almost impervious to the rays of the sun, others where an opening in the trees affords a beautiful view over the blue waters of the Sound, covered with innumerable vessels of all sizes, and the opposite coast of Sweden.

Many of the consuls, who, with their families, form the best society at Elsineur, reside near Marienlyst. The English consul and his lady were absent when we were there, but we received much kind attention from the portion of his family who were at home, from the English vice-consul, and from the good old gentleman who is consul for Oldenburg.

In the grounds of Marienlyst there is a mound called "Hamlet's Grave." If Hamlet required all that space for his bones, he must have been of colossal size; but it is now believed or ascertained that the real Hamlet was a prince of Jutland, and that the Hamlet of Shakspeare's very fine tragedy was a hero of romance.

There is nothing attractive in Elsineur itself; it is a rambling town, with narrow confined streets, but its situation on the Sound is very good, and it has one great ornament—the castle of Kronborg. This fortress—the walls of which are exceedingly thick and massive—is surrounded by strong fortifications, and stands quite on the brink of the Sound, which its guns command entirely. The court-yard is spacious, and the pretty chapel is worth visiting. Kronborg Castle was built in the sixteenth century, by Frederick II., to ensure the payment of the Sound dues, which formed a source of considerable revenue to the Danish crown. It was in this castle that the interesting and unfortunate English princess, Caroline Matilda, was confined for a time, before being removed to Celle, in Hanover. She was the victim of the malignity and love of power of her atrocious mother-in-law, and the wickedness and vice of her husband, Christian VII. The rooms in which she was imprisoned are now allotted to the commandant. He *does* kindly permit them to be seen sometimes by strangers, but we did not think it worth while to intrude on him and his family.

What interested me most in Kronborg Castle, I confess, was its connexion with the legendary hero, *Holger Danske*, who is said to inhabit one of its capacious and mysterious vaults. I stood wistfully gazing at the low crescent-shaped windows, close upon the ground, or rather upon the paved court-yard, which probably admitted a very small portion of air, if they were ever opened, to the deep casements below.

"How I should like to go down into these vaults!" I exclaimed.

"Why?" asked the gentleman who was kindly acting as our guide.

"There is nothing in them but foul air."

"Holger Danske dwells down yonder, in his enchanted sleep," I replied.

My friend shrugged his shoulders and laughed, not scornfully, he was so good natured for that, but as if he thought me a great goose.

Among the stories told of this Holger Danske, there is one in connexion with Kronborg Castle. It says: "For a long time was heard, every now and then, the clang of weapons under the fortress of Kronborg. No one could imagine the cause of it, and there was not an individual to be found, throughout the land, who would venture to descend to these lowest passages. At length a slave, who had been sentenced to death for some crime, was promised pardon and freedom if he would go down to the lowest depth beneath the castle and bring back tidings of what he found there. He accepted the offer, and proceeded, until at length he came to an iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked at it, and then he beheld before him an immense vault. Suspended from the roof hung a lamp, the light in which was almost expiring, and beneath it stood a very large stone table, around which some mail-clad warriors were sitting, leaning forwards, and resting their heads upon their crossed arms. Then arose one of those who sat at the table. It was Holger Danske. But at the moment when he raised his head from his arm, the stone table broke asunder, for his beard had grown into it." "Reach me thy hand!" he said to the slave; but the visitor, not daring to do so, held out to him an iron bar, which Holger Danske grasped so powerfully that the iron was marked and indented. When he let it go, he exclaimed, "Well! I am rejoiced that there are still men in Denmark!" Another story tells that Holger Danske said to the slave, "Salute thy lord and king, and tell him, when the times require it, we shall come without fail."*

This Holger Danske, so prominent in the wild chronicles of ancient Danish romance, is said to have been an historical character, and not entirely a myth; but he is best known as a giant connected with magic. History affirms him to have been the son of a certain King Godefred, commonly called Götrick, the powerful opponent of Charlemagne. This King Godefred and his wife Queen Danemunda had a son, of whom it was predicted, while he lay in his cradle, that he should become a warlike and victorious king, a favourite of the female sex, and that he should live for ever with a charming fairy named Morgana, who dwelt in an enchanted palace.

While still a child he was sent by his father as a hostage to Charlemagne, and afterwards joined that monarch against the foes of Christianity. Holger visited Denmark after his father's death, but soon returned to the service of the emperor, and assisted him in his wars with

* Danish Traditions, collected by J. M. Thiele.

the Saracens. In India—whither he had accompanied his imperial friend—he ate a fruit which rendered his body imperishable, so that though he apparently died in France several hundred years ago, he appears at different places, and affords important help, when help is needed. On his return from India he was shipwrecked, but was saved by an angel, who conveyed him to Morgana's palace, when the fairy placed a golden chaplet upon his head, which caused him to forget the whole world, and fancy himself in Paradise. It happened that after having spent two hundred years with the enchantress, he one day lost his golden chaplet, and was then seized with a strong desire to look around him again in the world. His first exploit was to assist in freeing Christendom from the Turks; he then made love to a princess of France, but before their marriage had taken place Morgana carried him off in a cloud, without any one knowing what had become of him. Since then he has not been visible, except occasionally, when he has appeared at different places, where his help has been required. It has been asserted by some that they have seen him and spoken to him in Northern Jutland; others say that he inhabits Havreberg, a little distance from Slagelse; his domicile is also claimed by the traditions of Schleswig to be under a hill near Mögeltönder; but the vaults under Kronborg Castle are generally assigned as his dwelling-place.*

There is a story told of Holger Danske, that he once borrowed a pair of spectacles of a sorceress to enable him to look through the earth. He went to a place on the outskirts of Copenhagen to try them, and, laying himself down on the ground, looked through them. When he got up there was the impression of the spectacles on the ground of the field, and they formed two holes, which afterwards became filled with water, and the two pools are there to this day.†

The above narratives, in which fiction so greatly predominates over history, would incline one to believe that the champion of Denmark was an ideal, not a real personage.

In a church at Elsinour was interred the frail, but amiable and interesting Dyveké, the chère amie of Christian II., that ferocious and cruel monarch, who, by his violence of temper and utter disregard of all that was good, earned for himself the unenviable title of "The Nero of the North."

"Voilà un de ces rois qui," says a French historian,‡ "par le vide ou la fausseté de leur esprit, par la violence de leur caractère, par l'excès de leurs crimes, démontrent la nécessité de limiter toujours l'autorité souveraine, si l'on ne veut pas qu'elle devienne quelquefois désastreuse."

Christian II. was very partial to low society, and it was at a tavern in Berghen, in Norway, that he met the beautiful, and then innocent young Dyveké, and her scheming, wicked mother, Sigbritté. These females were from Holland, not natives of Norway. Dyveké appears to have been an artless and well-disposed young woman. She was passionately fond of the tyrant Christian II., and he was so much attached to her, that he did not dismiss her even on his marriage, in 1515, with Isabella Elizabeth, sister of Charles V., Emperor of Germany. It was this Queen of

* Mde. Bojesen's "Reise igiennem Danmark."

† Thiele's "Folkssagn."

‡ Résumé de l'Histoire du Danemark. Par P. Lami.

Denmark, who, it may be remarked, was a most exemplary and admirable woman, who brought over from the Low Countries a little Flemish colony, which she established in the small island of Amak, close to Copenhagen, where they devoted themselves to the cultivation of vegetables and flowers. The natives of this little island, now connected to the city by a bridge, still preserve their old national and very picturesque costume.

Dyveké did all that she could to soften towards his subjects the iron-bound heart of Christian II.: she was always the advocate of mercy and kindly feeling. But she was constantly thwarted by her mother, whose influence over the mind of the king was greater even than that of her daughter. Sigbritté was bold, crafty, and cruel, and she encouraged Christian in all his injustice and tyranny. At length the influence of his woman became so obnoxious, that it was determined to try if her daughter's death would break the spell which bound the king to her; and poor Dyveké was removed from this world by eating some poisoned cherries which were sent to her. A monk was suspected of being the *real* perpetrator of this murder, but an unfortunate nobleman, named Torben Oxe, was accused of it; and as he had been a friend and an admirer of Dyveké, the jealous and infuriated Christian had him executed.

The death of Dyveké, however, did not put an end to her mother's fatal power over the king. She became, as it were, his prime minister, and associated in her administration of affairs one Diderick Slagheck, a Westphalian barber. This triumvirate, of course, were guided neither by honour, principles, nor prudence, and their government became quite a reign of terror in Denmark. Many of the nobility were massacred, the clergy were persecuted, and the people oppressed; at length, in 1523, Christian II. was deposed, and his uncle, Frederick I., Count of Holstein-Schleswig, placed upon the throne.

Having thus briefly alluded to a portion of the history of Denmark, I may mention, in reference to the present insolent demands of Prussia, and what is styled "the German Bund," on Denmark, and their nefarious designs against that power, that under a subsequent Christian—Christian VII.—the long-contested claim to the dukedom of Holstein-Gottorp was finally settled by the cession, on the part of the branch of Gottorp, to Denmark of their possessions in Holstein and their pretensions to Schleswig, in place of which the King of Denmark made over to them the counties of Delmenhorst and Oldenburg, which were erected into a duchy by the emperor, at the request of the courts of Russia and Denmark. This exchange took place in 1773.*

A pretty drive from Elsinour is to Odinhøi, Odin's Hill, an eminence overlooking the sea, with a fine view over the Sound, the opposite Swedish coast, and extending to Kullen, the extreme point on the Swedish side of the Sound, beyond which is the Kattegat. Odinhøi is about three miles from Elsinour, and in going to it you pass Hammersmill, belonging to Count Schimmelmann. It is a very pretty place; but he only resides there for about four weeks in the season. He has large properties also in Holstein and Jutland, estates in the Danish West India island of St. Croix, and a palace in Copenhagen. There is a gun-manufactory on his

* Histoire de Danemarck. Par Mallet.

estate at a picturesque little village called Hallebeck, which is surrounded by two or three lovely lakes. The houses in this village were built by the present count, or his father, for the workmen belonging to the gun-manufactory, and are all substantial, neat, and clean-looking dwellings. Count Schimmellmann is said to be very attentive to the comforts of his tenantry—and certainly Hallebeck has all the appearance of being the abode of peace and plenty.

A longer excursion was to Fredensborg—"the Castle of Peace," so named to commemorate the peace concluded with Sweden in 1720, under the reign of Frederick IV. This royal palace is very prettily situated on a somewhat rising ground just above the banks of Esrom Lake. The palace itself looks melancholy and deserted; but it is not unoccupied, many of its apartments being inhabited by families belonging to the poorer classes of the aristocracy, who live there rent free, of course, as do the inmates of Hampton Court. Still, there is an air of sadness, solitude, and desolation in the gardens, and richly wooded grounds, which extend down to the lake. The numerous statues which are placed all over the grounds but add to the melancholy of the place; they are the victims of neglect, some broken, not a few quite green from the damp, and weeds growing up unchecked round many of the others. The sight of his works in this decaying state would be very mortifying to the sculptor, poor Wieldewelt, if he could look up from his quiet grave.

In the majestic and magnificent, but almost interminable alleys of trees, meeting overhead, one might fancy oneself lost in an enchanted forest. You descend one of the splendid broad walks, skirted on either side by lofty trees, which lead down from the open space behind the palace to the banks of the lake, and entering a narrower but still wide path, you walk on delighted with the rich foliage around you, the green branches meeting high in the air, the glimpses of the lovely lake, near the borders of which you are walking, but from which you are separated by two or three thick rows of trees. For a time you can do nothing but admire; at length you begin to feel a want of variety in the verdant vista before you; then comes a sense of fatigue—to the eye, at least—for happily there are numerous benches in this long long alley where you can rest, but still it is on—on—on, to one side the deep lake, with its gently splashing waters; to the other, a dense mass of trees, the small spaces between their trunks choked up with long grass, low brushwood, and fallen leaves. You feel as if you were imprisoned in this noble alley, from which there seems no exit. At last, when you are almost in despair, and begin to contemplate retracing your steps, the boat-house opens upon you, and nearly opposite to it a path leading up towards the palace, which, it is needless to say, the weary wanderer hails with pleasure.

After perambulating these Fredensborg grounds for nearly three hours, on a very warm day, we were thankful to obtain some Seltzer water at the little inn where our carriage had been left.

There are the ruins of a monastery at Esrom, which was in ancient days remarkable for its opulence. It was remarkable, too, at one time, for the piety, virtue, and abstinence of its monks. But there is a legend attached to it which tells that the great enemy of mankind, his Satanic Majesty, having observed with displeasure the extreme holiness of the

Esrom monks, determined to corrupt them, and for this purpose he assumed the human form, and knocking at the gate of the monastery, begged hard to be received as an assistant cook, giving his name as "brother Ruus." The abbot consented to admit "the brother" in the capacity which he desired. But on one occasion, having been disobedient to the head cook, that individual punished him; he was very angry at this, and as there was a caldron of boiling water on the fire, he seized the unfortunate ruler of the kitchen and thrust him into it headforemost. He then ran out, screaming and lamenting the sad accident which had befallen the poor cook. He thus prevented any suspicion being attached to him, and the friars appointed him to be their cook. This was just what brother Ruus wanted, determined as he was to work their destruction. He prepared their food so lusciously that the monks were led away from their self-denying life, and forgetting both fasting and prayer, gave themselves up to good living. Against all conventual rules, he even introduced the fair sex into the monastery, and quite upset its sanctity. Quarrels and wickedness then prevailed to such an extent among the monks, that they certainly would have fallen into the power of the Evil One had not a fortunate discovery of his presence among them saved them. It so happened, that Ruus one day observed in a wood a fine fat cow. He killed it forthwith, taking with him one quarter to the monastery, and hanging up the remainder in a tree in the forest. The peasant to whom the cow belonged came soon after, and on seeing the three-quarters of his cow hanging on a tree, he determined to watch in another tree in order to find out who had slaughtered the poor animal, as he felt sure the culprit would return for the rest. While sitting among the branches of the tree, he perceived a number of devil's imps playing pranks in the wood, and heard them talking about brother Ruus, and how he had determined to invite the abbot and his monks to an entertainment in hell.

The terrified peasant hastened next day to the monastery, and related to the abbot all that he had seen and heard in the wood. Upon this, the abbot, awaking from his delusion, summoned all the monks and servitors into the church, and began to read, and sing, and pray, when Ruus, who had always avoided such religious services, attempted to steal out, but the abbot caught him by his hood, and, exorcising him into the shape of a red horse, committed him to the power of hell.*

For a long time after this occurrence the caldron mentioned above was shown at the monastery of Esrom; and a gridiron, which was said to have belonged to the exorcised demon, was also exhibited as a relic of antiquity.

Old legends such as the above are by some looked upon as proofs of the darkness and wild superstitions of the times during which they took their rise; by others they are laughed at as comical or absurd fables, and by a few taken in an allegorical light. Yet, though of course no credence can be given to most of the incidents of this legend—such as the imps being seen playing pranks in the wood, the pretended cook being exorcised into a red horse, &c.—it is not at all an unlikely story that a tempter to evil insinuated himself into what had once been a simple and pious community. If, even now, in our own day, demons cannot assume human forms, or influence human hearts, how can we account for the

* *Danmark's Folkesagn, samlede af J. M. Thiele, vol. i.*

wickedness of certain individuals, by which those who, unhappily, are placed by circumstances within the sphere of their machinations or their depravity, have to suffer? Surely these beings, for instance, whose whole souls seem imbued with the blackest malignity, who scarcely ever speak but to utter falsehoods, whose sole delight is to make mischief and create misery—surely these demoniacal beings must be emissaries of that Satan whom Milton calls “the adversary of God and Man”?

One road between Fredensborg and Elsinore passes near the lovely little lake of Gurré, on the wooded banks of which stand the ruins of an old castle of the same name. It was, in the fourteenth century, the favourite residence of King Waldemar IV., commonly called Waldemar Atterdag. It was here that he secreted, or lived with, a young woman from the island of Rugen, called Tovelillé, of whom he was extremely fond. It is said that Waldemar was engaged to this Tové, who was a lady of good birth, but was obliged, from reasons of state policy and prudence, to give her up, and marry Helvig, the sister of Duke Waldemar of Schleswig. An unfortunate marriage this proved to be for Helvig; she was very jealous of Tovelillé, and, in her hatred of her rival, she caused her to be put to death. The king was furious at the murder of his beautiful favourite, and condemned the queen to imprisonment for life at Söberg Castle, where Helvig spent twenty-three years, and whence she was only released by death. Helvig was the mother of the celebrated Queen Margaret, under whose reign were united the three northern kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. A story is told that, one day when out riding on horseback, King Waldemar saw a little girl in a peasant's dress, with whom he was so much pleased that he took her up before him on his horse. “Let us ride to Hove!” said the child. “What do you wish to do there?” asked the king. “Beg forgiveness for my mother, Queen Helvig!” replied the little girl. And this somewhat softened the king's displeasure against his imprisoned queen. That little girl was afterwards Queen Margaret, who, it is said, when she was about to go out in her carriage, and the court-yard was not clean, made an unfortunate prisoner of hers—King Albrecht of Sweden—lie flat on the ground that she might step upon him and not soil her shoes!

There are one or two legends relative to this Waldemar that are rather curious. One is, that the king's fondness for Tovelillé, even after her death, and his grief for her loss, were such that he could not prevail upon himself to part with her corpse, but carried it about with him wherever he went. The task thus imposed on some of his attendants became so disagreeable and troublesome, that one of them determined to find out if there were any spell concealed about the body which attached the king so much to it. He ascertained that there was an enchanted ring on her finger, which had been given to her by her mother, to secure the continuance of the king's affection. He took this off, and the royal mourner immediately became indifferent to the hitherto beloved remains, and allowed the body to be buried. But the monarch's attachment was transferred forthwith to the gentleman of the court who had possessed himself of the ring. Nothing could be done without him, and the new favourite found his position so irksome, that one day, while riding through Gurré Wood, he threw the magic ring into a pool in the wood. From that moment the king forsook all other places, and was only happy when hunting in the forest of Gurré and its neighbourhood. So devoted was

he to this place, that he used often impiously to exclaim that "God might keep heaven to himself, if He only allowed him to hunt in Garre." These wicked words brought a curse upon him, for after his death he was doomed, says the legend, to ride every night through Garre and the adjacent country. He is known as "The Flying Huntsman," and, at his approach, frightful noises are heard in the air, and people hide themselves. His coal-black hounds have flaming tongues hanging out of their mouths, and Waldemar himself sometimes rides holding his own head under his left arm. The gates he would pass through burst open to admit him and his train, and he also rides over the roofs of houses.

The following lines allude to the wild huntsman:

Hvad suer saa lystig i Storm og i nat,
Gjennem Luft, over Skov, over Fjeldene brat.

Which may be translated thus:

What sound from the forests so startling and shrill
Comes 'midst the loud storm, o'er each rock and steep hill?
'Tis the horn of the huntsman wild!

The phantom-hounds bark at the horn's well-known sound,
With their airy steeds onwards, the spectre troop bound—
They follow the huntsman wild!

For ever, till doomsday, he onwards must fly,
Through the night, through the storm, 'neath the dark starless sky—
"On! on!" sings the huntsman wild.

In regard to the enchanted ring worn by the king's favourite, Tove-Elle, there is a story somewhat similar told of Charlemagne, whose queen, Fastrada, to whom he was much attached, is said to have died at the castle of Frankenberg, an old tower about a mile from Aix-la-Chapelle. The emperor had his queen's body enclosed in a glass coffin, and never left it day or night, abandoning himself so entirely to his grief that he quite neglected the affairs of the empire. At length, one day, while Charlemagne had fallen asleep, one of his suite opened the glass coffin, removed the gold wedding-ring from the finger of the corpse, and thus broke the spell in which the emperor had been held. The ring was thrown into a lake—now filled up—close to the castle. But the legend does not add that Charlemagne preferred the lake of Frankenberg to heaven, or that he haunted that locality after his death, either as a pilgrim spectre or an airy huntsman.

In returning from Ezerum Lake, you see the island of Hveen, in the Sound, which was presented to the celebrated astronomer, Tycho Brahe, by the then reigning monarch, Frederick II., and where an observatory was built for him. In this retreat Tycho passed some years in the calm pursuit of the elevated science to which he had devoted himself; but his royal benefactor, Frederick, died in 1588, and his son, Christian IV., who ascended the throne when a mere child, was influenced against the astronomer by the enemies he had at court. Among these were the court physicians, who hated Tycho on account of his discoveries in chemistry, which interfered with their pharmacopœia; and the cabal against him became so powerful, that he was obliged to leave Denmark, and to spend the remainder of his life in exile. He died at Prague in 1601.

It is not strange that persons possessed of superior genius and talent should have enemies and detractors among the envious; but it is strange that among a class of men who ought to be well educated and liberal,

even in our own more enlightened days, as well as in those of Tycho Brahe, opposition and ill will should be engendered against those high-minded individuals who devote themselves to the search of improvement and of truth. *Yet so it is!*

Tycho Brahe was not the only celebrated Dane compelled by the intrigues of a clique to quit his native land. The elder Heiberg, a popular dramatist, and one of the wittiest men of his day, for political allusions introduced on the stage, and political sentiments too freely expressed, made himself liable to a prosecution, and, in 1800, he was banished from Denmark. Another distinguished individual was banished about the same time for adopting, too warmly, the republican principles, which, originating in France during the first French revolution, had spread to many other countries. This individual was Malthe Conrad Bruun, better known as the eminent geographer, "Malte Brun." Both of these exiles found an asylum at Paris, where Malte Brun died in 1826, at the age of fifty-one.

Things are altered now for the better in Denmark. There can be no nation where freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of every kind, more fully prevails than in that happy, patriotic, and well-governed country.

Near Elsinour there is a beautiful little cemetery, full of trees, flowers, and graceful monuments. It reminded me of some lines by Guldberg, a Danish poet of the earlier part of this century:

Home of the happy dead, all hail! In thee
A refuge for each rank, sex, age, we see.
The sun awakes them to no tearful morrow,
Nor gleams the moon on nights of sleepless sorrow.
Peace be with all who rest in thy embrace!
From him, the offspring of a noble race,
Whose name and deeds far generations prize—
To him, whose humble dust forgotten lies!

Yes, hail to thee, garden of death! For here,
'Midst quiet graves, their heads sweet flow'rets rear;
The trees we plant ourselves shall one day bloom
In careless beauty o'er our lowly tomb.
That which, to us, but deep repose appears,
Where human dust is gathered years on years—
Ah! is, in truth, eternity's dark gate!
Over these tombs may angel forms await!
Then tell thy soul, these seeming sleepers rise
From death to endless life, above yon distant skies!

The watchmen still sing, at Elsinour, a verse as each hour strikes during the night while taking their rounds. It was pleasing to hear, not a cracked old tenor, but the full, sonorous, bass voice of the night-guardian who used to pass our lodging near Marienlyst. He used to favour us very distinctly with "Vor klokke er slagen ti"—"Our clock has now struck ten"—when, no doubt, he thought it was time for us to retire; at eleven he always made a halt under our windows, through which our lights were still shining; and when we happened—too often, I fear, for the sober ideas of the good watchman—to have our candles not extinguished at midnight, he seemed quite rabid, and used to sing out lustily that it was "twelve o'clock."

These night-songs are always of a religious tone, though I cannot go

as far as M. de Flaux in averring that "Ce chant des rues est rempli d'une poésie naïve et sublime."

My readers shall judge for themselves, for I will translate a few verses of the *watchmen's songs* :

NINE O'CLOCK.

The day is drawing to a close,
And night its shades are casting round;
For Jesus' sake, and all His woes,
Forgive, oh God, the sins which in our hearts abound!
Protect our royal race!
And from the demon's might,
Oh! save us all this night,
Through thy Almighty grace!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Good people, great and small,
If ye the hour would know,
'Tis time that one and all
Away to bed should go.
Commit yourselves to God this night—
In peace you can rest then;
Put out your fire and light—
For the clock has now struck ten.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Father! protect us all,
The great ones and the small!
And let thine angels keep
Watch o'er us while we sleep!
Take Thou into Thy care
Our houses and our home!
And while through life we roam,
Oh may our souls Thy guardian mercies share!

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour
The Saviour's birth took place,
Who came with mighty power
To save Earth's fallen race!
It is just twelve o'clock!
With earnest prayer and praise,
Your thoughts, to God, all raise,
And may He count you 'midst His chosen flock!

There is a verse for every hour until five in the morning, but the above four will be sufficient to show what they are.

The author of the original verses, which were very slightly altered in 1784, was Thomas Kingo, Bishop of Fyen, born at Slangstrup, in Zealand, in December, 1634, and son of John King, a native of Scotland, whose father, Thomas, the bishop's grandfather, went over to Denmark with his son, and settled at Elsinour as tapestry weaver to King Christian IV. This Bishop Kingo was an exceedingly pious man, and the collection of hymns which were written by him are still used in the churches of Denmark. He died in October, 1708.

We had a pleasant voyage over the smooth waters of the Sound from Elsinour to Copenhagen, and after spending a few days very agreeably at the Hôtel Royal, we took leave, with great regret, of Denmark, and our kind Danish friends; and I feel sure that we shall always remember, with grateful pleasure, our charming little northern tour.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

BY A CRIMEAN OFFICER.

III.

THE second volume, at last, begins with the "Invasion of the Crimea." The two leaders of the expedition are introduced—the one for our love, and the other for our contempt. There can be little doubt as to how much Lord Raglan deserved the former. But the narrative given here seems to indicate difficulty, on the author's part, in choosing the best line to secure it. Lord Raglan is not, therefore, put simply before us in the real beauty of his character—a man loyal, unostentatious, and passively resolute—but, while the effect of his gentle presence, the appeal of his maimed sword-arm, the persuasive power of his words, are all made artistically to convey the vivid resemblance of the outward man, the mind within is but the fancy of Mr. Kinglake. Were it not for the evil of public misguidance, there would be something highly amusing in the air of infallibility with which this author reads men and pronounces on motives. He seems quite to ignore that the power so complacently assumed is alone that of Omniscience, that intuition—one of the highest gifts to humanity—perishes when merging into arbitrary imputation of motive. The characters in this book are simply dressed to the author's taste: those he hates are rendered fiends, while those he loves are refined into myths. Upon this principle there is a calumniating version of St. Arnaud's life produced, and an inappreciable eulogy of Lord Raglan. Of the latter presently: it behoves us first to examine the grounds of denunciation that exist against the former.

The implied stigma conveyed in "formerly Le Roy" may be at once dismissed as part of

The shrug, the hum, or ha! these petty brands
That calumny doth use.

St. Arnaud was not ashamed of having been formerly Le Roy; in fact, he was never anything else. "St. Arnaud" was merely a suffix, assumed at a very early age; he was, therefore, "Le Roy St. Arnaud" to the day of his death, with as much notoriety as is Mr. Kinglake "Alexander William," though the world knows the one but as "St. Arnaud," the other as "Kinglake." The perversion is strange that requires so simple an explanation. Neither were his friends ashamed of the fact, who, upon his death, with an evident pride in the career of him who was gone, courted further interest and attention by the publication of his private letters, which no unprejudiced person can read without perceiving the inducement. Nothing can be more affectionate than the correspondence throughout—tender husband, and tender father. Most Englishmen may think its thoroughly private nature would have been more honoured if it had been reserved for the near relatives to whom it was specially addressed, but these evidently considered the relics too precious to be withheld from France. This is not the course adopted by the family of a man whose life they have reason to be ashamed of. And, indeed, Mr. Kinglake can produce but one charge against him. He assails his character alone

himself and sneer, of which the following is an instance: "There was, at least, in his life a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church;" or he distinguishes himself by saving a child's life in a fire, upon which the object for which he exposed himself is suppressed, and he is ridiculed as a mountebank thus: "If, for instance, there chanced to be a fire at night, he would fly to the spot, would scale the ladders, mount the roof, and contrive to appear aloft in seeming peril, displayed to a wondering crowd by the lurid glare of the flames;" and we are told at such and such period, "again the clouds passed over him." Why the clouds pass over him, we are left to imagine darkly. It is no latent deficiency induces the author to spare a saller shame, for in another passage he is confessedly ignorant of "errors of the more disbelieving sort;" but he is not above leaving the poisonous inference to be gathered, that the whole is mercifully suppressed. The solitary charge produced, and which is drawn from his own letters, is the having with permission adopted the plan of smoking those Arabs to death who, hiding themselves in the recesses of their caves, refused to surrender. It was an awful system of warfare, one of those lapses to which infuriate exasperation will commit the most civilised hosts, and from which our own are no more exempt than those of France. The Indian tragedy has occurred since the Algerine. Invaders ourselves there, we found the necessity of barbarous punishment to repress barbarous crime. St. Arnaud seems to have adopted the course he took as the sole, though painful alternative. These Arabs were in the habit of stealing out to shoot down French soldiers, and of then flying to the fastness of their caves, from whence they would refuse to emerge. Upon this occasion eleven only surrendered, while the rest in concealment continued to shoot and defy their assailants. St. Arnaud met this with the torch, and with the knowledge that there was within a far larger number than his soldiers suspected:

"No one but myself knew that under there, there are five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. . . . I have done my duty, &c."

Of course, says Mr. Kinglake, having given the blackest version of the story, this was just the man for Fleury; "he was out in time for the deed, and before the daylight came he had stabbed France through in her sleep." But on the other hand, having "helped to make prize of France, he had earned a clear right to extort recompense from his chief accomplice, and to go back again and yet again with the terrible demand for 'more!'" The French emperor was not, on his side, sorry to give a person so disagreeably devoted, especially being in very weak and delicate health, a command which would take him into the country of the *Lower Danube*; and thus was St. Arnaud appointed to the Crimean expedition. Political fanaticism can go no farther. But if the memory of St. Arnaud—who, to speak shortly, was an extremely gallant, extremely bombastic ruffian—suffer little by all this—alas! (and it is the most melancholy note of the whole book) the man whose character we have been waiting

"An old reviewer" tells us, however, that "it was St. Arnaud who was compelled to go on by Fleury's pistol." If this ridiculous story were true, St. Arnaud *fit* as well have received credit for his compunction.

for the author of "Eöthen" to restore, dwindling into a yet vaguer appearance, is left a far easier mark for those who are inclined to asperse it. It behoves all those who knew Lord Raglan—and this writer is, for one, entitled to speak—to declare at once that Mr. Kinglake is palming off on the public a phantom of his own brain. The mere portrait, like all he has given, is admirable, but it is what any artist would have drawn in a seven days' study of his subject: it is but the impression of his appearance, manner, and habits. All this is very good and true of Lord Raglan.

"Whether he spoke, or whether he wrote, whether he used the French tongue or his own clear, graceful English, it seemed that there had come from him the very words which were the best, and no more. It was so natural to him to be prudent in speech, that he avoided dangerous utterance without seeming cautious or reserved. . . . Without pressure of argument, his mind, by its mere impact, broke down resistance for the moment; and although the easy graciousness of his manner quickly set people free from all awkward constraint, it did not so liberate men's minds that whilst they were still in his presence, they at all liked the duty of trying to uphold their own opinions against him. It was in vain that, so far as it had to do with their personal contentment, his manner placed men at their ease: there was some quality in him, or else some outward circumstance—it was partly, perhaps, the historic appeal of his maimed sword-arm—which was always enforcing remembrance, and preventing his fusion with other men. In truth, Lord Raglan's manner was of such a kind as to be—not simply ornament, but—a real engine of power. It awayed events. There was no mere gloss in it. By some gift of imagination he divined the feelings of all sorts and conditions of men; and whether he talked to a statesman or schoolboy, his hearer went away captive."

But it is when he comes to draw the actual man, to grasp the character, to expound the Crimean career, that he fails so miserably. Revering him, he must needs gift him with his own insane jealousy of imperial France; and so, directly his subject touches France and Frenchmen, and French things, he is transformed from an upright, straightforward English soldier into a plausible and imbecile humbug. This injurious version of his character commences at Paris, when he is represented as declining, at the conference held in the Tuileries, all discussion of any plan or scheme for the mutual action of the allied armies, keeping aloof questions which might be raised on the part of the "pondering emperor," by engaging attention to the safe and practical subject of "camping-ground" for the forces. Not that, according to Mr. Kinglake, he seems to have had any plan of his own, but there was, nevertheless, a supercilious contempt within him for what he looked upon as needless discussion. Thus, either silent or evasive, he managed to tolerate an assemblage consisting of the French Emperor, Prince Jerome, the Duke of Cambridge, Marshal Vaillant, Marshal St. Arnaud, and Lord de Ros, who were met in council on the momentous eve of a great foreign war. This appearance is as uncomplimentary to the English as it is false to Lord Raglan. A paragraph of marked brevity, if not of constrained appearance, let in at page 30, will assist us at this juncture in drawing the account between Lord Raglan and his biographer. It is this:

"From all he observed in the course of these interviews, Lord Raglan was led to believe in the stability of the emperor's character, and the wise he set upon the alliance."

Notwithstanding, therefore, the implied mistrust and contempt which we are made to understand Lord Raglan entertained for imperialism, it seems there is some written record of the reverse in Mr. Kinglake's own hands; record of his manner at the conference can hardly exist, and among those who were present, it is to be feared, there are not many particular friends of the author who would willingly, regardless of the breach of confidence, render themselves his communicants. He has, therefore, at this passage, been thrown back on his ready imagination—and hence the disfigurement. But England may be quite sure that Lord Raglan played no such contemptible rôle as is ascribed to him. Of all qualities Lord Raglan excelled most in those of a Councillor, and to the French council, as well as to every other he addressed, it is certain that, "whether he used the French tongue, or his own clear graceful English, it seemed that there had come from him the very words which were the best, and no more."

Lord Raglan's delay in Paris was short: with natural dislike for ostentation he was anxious to reach his real business, so, hurrying by fêtes, he made his way to the Bosphorus, and refusing the Sultan's offer of a palace, established his quarters in a small house by the side of the Sea of Marmora, close to his own troops at Scutari.

Marshal St. Arnaud here proposed a couple of schemes for forming greater unity among the different forces about to act together; the first was, that the Turkish troops should be attached to the French army, and be placed under French command; the second, that French and English troops, when acting together, should be under orders of whichever officer was senior, whether he chanced to be French or English. To Mr. Kinglake's jealous eyes, of course, these were only dangerous and ambitious plans tending to jeopardise the alliance. The first certainly seems a characteristic piece of French manœuvring to monopolise importance, and which might have been fairly animadverted upon, especially as Marshal St. Arnaud opened treaty with the Turkish government before any communication had been held with Lord Raglan, which was the grave part of the proceeding, although it escapes Mr. Kinglake, who is away rhetorising about the Turks feeling Lord Stratford "would make the elaborate world go back into chaos before he would suffer the armies of the Caliph to pass like the contingent of some mere petty Christian state under the orders of a French commander." Anyhow, St. Arnaud, on receiving opposition (the author would make out contemptuous opposition, but we do not believe it) from the English ambassador and general, immediately gave way. The second proposal, which was also declined, was no doubt a thoroughly practical one, and would, perhaps, have been very effective if carried out. The French military system places so much stress upon undivided command, that a fleet is sometimes found under the orders of a field-marshal, while the writer has himself seen an admiral inspecting a cavalry regiment. St. Arnaud's proposal was in accordance with this education, which he wished to apply to the land forces. Commanders-in-chief would have been naturally excluded. The author pretends that St. Arnaud, being senior, wished to get command

of Lord Raglan, but the proposal was obviously intended for subordinates, and a clause in the compact would have easily satisfied any such fear.

It would have been much more to the purpose if the author, instead of spinning these perpetual meshes, had condescended to trace some of the introductory features of the coming campaign, whether respecting the works at Gallipoli, the barracks at Scutari, or naval operations in the Black Sea.

To the retrospective glance it seems now very absurd that some five- and twenty thousand of the allied troops should have been put down at Gallipoli to throw up earthworks in defence of the Dardanelles. But the rumour of Russian might was in those days far beyond its reality. The mysterious humbug of what is known as the "Eastern question," the fanatical hyperbole of the Greeks, the magnitude and isolation of Russia herself, had long fostered the delusion that upon the outbreak of an Eastern war something like a second inroad of the Huns would occur; that, on the farther side of the Danube were, barely restrained, huge hordes of wild Northmen, ready by dint of limitless number to surge and overflow half the Eastern hemisphere, or what is known as the East; therefore, strategically speaking, to arrest this flood, even at the gates of the Mediterranean, would have been considered a sufficient success. If this scheme had been proposed by a Frenchman, Mr. Kingslake would have characterised it as "timidly defensive," but its author was Sir John Burgoyne. It is certain no surer basis of operation could have been selected. The most important feature in the forthcoming campaign seems, however, to have been overlooked by the then prevailing views—namely, that the Black Sea was occupied by the allied fleets, and the advance of a Russian army (far different from the year 1829) was thus crippled by the absence of all supply from sea. The assistance rendered Omer Pasha by this was incalculable, and facilitated much his stout opposition along the line of the Danube. On the 18th of May the allied generals preceded to Varna, and there held council with this chief, the result of which conference was that the French and English troops were to be forwarded to Bulgaria as promptly as possible. A few days later than this, St. Arnaud's restlessness engendered a different scheme—viz. that the armies should be despatched only as far as Roumelia, and there take up a position in the rear of the Balkan, with the right resting on the sea at Bourgas. Lord Raglan very properly combated this plan, which seems to have had nothing to recommend it, Bourgas being deficient of all resources, even to that of water, and yielding bad shelter for the fleet. Also, it was resigning Turkey's main line of defence—the Balkan—and abandoning Omer Pasha, with Shumla, Silistria, Rustchuk, and Widin. It is quite true that the fall of Silistria was considered, and by Omer Pasha himself, purely a question of time, but the strength of Shumla had been well tested in former wars, and Varna was admirably suited for a base of operations. Still, Marshal St. Arnaud was most unwilling to relinquish his project, and he seems to have been supported in it by Colonel Trocha, one of the smartest as well as one of the most agreeable officers in the French army; but Lord Raglan finally prevailed, and the original agreement with Omer Pasha was at once carried out. General Bosquet's division, which, with St. Arnaud's impetuosity of nature, had already been despatched in fulfilment of his

Romanian plan, with long and tedious marches performing the journey (two hundred and fifty miles) by land.

Now it was that the deficiency of the English army in its commissariat department became visibly manifest. It may be said that the only article supplied by the British government and people was the "human," and even this was improvidently done, for there were no reserves formed by which to feed the supply. Mr. Sydney Herbert stated: "The army in the East has been created by discounting the future; every regiment at home, or within reach, and not forming part of the army, has been robbed to complete it. The depôts of battalions under Lord Raglan have been similarly treated." The commissariat accommodation consisted of seventy or eighty mules. Mr. Filder, its head, was neither an active or experienced officer, and, according to his own statement before a committee of the House of Commons, the subordinate duties were carried on "with the temporary assistance of gentlemen furnished from other public departments, and wholly without experience in commissariat service." The army requiring three or four thousand animals, five or six weeks were allowed to elapse at Constantinople before any effort was made to remedy the defect, and even when large purchases had been made, "the result only proved to be a miserable collection of carts, drawn by oxen or buffaloes, whose drivers, either from fear or laziness, deserted if they could, and a herd of ponies, with pack-saddles, of a most inferior and unmanageable kind."* The light division was, in consequence of this, delayed for some days, which was of no great harm; though when the same thing occurred with Prince Napoleon's division at Gallipoli, Mr. Kinglake is at hand with merciless sneer. Once started, the accumulation of troops at Varna continued rapidly, though the armies were not yet sufficiently complete to take the field. Meantime, the defence of Silistria, which Prince Paskievitch opened siege upon on the 19th of May, was gallantly sustained by the Turks under Butler and Nasmyth, and the allied armies, on a calm day, within hearing of the guns, were alike astonished, and perhaps fretted, to learn that those they had come out rather scornfully to protect should prove of such independent strength themselves. It is, however, well for Mr. Kinglake to lay some stress on the achievements of his pet people at this period, for it is certain ever after, and when once in conjunction with the allies, they gathered but little further renown. The fact is, the sluggish substantial nature of a Turk will cause him to accept whatever position is assigned to him by leaders; when at Silistria danger gathered in the Arab Tabia, "the grateful Turks looked and saw that their young English guests were amongst them, ever ready with counsel for new emergency, forbidding all thought of surrender, and even, it seems, determined to lay rough hands on the general who sought to withdraw his troops from the famous earth-work. It seemed that the presence of these youths was all that was needed for making of the Moslem hordes a faithful, heroic, and devoted military." On the other hand, when assigned to a minor and insignificant rôle, and if held cheap, they will become cowed and desert their batteries, with hardly a shot in defence, leaving a lonely Englishman to fight the guns, as was the case at Balaklava. Lacking native leaders,

* "Review of the Crimean War." By Lieutenant-Colonel Adye, C.B.

their term as a nation may be foreseen, from which no romantic talk of a grand, simple, biblical old world, can save them. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true what the author states:

"By the time that Prince Gortschakoff retreated upon Bucharest, people no longer thought of the Czar as they thought of him eight months before; and the glory of thus breaking down the military reputation of Russia is due of right, not to the governments, nor the armies of France or England, but to the warlike prowess of the Ottoman soldiery, and the ten or twelve resolute Englishmen who cheered, and helped, and led them."

Upon the siege of Silistria being raised, Lord Cardigan, with three squadrons of cavalry, was ordered to make a reconnaissance into the Dobrudja (July 4th), which, although resulting but in sore backs for the horses, was at least a feature in the English campaign, and deserving a paragraph of record on the part of the historian; that the feint made by the French in some force towards the mouths of the Danube is barely referred to, seems, however, a stranger neglect, for in this case there was gross ill judgment on the part of St. Arnaud in sending them, and the greatest credit due to Lord Raglan for refusing to co-operate. The ostensible object of the movement was to distract Russian attention from our designs on the Crimea; but the real one was suspected to be, that the French commander wished to proclaim the readiness of his army for the field.

The result of this desire was lamentable. The heat was so intense, and the climate so fatal, that when the troops were two days on march they began falling by hundreds of cholera; a retreat was immediately ordered, but the deadly disease clung to and pursued them, causing a panic so great and a havoc so terrible that the bodies were left unburied, and the stricken as the dead: as it was, six hundred arabs came in to Varna filled with the sick, and it was computed at the time that the useless expedition cost our allies some eight thousand men! It was the fashion of the English press at that time to depreciate all our military performances in favour of those of the French; and there were symptoms of the future insanity and baseness, by which one of the noblest Englishmen, as well as certainly the best fitted general for the Crimea, was to be given up to scandal and obloquy by a blatant press, a craven government,* and a sadly misled public. Yet in every step throughout the campaign we find the governing wisdom on the side of Lord Raglan, the immature project on

* Which may be considered strong adjectives; and it is for this reason the writer selects them. "Blatant," because the *Times*, in which the press personified itself, made an immense noise and with ignorant purpose: it cried aloud for this and for that out of misguidance and ignorance. Mr. Russell always supplies the best information he can procure, but lacking this—the urgent blank sheets at his side—he will supply the readiest tales at hand. In the Crimea it so happened his company was only acceptable to the gloomier class of subaltern, and he was therefore alone able to supply the public with the gloomy subaltern view, and with rumours of the same authority. It was a one-sided, partial, and spurious account, full of ignorant censure and unjust conclusion. It is to be regretted it was received in the Crimea solely as a subject of merriment; for in England—being adopted by the *Times*—it became the popular and serious view, and presently the *found verdict*. A "found verdict" in a trial consisting of mere accusation, and in which the ceremony of defence was waived; for the commander-in-chief and the staff were debarred from reply. They could not send for Mr. Russell and point out the egregiousness of his credulity and misstatement, he being in no recognised position, and having from the first secured his insignificance in the Crimea, though his importance in England, by declared hostility to the powers in

that of the French. If Lord Raglan had persisted in marching a couple of his divisions into the Dobrudja, in spite of the French marshal's advice, and with a similar result, he might have earned—certainly would have received—a portion of the odium which was attached to him later, because a nation was properly made to suffer for its forty years' culpable neglect of any military system. St. Arnaud does this, and for the error of judgment does his sovereign peevishly desert and condemn him? Not so; he was placed in command for the same reason that the English government appointed Lord Raglan. He had reliable qualities, not by this utterly forfeited, and the despotic individual continues to rely on him. Must the collective judgment of a free people, in the moment of failure, be for ever alike impetuous and wrongful? It seems to be so:

—for what miscarries

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man.

"France was still lying under the men who had got her down on the night of the 2nd of December," we are reminded, and in consequence of this, combined with the English craving for a set-off to their disappointment in the Baltic, and the peremptory thunder of the *Times*—for certainly "at the time of the Russian war the common discourse of an Englishman was too often a mere 'Amen' to something he had seen in print"—the idea of an expedition to the Crimea was swiftly engendered and fulfilled. Mr. Kinglake tarries in mingled irony and fascination to study our familiar the *Times* in a way that shows the subject to be a long powdered and pleasant one. An admirable essay is the result, always excepting some personality about widows and parsons, which is unworthy of his general treatment, and has nothing to do with the paper's life as it affects the public. Perhaps there is not a better passage than the following:

"Although in general the *Times* was willing enough to repress the growth of any new popular error which seemed to be weakly rooted, still the whole scheme and purpose of the company forbade it all thought of trying to make a stand against any great or general delusion. Upon the whole, the potentate dealt with England in a bluff, kingly, Tudor-like way, but also with a Tudor-like policy; for, though he treated all adversaries as 'brute folk' until they became formidable, he had always been careful to mark the growth of a public sentiment or opinion, and, as soon as he was able to make out that a cause was waxing strong, he went up and offered to lead it, and so reigned."

This is especially true as regards the time, and previous to the time, Mr. Kinglake is writing of. The newspaper that prepared, and then represented, public opinion for the Eastern war was probably the *Morning*

the field. How smoothly sped the Indian campaign! with what unanimous approval did Sir Colin Campbell receive his coronet! In justice to Lord Raglan, it can never be sufficiently urged on the public how vastly this reverse order of things was owing to the different reception of the *Times* correspondent, who in India abandoned the tent of the gloomy subaltern for the marquee of the head-quarter staff.

A "craven" government, because the home authorities at the first sound of clamour abandoned a valuable and faithful public servant, whom they should have trusted and upheld; and baser than this, suffered him to receive blame for the neglect that was wholly their own, and against which he had himself been ceaselessly warning them!

Post. There was a perfect duel between these two papers up to the outbreak of war, in which the *Morning Post* thoroughly routed its blundering adversary; upon which the giant arose, and "offered to lead."

The *Times*' manifestoes of the 15th and 22nd of June were, however, by no means the imperative notes which stirred an expedition to the Crimea. The Emperor Napoleon's instructions to St. Arnaud, dated April 12th, contained such an alternative, and even expressed some of the detail, of which the following is an extract:

"The capture of Sebastopol must not be attempted without, at least, half a siege-train, and a great number of sacks of earth. When within reach of the place, do not omit seizing upon Balaklava, a little port situated about four leagues south of Sebastopol, and by means of which easy communication may be kept up with the fleet during the siege."

Not only this, but there was nowhere else for the allies to go. Upon the withdrawal of the Russian army from the Danube, they must either have gone to the Crimea or become stultified in the eyes of Europe. The choice lay between capturing Odessa or Sebastopol—that is to say, between Brighton or Portsmouth. For the Russian "Portsmouth" we accordingly embarked, and will no longer be delayed by Mr. Kinglake's fine distinctions of cause, either to analyse the digestive organs of the ministry at Pembroke Lodge, or to draw refinements over the delicate phenomena produced on Lord Raglan's mind by the secretary of state's despatch. Sufficient that the English and French were mutually resolved upon the reduction of the Black Sea fortress and arsenal, and that there was but one interpretation to the Duke of Newcastle's despatch, which Lord Raglan straightway accepted. He would do his utmost with an ill-provided army. That the consequence of this ill provision would be dastardly flung upon himself, he could little anticipate. His part of the compact he would perform as far as mortal man might; he would likewise generously allow for the difficulties and inexperience of the War-office in failing to perform its own portion. For this he was rewarded in the fashion of republics—offered up to the populace. Little boots it to the lost Englishman, or a now indifferent and oblivious public, that there lies buried in a Blue-book the following passage from the subsequent report of the committee of the House of Commons:

"Your committee report that the suffering of the army resulted mainly from the circumstances under which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken and executed. The administration which ordered that expedition had no adequate information as to the amount of the forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful, and, as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle, they made no provision for a winter campaign."

Little matters this. The excitement of the hour has flown, the world hurries on, and—there is but one mere ghost in the past.

In drawing up an account of the expedition, Mr. Kinglake has been vague and inaccurate. His photographs of men, as they look and stand, are inimitably real. But he particularises some at the expense of others, and gives an "Admiral Dundas" version of the landing, which it is time should be replaced by the true one. What the writer of this review advances towards such an end, he does upon the ground of having shared

an expedition, and in a position to afford knowledge of facts. Should the guarantee of his name be required, it is at the service of the public.

The expedition which left the shores of Varna was probably, for immediate (not "prolonged") action, the most complete one ever equipped. Independent of the French and Turkish portion, the British consisted of one hundred and twenty sail, including

- 10 ships of the line (two of them "screw")
- 4 frigates (one "screw").
- 11 steamers of war (paddle and screw).
- 24 steam transports.
- 64 sailing transports.
- 7 steam-tugs.

These conveyed and carried, in all branches, some thirty thousand men and four thousand horses. The ships were formed into line, each line carrying a division;* and, the order of sailing being the order of anchoring for disembarkation, the light division, attended by half a dozen useful landing-tugs, was inshore; then the first, second, third, and fourth divisions, with the cavalry seaward. Each division comprehended its own artillery and reserve ammunition. Sailing-ships were towed by steamers, and the men-of-war formed convoy. The military foresight, the strenuous energy, and the masterly precision with which all this was rapidly organised, were due to Lord Raglan, Lord Lyons, Sir George Brown, and Captain Mordaunt. The concord that existed between Lords Raglan and Lyons is thus well expressed:

"An understanding that no lukewarmness of others, no short-comings, no evasions, no tardy prudence, no overgrown respect for difficulty or peril, should hinder the landing of the Queen's troops on the coast of the Crimea. From the time that Lord Raglan thus joined Lyons to the undertaking he gave it a great momentum. To those within the grasp of the rear-admiral's energy it seemed that thenceforth, and until the troops should be landed on the enemy's shore, there could be no rest for man, no rest for engines. The *Agamemnon* was never still. In the painful consuming passion with which Lyons toiled, and even, as some imagined, in the anxious, craving expression of his features, there was something which reminded men of a greater name."

How great a part Lord Lyons played in the Crimean expedition will, perhaps, hardly ever be known; the "anxious, craving expression of his features," so aptly recorded, was the index of that zealous, untiring, indomitable will which marked him through life. Enthusiasm for duty, vivid and large perception, an unceasing pursuit of resolve, with a total absence of self-pomp, were the chief characteristics of the foremost admiral of latter times. His mind, once settled upon a thing, would assume the aspect of some fate. There was a grasp and discomfiture of all opposition—nay, an impatience, to the stranger almost petty—and at the same time such a swift-enlistment of all other purposes in his own, that it was impossible for Lord Lyons's path to be an obscure one. With this ardour of pursuit he possessed great power of estimating men's views and characters, would go out of his way in emphatic recognition of sound sense; and although not given to elaboration himself, listened to, encouraged,

* By this arrangement, any one or more of the divisions could have been immediately detached, with all its appliances, upon whatsoever contingency might arise.

and perceived when to impose the most insignificant detail. In private life he was beloved; full of anecdote—persuasive, thoughtful, and humorous. He lacked the gravity of Lord Raglan, but exercised much the same sort of personal charm; he had the same facility of language, both in English and French—the same perfect level of manner to all, and knowledge of current events. Strangely like Nelson in looks, he was not less devoted to his profession; but Lord Palmerston's keen eye for character detained him some eighteen years in the diplomatic service. If it be fit that the antecedents of men be portrayed by an historian of the Crimean expedition, then there is fertile matter in those of Lord Lyons: midshipman in Duckworth's expedition to the Dardanelles; lieutenant, with thirty-five men, storming a garrison (Fort Marrack) of one hundred and eighty; captain of the *Blonde* in the Greek War of Independence; and the long, wearisome, but successful period, when to inchoate Greece he was as Lord Stratford to the decrepitude of Turkey; with a close of career as governing spirit of a great European war, and flying his flag over the sacred Russian sea,—all form an outline of copious and animating contents.

At the outbreak of the Eastern war, Admiral J. W. Deans Dundas, within a year of being a septuagenarian, found himself in command of the Mediterranean, and consequently "Black Sea," fleet:

"By force of politics he had now become troubled with the business of war: for his seat at the Admiralty Board, and his subsequent appointment in peace time to the command of the Mediterranean fleet, were things which stood in the relation of cause and effect. He had not sought to return to scenes of naval strife, but the war overtook him in his marine retirement, converting his expected repose into anxious toil."

The effect of a naval commander-in-chief thus cast may be imagined. No happier clue could have been given; he was to become "troubled with the business of war," which overtook him, as Mr. Kinglake ironically describes a Mediterranean command during peace, in his "marine retirement." But Mr. Kinglake was his guest, and in return for hospitality retains himself on the admiral's behalf, avoiding all confession of the real consequences to the public of an incompetent admiral being left in command. It is with no ill feeling towards the individual that the reviewer himself is inspired, while endeavouring to counteract the effect of such partiality, but with strong repugnance toward the system of moral cowardice which entrusts the fate and crisis of a nation to the care of honourable, incapable senility, rather than neglect the minuets of courtesy and regard which have been mischievously transferred from private to public life: also because the more the results of such a case are known, the stronger are the prospects of a bill for superannuation. Government knew perfectly well that Admiral Dundas, both by age and habits, was totally unfitted to wage a stirring and effective war, but would not face the delicate task of exchanging his foreign command for a harmless home one. It made peace with its conscience by forwarding to his aid an able rear-admiral, whose energy was to be at the mercy of his superior's whims, but yet was to guide him.

The senior admiral was, of course, an important personage at the councils of Varna, and, as such, an opponent of the projected invasion. Now a naval man should have entertained no misgivings for the result of the expedition. There was ground for military misgiving, by looking

beyond into the winter, and seeing ill provision for the army; but such was essentially a matter of military foresight, governed by a knowledge of commissariat and transport efficiency, quite out of the range of a naval man's consideration. Mr. Kinglake says the admiral was quite right in giving a bold expression to his views. Perhaps he was, but the views, being what they were, incapacitated him for his position. Yet, if he was quite right, why does Mr. Kinglake scorn every Frenchman who dared to express similar views? But the truth is, a very gloomy view of the expedition was entertained by a number of officers, high and low. The French senior admiral, "Hamelin," was singularly apprehensive of the result. The Duke of Cambridge made no secret of his foreboding, and there was much current dejection among both the English and French, which, with the latter, found official expression at the very eleventh hour. St. Arnaud, however—ill, dying, exhausted as he was—continued to animate the invasion with all his remaining fire and energy. He warmly supported Lords Raglan and Lyons, combated the "timides" urged by subordinate chiefs, and, when unable to reject all consideration of their adverse, elaborate postulates, he referred them to the quarter from whence he knew they would receive certain confusion. There was something piteous and heroic in the spectacle of this gallant soldier, with whom war was a passion, lying with debilitated frame in the cabin of the *Ville de Paris*, and with feeble hand indicating a paper of objections for the strong English chiefs he could rely on—at once to demolish. Of this later. Enough that St. Arnaud was heart and soul in the expedition, as was also Rear-Admiral Bruat, known as the "Lyons" of the French. Omer Pacha was indifferent, probably against it, foreseeing a subordinate position.

The energetic men who prevailed in determining the expedition were also those who organised it. Lord Raglan dismissed all schemes, councils, hints, to the single object of preparation for the invasion, and despatched Sir George Brown with carte-blanche to purchase materials at Constantinople. Sir Edmund Lyons, as he had better be called at present, carried him there in the *Agamemnon*, and they laboured together. Besides this, Sir Edmund Lyons improvised a dockyard at Varna, pressed to its service every carpenter and artificer in the fleet, rehearsed embarkation and disembarkation of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, mingled with the French captains to promote a thorough understanding, and spent all the day and half the night to and fro in his swift, restless, ubiquitous galley. Wags began to declare that if the expedition brought a peerage to Admiral Dundas, he was bound in common gratitude to assume the title of "Lyons."

Meantime, Sir Edmund Lyons's flag-captain drew up that famous programme of order by means of which the masses of regiments and ships were to assume the feature and fulfil the power of unity; and by virtue of which, and the method with which he worked out the commands of his chief, Captain Mends is entitled to a front rank among the promoters of the Crimean expedition. History is too gaudy, complacent, and blundering a dame to strive for more than the world-known figures with which she covers her scroll; otherwise, the share of another *Agamemnon* man could hardly be left out in a history

of the Crimean campaign. Mr. Cleeve, rising far above a mere admiral's secretary, was one of those hard workers in an anxious, critical, laborious period whose influence and hand were among all, whose clear, honest, and capable mind became a constant sort of referee for both difficulties and enterprises, and whose voice, in an unseen manner, came among councils on the heights of Sebastopol, and assisted very often to determine the gravest projects. Devoted to his chief, he was devoted to the Crimean enterprise, and Sir Edmund Lyons knew perfectly well how to use and appreciate the devotion; in fact, he held him in such high regard, that when commander-in-chief, and there rose the question of appointing a captain of the fleet, he preferred the duties being undertaken by Mr. Cleeve to their being placed in the hands of an untried man. So Mr. Cleeve, without any appearance of slavery, slaved at his double duties, throwing the same impulse of regularity in the one department as he had done in the other, saving the country a rear-admiral's pay and appointments, and producing, if only from the additional unity, a more desirable effect. With the war over, and Sir Edmund Lyons gone, the familiar actor has vanished to comparative obscurity. Fame is busy picking up Crimean names; it is to be feared, however—for lack of self-protection—that she will pass over his.

With this staff, then, and the co-operation of every zealous man in the fleet, Sir Edmund Lyons, in four short weeks (and these were crippled by the presence of cholera), completed all the vast apparatus for embarkation of army and descent upon the enemy's coast, while it was believed that the lukewarm "vice-admiral" confined himself to discussing at Baljick, with a certain congenial amateur of the sister-profession, the innumerable difficulties that were to oppose the expedition, and the amount of co-operation that would be expected on the part of the fleet. Nevertheless, he had sufficient wit to appropriate the programme drawn up by Captain Menda, and, indeed, to the obscurity of its framer, who was not even mentioned in the very despatch that drew credit for its operation. During the early part of the preparations, terrible mortality by cholera ravaged both army and navy, which, while causing some delay, urged additional reason for seeking a healthier shore. Even Mr. Kinglake arrives at this:

"To remain in Bulgaria, or to attempt to operate in the neighbourhood of the Danube, was to linger in the midst of those very atmospheric poisons which had brought the health of the army to its then state; and, on the other hand, the people at home would hardly have borne to see the army sent back to Malta."

The French and English flag-ships suffered especially, the *Ville de Paris* losing some one hundred and thirty men, and the *Britannia* within five-and-twenty of the same number. The officers, as is customary with this pest afloat, were usually spared: those of the *Britannia*, from the captain downwards, became the theme of admiration for the way in which they devoted themselves to their dying men:

"Suddenly the pestilence ceased on board the British ships of war. The dead were overboard, and the survivors returned to their accustomed duties with an alacrity quickened by the delight of looking forward to active operations against the enemy. Instinctively, or else with wise

design, both officers and men dropped all mention of the tragedy through which they had passed."

About the 24th of August embarkation commenced. The French lacked the splendid transport service of the English, and were unable, therefore, to embark their cavalry—were even reduced to allotting four horses to each gun, instead of six. Upon which Mr. Kinglake is seized with the following noble comment:

"It was clear for an invasion of the Crimea a body of cavalry was strictly needed. Therefore, a sagacious interpreter of warlike signs, who saw that the English general was embarking a thousand cavalry horses, and that the French were embarking none, would be led to conjecture that the English were resolved to make the descent, and that the French were not. It will be seen, by-and-by, that such a conjecture would have been sound."

For this "blind" the French, nevertheless, embarked twenty-four thousand men, sixty-eight field and sixty-five siege-guns, and two thousand nine hundred horses—their total, including sappers, intendants, &c., being about thirty thousand; the same as the English. Besides this force, and without "the elaborate world going back into chaos," six thousand Turkish troops were embarked under French orders.

There could not but be something gratifying to the English eye in the contrast of transport efficiency presented by the French and English preparations. Great superior ships came gliding up from the Bosphorus day after day, the English flag at the peak. They steamed in, or they sailed in, with a superb air of sea sovereignty, whether it was the *Himalaya*, the *Orinoco*, the *Simla*, or some grand Australian clipper, as the *Shooting Star*, the *Harbinger*, or *Caduceus*, to the utter extinction of all other pretenders. On the horizon would have been labouring all day long two little distant sails, that by the evening rose small ignominious hulls. *Jeannette à Marseille* is probably written across the square stern of one, and upon the other, in severe simplicity, *Madeleine*. They are brigs of some one hundred and forty, and one hundred and eighty tons each; but their mission is to carry the army of France. They certainly, for their size, managed to stow away a surprising amount of this cargo, but its principal conveyance fell upon the men-of-war, which, impairing their fighting efficiency, surrendered the honourable, though hardly dangerous, duty of convoy to the unencumbered English fleet, which thus charged itself with the united armada.

It is tedious being perpetually checked to notice or rebut Mr. Kinglake's shameful assertions: again and again the pen would run on to recal the bright features of the early campaign when all was glow and success, but this book is put out as history, and each defect that is slurred or hurried over tends to accumulate material for the falsification of history. For this reason, a point we now arrive at must be settled in a very different manner to Mr. Kinglake's version, and if the truth be not so palatable, on the author's shoulders rests the responsibility of eliciting it. An immense and bitter controversy is starting up—busy hands and busy brains at work in France upon the late English and French partnership, which Mr. Kinglake has had the honour to provoke, and it is right England should learn the weak as well as the strong points of her case.

In the ninth chapter, after a little popular terror and error on the subject of the Black Sea,* he ridicules Marshal St. Arnaud for impatiently putting to sea on the 5th without the English, and becoming, à la Kinglake, ensconced in his secret soul, finds there "a distressing sense of his isolation," which obliges him to sail back again; adding upon this return (which is an erroneous account, to begin with, *for he never came back at all*, but, turning the ships' heads round, "hove to"), "Thus happily ceased the impulse which had threatened to sunder the fleets." Now, however much St. Arnaud was to blame for his peevish want of self-control, and for his exhibition of discord between the two forces—however deserved Lord Raglan's rebuke of the same—the following is the state of the case. The 5th of September had been the day finally settled for the departure of the expedition, and by the evening of that day the British, equally with the French and Turkish, was ready to fulfil the plan. Mr. Kinglake, therefore, wrongly declares that the British armament was only ready on the evening of the 6th. One very important person was not ready to start, however, and this was the naval commander-in-chief, who, against all remonstrance, persisted in considering the weather unpropitious, when nothing could have been more favourable, a fair fresh wind, every hour of which was a loss, and clear weather. The French and Turkish squadrons proceeded more than a hundred miles (actually a third of the way to the Crimea), and were compelled to heave to in this fair wind waiting for the English. Two steamers did Admiral Hamelin send back to Baljik urging his English colleague to put to sea, while by the side of the latter was Sir Edmund Lyons in the same position of entreaty. But Admiras Dundas, for some inexplicable reason, refused to weigh anchor till the morning of the 7th, and thus was lost a day and a half of precious time. Here, indeed, was an impulse "threatening to sunder the fleets," and to put the alliance "in jeopardy." By this culpable delay the fine calm weather of the 12th and 13th was lost for landing the army, which would otherwise, including its material, have been on shore by the evening of the latter day.† On the morning of the 8th the English at last came up with their allies, and then the wind had chopped round dead-foul.

* The dangerous and mysterious attributes of the Black Sea, which Mr. Kinglake confirms, are completely mythical, even though he speak on the authority of Admiral Dundas. There is not a line of latitude or longitude within it that has not been traversed by the reviewer, in winter as well as in summer, or a coast round the compass which has not been visited by him. The result of his observation is, that there is no sea in the world more easily navigated, nor one with a less number of dangers. The hurricane of the 14th November, 1854, was quite an extraordinary and exceptional event. Barks of the frailest nature sail upon its waters at all seasons. It is no exaggeration to say that a passage across the Black Sea in a Turkish caique (which the reader may know) would be less hazardous than one made over the really dangerous British Channel in a ship's jolly-boat. What gave rise to foolish reports about the Black Sea was, that next to nothing was known of it; it was a sacred, diplomatically guarded sea, and thus belonging to the unknown became invested with the properties of this power.

† "Had the fleet anchored off Old Fort in the order arranged, and but one day sooner, the landing of the army would certainly have been completed in sixteen hours. It was not completed before the 18th, thus occupying four days."—(A short Description of the Part taken by the Navy in the Expedition to the Crimea. By Captain Menda, R.N.)

MYSTERIES OF THE SERAI.

THE Oriental nations have one great obstacle to contend with in their attempts to appropriate European civilisation, in the position which polygamy imposes on their wives. We purposely allude to the consequences of the institution, and not to the institution itself, for we are perfectly well aware that polygamy only exists in rare instances. Any married reader can suppose that having several wives must be an extremely expensive affair, especially when the ladies, as is the case in Turkey, expect to be waited on from morn till night, and reckon pearls and diamonds as the first of their wants. But it is not the question whether no more than one thousand or fifteen hundred Turks in the whole Osmanli empire have a well-filled harem. The decisive thing is the contemptuous idea of wives which the Muhammadan institution of polygamy has produced. Not regarded as a companion of equal rank and helper, but placed on about the same low footing as the husband's favourite horse and favourite weapon, the wife is no moral factor of Muhammadan life. Various other things, to which we need not more particularly refer, produce the total result that the Turkish woman only too often has a most prejudicial effect on the family and the education of the children. If the Turks were led to lead a happy family life, that reform which is still hanging on thorns and obstacles, would be rapidly effected, because in that case they would have attained a higher moral standard. But such a family life is impossible so long as that contempt for women endures from which polygamy originated.

Since Lady Montagu for the first time entered the serai of the Padi-shah at the extremity of the Golden Horn, the thick veil that lay over the Turkish harem system has been considerably raised. Several European ladies have been able to study the marriage life of their Turkish sisters at their leisure, and have not been at all sparing in their communications. A remarkably pretty narrative of this description, valuable also from the fact that it describes the state of affairs in the last days of Abd-ul-Medjid, and the first days of his reigning highness Abd-ul-Aziz, is offered us by a talented and somewhat realistic French lady, Madame Olympia Audouard.* The lady had the good fortune to be introduced into the harems of an ex-Turkish envoy at Naples and of a pasha, and to form some female acquaintances, through whom she obtained access to the imperial seraglio.

Serai means a large building, or castle. Sérail is the French way of writing it, and hence ought not to be used, or, at least, should not be pronounced in the French way. The serai of the late Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid was Dolma Badje, a palace in the Western style, which borders on the old serai, and communicates with it. It is surrounded by a splendid garden, in which the ladies of the harem can air themselves unseen. On one side this garden is defended by a high wall, on the other by the Bosphorus. The Sultan does not live in the serai, but has several magnificent reception-rooms there and a throne-room, in which

* *Les Mystères du Sérail et des Harems Turcs.* Paris: E. Dentu.

he receives the homage of his ladies on New Year's-day, during Bairam, and on other solemn occasions. It was formerly the custom for the ladies of the harem to kiss his feet, as they walked past according to their rank. Abd-ul-Medjid altered this custom, in so far that the ladies laid their hand on a scarf lying in the Sultan's lap, whose end a slave held out to them : this was an equivalent for kissing.

When we say that the number of females in the serai amounts to five hundred, we reckon in the ladies of honour and the slaves appointed to wait on the six legitimate wives, the four favourites, and the ladies of honour. These slaves are girls whom the Sultan purchases, has carefully educated, and gives away in marriage when they have attained a nubile age. According to their talent and inclination they are instructed in singing, dancing, or acting. There are two music choirs in the serai. One has the usual instruments of a brass band, and wears the same uniform as the regimental bands, but with richer embroidery. This choir—composed exclusively of girls—forms the orchestra of the opera, and has also a female conductor ; the second choir consists of girls who sing and accompany themselves on some instrument, or who play the pianoforte, harp, or violin. These musicians, when ordered to do so, wait on the Sultan's wives and favourites, and enliven them by acting, singing, and dancing. A large hall is set apart in the serai for theatrical performances, ballet, and opera, arranged like our theatres, and fitted up with unexampled luxury. The performance usually consists of Italian operas or French ballets, and all the musicians, dancers, actors, and singers, are girls. Madame Audouard assures us that the young Turkish girls are first-rate in male parts. Of course no man, save the Sultan, is admitted to this theatre. The audience consists of the ladies of the serai, the wives of Turkish noblemen, and European ladies.

The Sultan's six wives and four favourites have each a separate residence, consisting of a bedroom, dining-room, and drawing-room. Each of them has her slaves, carriages, coachmen (eunuchs), and a full suite of servants. If she likes, she can shut herself entirely off from the other ladies, but this rarely occurs, save in exceptional cases of jealousy, and the ladies, on the contrary, like to pay each other visits, and send out invitations to dinners and soirées. At the present day, at any rate, there is no such thing as imprisonment in the serai. When a Sultana or an Odalisque feels inclined—and this happens very often—to take an excursion to the Sweet Waters, or make purchases at a bazaar, she simply orders her carriage, drives off, and remains out as long as she likes. The favourites and maids of honour have also each a separate residence, their own servants, carriages, and horses. The female slaves, who have been instructed in an art, are formed into divisions, at the head of which stands a superintendent. Each has her own room. The pin-money of such a slave is five hundred piastres a month, or five pounds ten shillings of our money. The ordinary slaves, who represent our servant-girls, have bedrooms in common, each containing five-and-twenty beds.

As regards the fitting-up of all the rooms in the serai, Madame Olympia says that, although she was acquainted with French châteaux, she was utterly astounded at such luxury. The finest thing is the baths, especially the Sultan's. The first room is surrounded by divans, on which the Sultan seats himself in bathing-dress, and smokes sundry pipes, while

preparing for the growing heat of the succeeding rooms. In the second hall all the divans are covered with gold embroidery, the walls lined with splendid Venetian mirrors, and the fairest and rarest flowers are lavishly scattered around. The bath itself is circular, and composed entirely of marble and glass. The dome is formed of the purest mountain crystal, and the water-taps are of massive gold. The Sultan never leaves this bath under three hours.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid was kindness itself to the ladies of his harem, but for all that they did not all feel happy. One of his wives, the lovely Ketiras, fell mortally in love with a general whom she had seen at the bazars and in his kaïk on the Bosphorus. Her love did not have the tragic ending which harem adventures assume in romances. No band of Bostandjis broke into the general's house at night, and brought an executioner with them, who laid the lady's head at the feet of her lover; no mysterious bark pushed out in the dark into the Bosphorus, and discharged a sack from which, ere it sank in the waves, a voice gasped, "Soon united with thee eternally." Ketiras received her discharge, when the Sultan learned the state of her heart, and became the general's wife in all honour. The fortunate man, however, had no great cause to rejoice at this union. Accustomed to the luxury of the serai, the lady continued her lavish course, so that, in a very short time, the creditors brought her husband's house-property to the hammer, and he was forced to request his removal to the cheapest district of the empire. The magnanimous Sultan, however, did not long leave his preferred rival in banishment, but paid all his debts, and established him afresh in Constantinople. Whether Lady Ketiras became more economical after this, our deponent sayeth not.

A lady of honour, of the name of Naura, became entangled in an adventure of a similar nature. The object was a young Greek, one of those thorough scamps who have learned nothing more, and do naught else, in the wide world than turn the heads of simple maidens. The acquaintance commenced with a flirtation, and soon attained a frightfully serious character. One morning, a window in the serai looking out on the Bosphorus was found open, and one of the maids of honour, of course Naura, was absent without leave. Her Greek took her to Syra, where the old piece of "love in a cottage" was performed, with Greek variations. So long as a small inheritance, on which the lazy lover lived, lasted, matters went on decently, but so soon as the last drachma was gone, nothing was left of the love-fire but the dead cold ashes. Shortly after the Greek disappeared, and Naura, who, in the mean while, earned a crust hardly enough with a washerwoman, heard, a few weeks after, that the unfaithful man had found, and hastily married, a rich widow at the Piræus. She was a sensible, brave girl, and, instead of dying of a broken heart over the wash-tub, she got together money enough to carry her to Constantinople, and threw herself at the Sultan's feet. The attempt proved successful: she was pardoned, received her situation again, and has since lived right comfortably on her five hundred piastres a month; but she gets out of the way of every young Greek she sees.

This kindness of Abd-ul-Medjid was sadly misused. The ladies of his harem permitted themselves expenses which went beyond all bounds even for Sultanas and Odalisques. Each of their apartments was crowded

with those elegant and expensive articles which rejoice the feminine heart, in the shape of pearls and diamonds, bottles and baskets. The good Sultan forbade this enormous outlay at times, but then a universal conspiracy was formed against him: the ladies pouted, cried, and scolded, and, in order to regain his peace, Abd-ul-Medjid had no course but to give way. In 1858, the mischief had grown so serious, that the European diplomatists waited on the Sultan in a body, and earnestly implored him to show himself master of his own house. Abd-ul-Medjid heaved a deep sigh, and issued a Hatti-Humayoun, in which he expressed his dissatisfaction that, apart from the necessary expenses entailed by the marriages of princesses, more debts had been incurred than he was in a position to pay. A commission of officials investigated the debts of the serai, and brought together in a very short period a total of five hundred thousand purses, or two hundred and fifty million piastres. Moreover, it was not the Sultan's fault that these debts were not larger, for he had himself demanded sixty million piastres for the expenses of the last Bairam, and had most reluctantly put up with eleven million piastres, which were advanced by Baltazzi, the banker. During the investigation, great embezzlements and still greater extravagance were brought to light. Many officials were discharged, a sister and four married daughters of the Sultan were placed under guardianship, but in the serai itself matters remained in the old state.

The marriages of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hatti-Humayoun of 1858 stated, no saving could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court. If a young man specially please her, he is given the rank of lieutenant-general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent fully-furnished palace and sixty thousand piastres a month pocket-money; and, in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the housekeeping expenses.

The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce, he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is his bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the Sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honour, the unexpected happiness, &c. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hatt., to the Sublime Porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hatt. is read aloud. This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

The marriage ceremony is much like that of the ordinary Turkish nobles. If the bridegroom be rich he himself pays for the trousseau, but, as a general rule, the Sultan sends him the money for it. The presents are placed in gold or silver baskets, on whose lid flowers or billing doves are represented, and consist of diamonds, rubies, pearls, diadems, bracelets, girdles, cups, and a thousand smaller articles in gold, furs, gold embroidered dresses and shawls. The bridegroom receives from his father-in-law a splendid sabre, buttons, and a watch and chain, all natu-

rally sparkling with diamonds, and from his bride a rosary of fine pearls and linen of every description. The custom has been abolished of the ministers making presents. The dowry of the princess is most costly. Madame Olympia saw a dress which cost above 15,000*l*. But little of the fine texture was visible beneath the embroidery and pearls.

When the presents have been delivered to the bridegroom, the bride proceeds on the next morning to his house, in order to look at the arrangements. Our authoress was present when the Princess Fatime, the betrothed of Ali Ghalib Pasha, paid such a visit. Accompanied by a numerous suite, the bride drove in a state carriage which had cost 4500*l*., through the densely-crowded streets. She wore a sky-blue silk dress, covered with a mass of pearls and diamonds, and her head was completely veiled in a texture of gold thread. The bridegroom received her on the threshold of his house. He was a handsome young man, but naturally somewhat pale and excited, as he had never seen his future wife, and on this occasion could only notice her outline as she was so overladen with ornaments. When he had saluted her with a deep bow and led her by the hand into the house, he would away again. This first visit of the bride is intended to enable her to examine the internal arrangements of her future home without any obstacles or disturbance.

The actual meeting of the new couple takes place on the evening of this day. At nine o'clock the princess proceeds to the state-room of the palace prepared for her, and seats herself on a throne. Two ladies of honour station themselves on either side of her. At the feet of the lady, who is splendidly dressed and covered with a large veil, lies a richly embroidered carpet. The husband has supped in his old residence with his relations and friends, and said his prayers in a mosque. Shortly after nine o'clock he proceeds to the princess, and is conducted to her by two eunuchs, who are awaiting him at the door. The first thing he does is to kneel down on the carpet, and offer up a prayer. When this is concluded he approaches his wife, salutes her submissively, kisses her hand, and says a few words that occur to him at the moment. The ladies of honour then remove her veil, and he sees whether he has married a pretty or an ugly woman.

Whether she be pretty or the contrary, a princess will always let her husband feel how high she stands above him. He occupies a room next to hers, and must await her commands there at all hours. Whether he have friends with him or be alone, so soon as one of her eunuchs summons him to her presence he must rise at once, make a *temena*—that is to say, touch the ground and then his forehead with his right hand—and proceed to her apartment. There he is expected to stand until she requests him to be seated. If he wish to pay a visit to her family, or go out on business, he must first ask her leave; and if he remain away unusually late, he must inform her of it and of the cause. His wife never lets him go out alone, some of her eunuchs accompanying him, and would inform her if he were to do anything naughty.

In such marriages the couple do not take their meals together. His are served up to him in his room without ceremony, while she eats like a princess. At meal-time a handsome carpet is spread in her room, and a large or small table placed upon it, according as to whether the lady dines alone or has invited other ladies. For her use a large silver salver is brought and covered with fine muslin. Before the meal begins, a young

slave, who has no other duty but this, kneels down before her, holds up a golden wash-basin, and pours lukewarm water over her hands from a can in the form of the Greek amphora. Another female slave hands her a napkin of white silk with gold fringe. The kitchen is outside the harem, and all the dishes are brought in in a basket lined with white muslin. This basket is sealed up in the kitchen, and before the princess tastes a dish, a lady in waiting examines the seals to see that they are unbroken. After dinner, during which female slaves perform music, the princess washes her hands again, and then proceeds to another room in order to perform her devotions. After this the evening's amusements commence. Reclining on a divan, she smokes a pipe or cigar, while slaves read or sing to her. If she has invited any lady friends, there is a concert, or ballet, or a theatrical performance, and during it rare fruits, pastry, and coffee are handed round. If the princess desires to see gentlemen, she gives her husband orders to send out invitations to certain persons. Such guests assemble in a room divided into two compartments by a gilt grating. On one side is the princess with her ladies, and hears and sees without being seen; on the other side are the gentlemen, who select such topics of conversation as will amuse her imperial highness.

The husband has no way of escaping his serfdom. His princess can be separated from him at any moment, but he must stick to her. He has no other consolation but the one, that his existence costs him nothing, and that he has such a share of the fabulous luxury which his wife indulges in as she allows him. These husbands of princesses must be regarded as the scapegoats which the male sex offers up as a punishment for its contempt of women. At any rate, the prohibition for such husbands having a second and third wife is a Turkish confession how dishonouring polygamy is. The Turks ought to derive from it the moral: "What do you not wish to happen to a princess, ought not to happen to another woman."

SECRET SOCIETIES.

To the west of Leipzig there extends for miles a splendid wood of old oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees. Most of the townspeople are only acquainted with the small portion which immediately borders the city gates. The "wild valley of roses," as the wilder portion of the wood is called, is not visited by many persons. It is true that various disagreeables are met with here, which are also to be found, though partially, in the tame valley of roses. Wild garlic grows over large stretches of ground, and diffuses too strong an odour, which in spring is unendurable; flies and other nuisances behave in the most impertinent manner after a heavy shower, and among the life-weary of the neighbouring city there is an unpleasant tacit agreement to carry out the voluntary closing act of their existence in the valley of roses. It is not every man who can stand going out to pluck snowdrops or campanulas, and unexpectedly come across a hanging body.

On October 8, 1774, a corpse was lying on the ground in this valley of roses. The man, who had shot himself beneath the autumn-tinted roof of foliage, was well known. He had called himself Colonel von Sinbach, and given himself out to be the son of a French prince; but, prior to his death, it was notorious that the name of Scöröper, under which he had served in a Prussian hussar regiment, and kept a coffee-house in Leipzig, was his real name. Was this man, who, after his death, aroused great enthusiasm in Saxony, an impostor or a visionary; or was he, whether wittingly or unwittingly, an instrument employed by others in order to attain certain political aims? These questions occur to us not merely in his case, but in that of all the adepts of the last century; and hence we must spend a few moments with them.

We will commence with a proposition which, though trite, is indispensable. Every science issues from errors, and remains for a long time in darkness, like the rosebud in its green sheath. Humanity never attains any object, without first going astray twenty or thirty times. The best men will often rush into these wrong paths, because the straight road to science is not much more diverting than a highway laid down in a right line, rearing between poplar-trees to a distant steeple. The last century had a special temptation to turn from its philosophic highway sideways into the bushes. Enlightenment not only had something dry and repulsive about it, but its fundamental principles were so simple and self-evident that a clever or vain man could not feel particularly flattered in knowing no more than what the sparrows twittered on the roofs.

To this motive of employing oneself with things unknown to the general public, were added the obscure impulse and feverish restlessness which had taken possession of the century. Men felt that they were marching towards a new era, but had not the remotest idea how they should behave under way or when they reached their destination. Revelling in feelings and forebodings, they awaited, as the whole literature of the age evidences, something great and monstrous: a regeneration, a Messianic movement, a revelation. Many of the new principles had always had partisans, who had been compelled to retire into obscurity before the Inquisition and tyranny; and as in the last century everything was over-estimated which did not stand on the tottering foundations of society in that day, the most exaggerated importance was given to the secret societies which the persecuted of former times had formed. Men flocked to join them, some in order to become acquainted with mysterious truths and revelations, which were said to have been brought to Europe, according to the traditions of the secret societies, from the Pyramids through the Pythagoreans, Essenes, and Templars; others, in order to build up in the silence of night a temple of reason, which could be shown perfectly finished to the coming dawn; many, because they believed that they would form a mystic union with Deity; many, too, because they dreamed of the philosopher's stone, and other useful things; and many, very many, because it became fashionable.

The choice among the existing societies was not a large one. The best known of all, the Freemasons', certainly attracted through its secrecy; but, as a general rule, they did not go beyond the principles of brotherly and human love. In addition to the Freemasons were the Templars, who reconstituted themselves immediately after the cruel execution of Jacques de Molay, and whose grand-masters have existed in

uninterrupted succession up to the most recent times. These, and a few smaller societies, were not sufficient, however, and hence a number of secret societies was formed: Philalethes, Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Martinists, United Friends, Charitable Knights of the Holy City, &c. Some of these societies counted many members, and were largely extended. Through this, and owing to the mystery in which they enveloped themselves, as well as the pompousness displayed, they imposed on the fancy of their contemporaries. Even a Goethe had a certain amount of weakness for a Cagliostro. At the present day the history of the secret orders remains attractive, and the French more especially devote great attention to it. Three works, which have just appeared in Paris, supply us with illustrative matter.*

Such an extended association as that of the last century invited men to fish in troubled waters, and the most different tendencies sought to secure its aid. Charles Edward the Pretender formed a party in the lodges of strict observances, the Jesuits crept in among the Rosicrucians, and wherever there was a back door open, and the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans and Philippe Egalité, gained the Grand Orient in Paris to his side. The political or religious side-views of the orders were the currents in which numerous adventurers swam merrily. Most of the latter, if not all, were swindlers, and carried on political intrigue as a lucrative and protecting *παράπλοον*. Scörpfer, to whose tragical end we have referred, is said to have undertaken his conjurations as an agent of the Jesuits. He horrified the Prussian court and all Berlin by prophesying the death of several well-known characters, and some of his prophecies came true. He, however, carried on his game too impudently and coarsely, so that his protectors separated from him, and allowed him to sink into a state of poverty.

Scörpfer had taken up a system of incantations ready prepared for him. How it was arranged is not known with perfect accuracy, and hence we can only speak generally. The "Magians" were acquainted with all the effects of the magic lantern and phantasmagoria, all the ocular illusions which had been produced by the instruments of Father Kircher and Robertson, as well as all the laws of reflected light. In the East they had learned certain catoptric laws, for which they were indebted to the celebrated magic mirrors, which the pagan priests are said to have employed. Catoptromancy, or prophesying from a series of prearranged mirrors, produced a remarkable effect, for it was only requisite to engrave on the back of a mirror objects in relief and place them before a reflecting surface in order to produce them exactly as they were. These objects (pictures of the dead) were, however, motionless, and to make the spectator believe that he saw something supernatural, a second deception must be produced. This the Magian effected by certain odours, which have a tendency to produce hallucinations in young persons. Hence the necromancers preferred that children should gaze into their magic mirrors. Deceived by images which their own brain invented, these children announced fearful things as seen by them, and thus frequently induced sensible men to believe in the power of incantation. The

* Matter: Saint Martin, le Philosophe Inconnu. Sa Vie et ses Ecrits. Matter : Emanuel de Swedenborg. Sa Vie ses Ecrits et sa Doctrine. And, Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes Politiques et Religieuses. Par le Comte le Couteux de Cantelieu. All three are published by Didier, Paris.

Magian had other apparatus in his arsenal. In order to perfect the formation of dazzling representations by the aid of hydromancy (prophesying with water), he placed in the centre of the magic circle a crystal ball filled with water, on which frequently floated a lump of burning camphor, whose vapour strengthened the effect of the objects reflected in the water. Finally, the necromancers employed the newly-discovered forces of electricity and magnetism, so that they operated with very different allies than those of our modern mediums, who require nothing more than a rapping-table.

Scröper is stated to have been the teacher of the notorious Count St. Germain. This pretended count was an adventurer, supposed to be the son of a Portuguese Jew. The protection of Madame de Pompadour and the minister Choiseul procured him admission to the French court, where he stood in some credit for a lengthened period, and lived in splendour. He must have been a remarkably well-educated man, for he not only made chemical experiments, which procured him the respect of thorough naturalists, but narrated anecdotes of Charles V. and even of Pontius Pilate, whose contemporary he stated himself to be, in which the most careful study of history was displayed. Any one who saw him employing his magic mirror at his house in the Rue Plâtrière, or at Emmonsville, could no longer doubt but that St. Germain stood in communication with the other world. He would be asked to summon dead people whom he had never seen: they appeared, and were recognised by their relations. But, during his residence in Paris, the police also performed miracles and displayed a knowledge of hidden things bordering on omniscience, whence the conclusion has been drawn that Count St. Germain was a spy, who sold to the police the numerous persons who were compelled to confide in him in order to secure his services. He died in 1784, at the house of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in Schleswig-Holstein.

In Hamburg this setting swindler had several interviews with a rising swindler, who gave himself out to the world as Count Cagliostro. Goethe has traced his origin and the history of his later years, and we need not repeat after him. We will merely remark here that the pretended Armenian Altotas with whom Cagliostro travelled at the beginning of his career, and whom Alexandre Dumas introduces in his romance, was most probably a German of the name of Kolmer. This Kolmer-Altotas had lived a long while in Egypt when a young man, and there saw and heard enough to be able on his return to Europe to envelop himself in a nimbus of pyramid mysteries. At Messina he formed the acquaintance of Cagliostro, who at that time was called Balsamo, visited with him the Archipelago and Morea, then proceeded with his companion to Egypt, where they earned a deal of money by selling imitation gold for embroidery, and finally went to Malta. The grandmaster Pinto was so deluded by the impostors that he gave them his house and laboratory, but they did not remain long in the island. Kolmer disappeared from this moment, but Cagliostro went through a brilliant, though very badly-ending career.

The new Magian founded his plans on the liking for ostensibly serious ceremonies which prevailed among the various orders. He threw old Egyptian freemasonry as a bait to such as wished to coquette with mysticism. Heads were heated by the thought of wearing symbolic

orders and performing rites which were said to have been originated in the priestly state of Meroë, and to have attained their development during the fifth or sixth dynasty of the Pharaohs. Cagliostro, however, had inducements not only for phantasts, but also for earnest thinkers. In passing sentence on his influence, we must not overlook the fact that he was one of the first introducers of magnetism, and that he possessed some rare chemical and medical acquirements. Hundreds who turned away from him in disgust owing to his incantations and the prophecies of his "doves" (young girls), returned to him again when they heard of his marvellous cures—that is to say, his recovery of persons given up by the doctors—for instance, the Prince de Soubise.

Still he was and remained a man of the lowest character. He carried on a trade in the charms of his lovely wife Lorenza. At Petersburg he contrived to introduce her to Prince Potemkin, and the great Catharine was rendered so jealous by this, that she sent him over the frontier with twenty thousand silver roubles in his pocket. He then went to France, gained a reputation by visiting the hospitals and effecting remarkable cures, and after this began founding "Lodges of the victorious Truth." In order to lay his magic nets all round Paris, he proceeded to provincial towns, such as Strasburg, Lyons, and Bordeaux. From the banks of the Garonne, where he remained eleven months, he returned to those of the Seine, and secluded himself in the most solitary street of the Marais, in an isolated house, surrounded by gardens, in which he lived perfectly quiet for a year. He calculated very correctly that the Parisians would soon grow half mad through curiosity to know what he was about. When he had brought them to this state, he summoned deputies from the seventy-two Parisian lodges to his house, and treated them to a grand invocation of spirits. He allowed his guests to summon ghosts according to their taste, and they ordered up Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alambert, the Abbé Voisenon, Montesquieu, and the Duc de Choiseul. The invited persons appeared as punctually as the stone guest in "Don Juan," and the company diverted themselves excellently with them. As the living guests promised to be silent about the adventure, all Paris heard about it, and then the ladies wished to have their share. With the attentive politeness which Cagliostro always displayed in such cases, he offered to form a lady's lodge, but six-and-thirty members must give in their names for the purpose. On the first evening the list was full, and each of the virgins of *l'ain* had paid one hundred Louis d'or. Paris did not talk about the sittings which the ladies held, for Cagliostro, in order to keep his secret and his three thousand six hundred Louis, had been cautious enough to invite the six-and-thirty lovers of the female adepts.

Shortly after occurred the notorious necklace affair, which has always been accepted as a proof that the orders were labouring to undermine the monarchy. We are bound earnestly to protest against such an assumption, not on behalf of the orders, which do not concern us, but for the sake of history and common sense. It is not at all logical to say that this occurrence was injurious, and, therefore, was designed to injure. Cagliostro, the only person standing in connexion with the secret societies of all those mixed up in the odious drama of the diamond necklace, did not think at the time about any republican conspiracy, but of something far more substantial—1,600,000 livres. Such was the price of the necklace, which was to acquire the queen's affection for the vain and dissi-

puted Cardinal de Rohan, as he had been induced to believe. Cagliostro, during his first stay in Paris, had formed the acquaintance of the Abbé Georget, the cardinal's secretary, and had become known to the latter by name at least. When he returned, and shut himself up for a year, the Countess Lamothé, the pretended descendant of the Valois, who was the chief actress in the intrigue, was one of the few persons with whom he associated. That he was deeply implicated, is proved by the caution he displayed when the strings began to be drawn tighter. The cardinal received letters said to be written by Marie Antoinette, and thence resolved to purchase the necklace. At this decisive moment, Cagliostro stepped forward, held a magico-mystical session, and informed the cardinal, through his "dove," that the negotiation commenced was worthy of him, and the queen would heap favours upon him. Upon this, the necklace was purchased, and embezzled by the Lamothé. Up to this time Cagliostro had lived in Lyons, in order to be able to prove an *alibi*, and carefully destroyed every proof of his connexion with the thief. Who were the other personages of the drama? Lamothé, an adventurer of the ordinary stamp; Villette, an ex-gendarme and forger; and Mademoiselle Oliva, a girl who bore a resemblance to the queen. Thanks to his precautions, Cagliostro escaped the sentence passed on his accomplices, but was eventually punished at Rome for his repeated acts of swindling by imprisonment for life. What was the fate of Lorenza is unknown. The Countess Lamothé, about whom a report was spread in 1791 that she had just died in London, is said to have lived till the end of the Restoration at Artois. As for her husband, it is certain that he lived up to 1829 in Paris, and equally certain that Louis XVIII. gave him a pension. Who can solve this riddle?

From these quacksalvers and impostors of the secret societies we will now turn to one of the most celebrated Illuminati and Martinists of the age, who courageously died for the same monarchy which his brethren are said to have undermined. Jacques Cazotte, born circa 1720, at Dijon, and a pupil of the Jesuits, eventually removed to Paris, and received an appointment in the Admiralty. In 1747 he had attained the rank of a commissary, and devoted his attention to literature, more especially to poetry. Appointed controller of the Leeward Islands, he went to Martinique, where he was beloved and respected by all classes, and soon after married Elizabeth Roignan, daughter of the chief justice of the colony. In Martinique he composed two ballads, which have held their place in French literature. When the English attacked the island in 1749, Cazotte displayed great activity, and even a considerable share of strategic ability. Recalled to France by the death of his brother, he asked leave to retire, which was granted on the most honourable conditions, and with the title of a commissary-general of the navy. He settled with his wife and children at Pierry, an estate of his brother's, in the vicinity of Epernay. He had sold his property in Martinique to Lavalette, superior of the Jesuits, and taken bills on the Company, but the Jesuits refused to acknowledge these bills, and this produced the first of those lawsuits which eventually led to the suppression of the order.

At this period Cazotte published his novel "*Le Diable Amoureux*," which not so long ago mystified the editor of a London periodical, as some one sold him a translation of the old work as a modern original. He now became an Illuminé, and joined a lodge of Martinists, in which

Jewish metaphysics were combined with the obscure theories of the Alexandrian philosophy, and whose adepts believed they could attain an authority over the spirit world. As a Martinist, Cazotte wrote his "Arabian Fables," in whose cheerful and mild tone nothing mystical is to be traced. A friend of the marvellous, he had received from nature the gift of catching the fanciful side of things, and was fond of telling strange stories. Among others, he used to talk about Marion Delorme, whom he stated he had frequently seen before her death, at the age of one hundred and fifty years; and from her narrative he produced the most remarkable details about the death of Henri IV. This was naturally a fiction, but the gloomy prophecy, in which Cazotte is said to have predicted to a large family their death by the guillotine years before the Revolution, is also a fiction, and one of La Harpe.

When the disturbances began, Cazotte retired into Champagne. But he was not satisfied with lamenting the course of events, but made his son, Scævola, join the Gardes du Corps, and kept up a correspondence with the king. Scævola was engaged in the flight to Varennes, protected the royal couple on their return from ill treatment, and saved the Dauphin. When the Tuileries were taken by storm on August 10, Cazotte's letters to the king were found in the office of Laporte, the intendant. Fouquier Tinville did not hesitate to send the order for his arrest to Pierry. "Dost thou know these letters?" the police official asked him. "They are from me," Cazotte replied. "And I wrote them from my father's dictation," exclaimed his daughter Elizabeth, in order that she might share his cell. Both were confined in the Abbaye towards the close of August.

The news of the capture of Longwy by the Prussians inflamed the Parisians to commit the September murders. Maillard's bands had been killing the prisoners in the Abbaye for hours, when towards midnight Cazotte's name was called out. He walked up to the prosecutor, answered a few questions, and then received his sentence: "To La Force." This was the formula which had been selected in order to intimate to the watchful myrmidons that the prisoner was condemned to death. He had just reached the door which led to the court-yard, filled with the dead and dying, when his daughter Elizabeth rushed up, threw her arms round his neck, and implored mercy for him. The executioners were affected. Maillard was still hesitating, when a man of the people offered the courageous daughter a glass, and said, "Citoyenne, in order to prove to Maillard that thou art no aristocrat, drink to the welfare of the nation and the victory of the republic." Elizabeth drank, and she and her father were set at liberty amid the shouts of the spectators.

"I am not saved for long," Cazotte said on the following day to some friends who congratulated him. "A few moments before you came in, I had a vision. I saw a gendarme who was seeking me, and was obliged to accompany him. I appeared before the maire of Paris, who sent me to the Conciergerie, and thence to the revolutionary court. My hour has come." In truth, his vision was realised on September 14. His trial was soon got through, and the sentence was death. On September 25, 1792, Cazotte was beheaded. Ere he was fastened to the board, he walked to the edge of the scaffold and shouted across the Carrousel square, "I die as I have lived, faithful to God and my king."

A GERMAN IN DUBLIN.*

WE went to Dublin in the *Sea Nymph*. This vessel crosses daily—Sunday excepted—the Irish Channel, and conveys to wealthy England from fertile Ireland eggs, butter, fish, cattle, porter, and—working strength. On our passage the steamer had on board four hundred Irish, who were returning to their families with their savings from a fortnight's work at harvesting. Each had a small bundle and a stick, which they call a *shillelagh*. They were true children of their country, badly dressed, badly fed, and weary-looking. But when night set in they began to sing; a piper sprang up among them, and, ere we expected it, they were dancing on the scanty space allotted them the Irish national dance—the jig—with all the liveliness peculiar to them. The night was mild, the sea calm, and at six A.M. we ran into the bay of Dublin, which has so often been compared with that of Naples. The city forms a semicircle facing the new arrival, behind it are woods and country-houses, and the picture is filled in by the lines of the Dublin and Wicklow hills.

At the landing-place we had some difficulty in escaping from the good-humouredly smiling, but dirty-looking fellows who offered us their services. There were three of us—one being a son of the country—and we took a car. This is an open vehicle used in Ireland, and also in Wales, in which you sit with your elbow against the carman, and *dos-à-dos* with your companion. The first ride in a car is not at all pleasant. This side-ride, without a support before you or a covering over you, has something startling about it, and you can easily recognise the novice by his clatching at his neighbour's arm at every jolt.

As we had no special recommendation to any hotel, we entrusted ourselves to the guidance of the carman, for he assured us that he would take us to an excellent inn. Turning to the right, out of the handsome, broad Sackville-street, he stopped before an unpretending house.

"That does not look inviting," one remarked.

"Be good enough to overlook the exterior," our carman objected; "inside it's fine."

Well, it was not exactly so: the want of cleanliness was unmistakable, and we resolved to look out for a better hotel during the course of the day. But to make up for this, we had an interesting conversation with the landlady.

"Your honours come from England, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"It's a fine country, isn't it?"

"Yes; and the people in it are very cleanly."

"I have heard so; but, by your leave, cleanliness costs a deal of time. And the English have no time for amusement, because they are so very clean. That wouldn't please us Irish."

* This article is a *bonâ fide* statement of the impression produced on a Berlin gentleman by a visit to Ireland during the last Exhibition. Although his letter was not written with any intent of publication, I found it so amusing that I obtained his permission to transcribe those passages which appear to me best adapted for English readers.—L. W.

And, upon this, she praised her Phoenix Park and Donnybrook Fair, which lasted nine days, and was just going to begin, and told us to mind and be sure to visit O'Connell's tomb.

O'Connell! How often did we hear this name during our short stay in Ireland! He still lives in the heart of his people, even though he sent his own to Rome.

After breakfast we again jumped on a car and drove through the main streets, which are very pretty and broad, but offended us "English" from the fact that they were not kept clean, and that so many ragged, bare-footed men sat about idly on the door-steps and round the monuments, like the lazzaroni of Naples. A stranger coming from the wealthy parts of London is inclined to believe that there is no indolence and raggedness, for in the capital the greatest misery is thrust back into streets and lanes, into which the eye does not easily penetrate. How many of the millions who inhabit London are acquainted with Tyndall's or Charlotte's build-ings, or Petticoat-lane, or have ever heard even the name of these nursery-grounds of physical and moral destitution?

The eyes of our Irish companion, on the other hand, flashed with delight. He had not been in his beloved country for ten years, and our driver was eloquence itself, and did the honours of the city. But the very people who passed us seemed to take an interest in us strangers, and smiled kindly to us. Mr. Rogers, the Englishman, criticised and grumbled in the mean while, and his opinions drew out many an excellent retort from our Irishman, Mr. Foster, and the carman.

MR. FOSTER. Do you notice how broad Sackville-street is? You might almost call it a square. Such a street is not to be found in London.

MR. ROGERS. It's broad enough, and dirty enough too.

MR. FOSTER. This is the Nelson's column. Nelson was an Englishman, but, for all that, we gave him a monument.

MR. ROGERS. Wellington was an Irishman, and we have put half a dozen statues up to him in London.

MR. FOSTER. Wellington hadn't a drop of Irish blood in him, although he was born in our green island. He did not love Ireland either, and only served England.

MR. ROGERS. When he thrashed Napoleon at Waterloo it was as much a service for Ireland as for England.

THE CARMAN (politely touching his hat). Beg your pardon, sir. They do say here that the Prussian general Blottcher (so is Blücher's name pronounced in England and Ireland) did the best bit of work at Waterloo. Then he suddenly stopped, and said: "This is Merrion-square. Here lived O'Connell, the great liberator."

MR. ROGERS. The great agitator.

MR. FOSTER. Carman, drive us to No. 30. That was O'Connell's house. There are still the same green blinds at his windows as there were during his lifetime. From this balcony he once addressed a mob beneath, and it increased so greatly that it no longer had room in the street, and broke the iron railings of the square.

"Yes, sir, so it was! exactly so," the driver interposed; "and when the magistrate insisted on O'Connell paying the damage, because it was his fault the fine railings were broken, O'Connell broke an action against the magistrate, and conducted it himself; for he was a lawyer, and so clever

a one, that there was not another like him in the world; and, bedad, he gained the action, and the magistrate was obliged to pay for the railings and the costs in the bargain! Served him right!" (A crack of the whip.)

We turned into Merrion-row.

MR. FOSTER. This is the chapel the expenses of building which he paid.

MR. ROGERS. That is no conjuring. He got it together by collections.

MR. FOSTER. I often met him at matins. He was accustomed to be wrapped up in his cloak; and on his cap he wore a gold tassel. I fancy I can see him before me now.

THE CARMAN. Shall I drive to Glasnevin Cemetery?

MR. FOSTER. Yes, carman, drive there. We will see his grave.

We drove to the handsome cemetery, which contains twenty-six acres. In its centre stands the O'Connell's pillar, commanding all the other monuments. From the gateway, where a priest stands sentry up to the work, wherever the paths cross, signposts are put up with the inscription, "This is the way to O'Connell's Grave." To our regret, we heard that the vault would not be opened till the afternoon, and hence we could not enter it. A man, who was making large bouquets of flowers to decorate the cemetery chapel, told us that the throng to O'Connell's grave during the morning hours, when the burials take place, was so enormous, that it was found necessary to open the grave to visitors in the afternoon alone. He added, that within a short time the corpse would be removed to the foot of the lofty pillar.

After a short consultation, we resolved to drive once more slowly through the city, and then go to Phoenix Park. Dublin has many fine and much larger squares than London, and passers-by have a perfect view of them, while in London the railings are so covered with bushes that it would be as easy to see through a wall as through these green fences. The Liffey flows through the centre of the city, and in its course of one mile and a half divides it into two halves, which are connected by noble bridges.

The fact that the houses of Dublin are not all ashen grey, like those of London, but red, green, and yellow, produces a pleasant impression on the man who has not grown habituated to fog.

"That is our poet, Tommy Moore," said the carman, pointing to a statue of grey marble; "and this one"—it was an equestrian statue in bronze—"is King William." And Mr. Foster exclaimed, "William of Orange! Have we not given him a fine site in one of the best streets of Dublin?"

The Phoenix Park has been called by others, beside our two Irishmen, "the finest park in the world." It contains seventeen hundred acres, which, with the exception of the small portion belonging to the viceroy's summer palace, are open to the people. Broad carriage-roads cross it in all directions; there are no ditches and barriers, as in the London Parks; the entire beautifully green Irish Green Park is open, and filled with tags and deer.

The Park was almost utterly deserted; only here and there was a solitary rider, a cadet from the military school, which is in the Park itself, or

a lad looking for mushrooms. It had struck us before, in the squares, that so few people were walking about them.

MR. ROGERS. The Park is like a city of the dead.

THE CARMAN. The quality are not in town, and the others are not at liberty till the evening.

MR. ROGERS. Who do you reckon here among the quality?

THE CARMAN. The merchants, lawyers, and doctors. When they return from their summer tours, it is lively enough here. Gentlemen and ladies on horseback, and carriages as fine as the viceroy's own.

MR. ROGERS. H'm! It can never be like the life in Hyde Park, for the wealthy nobility stay at the most only a few days in Dublin.

THE CARMAN. There your honour is quite right. Our great gentry, to whom the land belongs, have the money sent them by their agents to London, or wherever they may be. We poor devils only wish they would spend it here (sighing). Yes, we wish that from our heart.

MR. FOSTER. Our Ireland, the Eden of the West, is forced to send them everything that her woods and fields and her teeming waters produce. They leave behind potatoes, at the most, for the great mass at home.

THE CARMAN. And we don't complain so long as the potatoes remain sound; but when they go bad, we want for everything.

MR. ROGERS (this time with a smile). The whisky, too, and that is certainly the worst.

THE CARMAN. No, sir. The worst is starvation.

MR. ROGERS. But, carman, supposing you had as much whisky and potatoes as your heart desires, I am afraid that you Irish would never live in peace and quietness. You are constantly quarrelling together, and the loss of the potato crop is not the cause of that. I think it is your old Irish way.

THE CARMAN. The gentleman means, I suppose, the quarrel between the Orangemen and the Catholics. I know who keep it up.

MR. ROGERS. So do I. The priests.

THE CARMAN. The agents. There are in Ireland not only agents who screw money out of the poor farmer for the landlord, but other agents whose business it is to keep us in a state of quarrelling. Sir, I would sooner remain a poor carman till my death than be an agent for a single day.

While conversing thus we had driven through the Park. We now stopped at a slight elevation, and Mr. Foster asked us if we felt inclined to see the strawberry-gardens. Although the strawberry season was long past, the question induced us to get down. The annual strawberry feast which is held here, as well as Donnybrook Fair, has such a celebrity among the Irish popular festivals, that we felt desirous to see the gardens at any rate.

Along the side of the high road runs a low chain of hillocks, for a distance of about two miles, densely grown with strawberry plants. At the foot of the hill are numerous small inns, where, during the strawberry season, there is never any lack of pipers, fiddlers, and harpers, to strike up a jig. The male and female dancers flock in in such numbers that dancing-rooms are improvised between the pot-houses by laying down a flooring of boards. Strawberries and ginger-beer constitute the refreshments.

An old woman was sitting by the side of the road : she had a basket of biscuits before her, and nodded kindly to us. On our inquiring what was the meaning of the hammering in the inn opposite to which we were standing, she replied that the dancing-ground was being repaired for the next day, Sunday. Dancing on a Sunday! This struck us, as we had just come from England and rigidly Presbyterian Wales. In Wales, says an Irish proverb, they hang the cat on the Monday for catching a mouse on a Sunday.

But we were not destined to leave without seeing a jig, for while we were standing there the piper struck up. We stepped into the open doorway of the inn. The old woman had followed us, seated herself with her basket on the threshold, and followed with sparkling eyes the movements of the dancers. And when we asked her whether she still danced, and how old she was, she replied : " Heart and soul still dances, but the limbs will no longer move, for I am upwards of eighty."

When we gave her a trifle, she said, " I thank you. Of course you notice that biscuit selling is only a more genteel way of begging."

Such are the Irish. They may be recognised everywhere by their pointed answers, their rags, and a certain something which glistens in their eyes like a sunbeam.

In the hotel on the quay, to which we had removed on the first day of our stay, we found ourselves very comfortable. We noticed in the handsome, well-lit rooms no traces of Irish disorder. A life-size portrait of O'Connell, and another representing Dr. Cahill, decorated the walls of the coffee-room. Dr. Cahill is a Catholic priest and savant, who has been much talked about during later years. He travels about Great Britain, making speeches and preaching, and the best articles in the *Catholic Telegraph*, a paper appearing in Dublin, are from his pen.

In various conversations with the natives it became evident to us that the aversion of the Celtic race from the Anglo-Saxon has been in no way lessened by time. No greater contrast can well be imagined than that existing between the merry, careless son of Erin, who toys with the Muses, and Albion's silent, reflecting, industrious, and practical scion. It is only an allegory, that a relieve on the handsome Custom-house of Dublin represents England and Ireland as peaceable travelling companions in a shell carriage, from which Neptune drives away starvation and despair with his trident. If England and Ireland should be represented as travelling companions, let them be painted as the iron and the earthen pot preparing for a swim down the river.

Trinity College, or Dublin University, was founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, for Protestant students, but since 1795 Catholics have also been received there. For all that, the Irish Catholics founded a few years ago, on the incitation of Pius IX., a university exclusively for Catholic students, and regard with an angry upon the mass of mixed schools which have been established and supported by government in Ireland, for they are firmly convinced that their principal object is proselytising, and as soup has been distributed in some of them, chiefly attended by poor children, the generic name of the mixed schools in Ireland is the " Soup Schools."

On Sunday afternoon we drove to Kingstown, a port and pretty watering-place near Dublin. Formerly this town was called Dunleary, but after George IV. visited it, it was rechristened as a reminiscence. It

was a bright sunny afternoon, and people on foot, riding or driving, were enjoying the fine weather and the pleasant landscape. Mr. Rogers was compelled to hear us say repeatedly that we preferred the Irish Sunday to the English. In order to tease him, a lady belonging to our party walked up to a fruit-seller, who was praising her pears, and said, "This gentleman thinks that it is wrong to sell pears on a Sunday."

"God bless your kindface," was the answer, "the gentleman is quite right. Six days shalt thou labour, and rest on the seventh. But we poor folk have no time for it. If your honour will not buy any pears, accept these two as a present from me."

The lady accepted the sweet fruit, and laid a few pence on the fruit-seller's table.

"God bless you, but I cannot take any money for the pears I gave you; that would not be elegant."

"Well, then, sell me some."

"With a heart and a half."

From Kingstown to Dalkey is but a short drive along the sea-shore. The country is fresh, fertile, and rich in ancient ruins. We counted three forts, which we were told were built in the fourteenth century as a protection for traders. From a rock which was covered with pleasure-seekers we had another glorious view of Dublin Bay and hills. Among the many chattering and laughing groups on the rock, a dozen merry children especially attracted our attention. They were the first neatly-dressed children we had seen in Ireland. They were engaged with a game which seemed to delight them greatly, for their laughter echoed far and wide. We approached the tallest girl, who looked exactly like a growing English miss, and asked her the name of her game.

"We are playing a Sunday game: one of us is obliged to go aside, and we then think of a person in the Bible, and the one sent away has to guess it when called back. We have just chosen Jacob."

A hearty laugh interrupted the explanation. The guesser, a lad at the most six years of age, had confessed that he did not know how many wives Jacob had. English children behave in the same way. If the ennui of the Sunday become too overpowering for them, they allow themselves a game, with which the Bible is cleverly interwoven. In this way the sin of playing assumes a religious tinge. According to English ideas!

Our Kingstown carman demanded rather more money than he was entitled to by the fare-list, but the fares are very low, and as we remembered an anecdote which we had read in an English paper, we did not dare to insist too strictly on our rights. A very stout gentleman—so the story went—who had been driven from one end of Dublin to the other, handed the carman a sixpence, the exact fare. The carman first looked at the money and then at his fare, shook his head, and touched his hat politely: "I beg your honour's pardon for a moment, I will take the money directly." After which, he fetched the nose-bag and covered his horse's head with it. "Will your honour give me the sixpence now?"

"Why did you put the nose-bag on?"

"Well! I was ashamed to let the creature see that we only received sixpence for the long drive and such a weight."

Although the real fair has been done away with at Donnybrook, the

pleasure which has accompanied it since human memory still exists, and on one evening in this year's festival—the fair lasts, as we said, nine days—so less than ten thousand people were assembled, singing, dancing, and drinking, at Donnybrook, a village a mile and a half distant from Dublin. For us the drive thither constituted the greatest amusement, for it carried us right through the centre of the fun. All the Dublin cars are in motion, and many a carman drives twenty times out and in during the day, taking up everybody who is willing to pay twopence for the drive, and nowhere does a composite company so rapidly strike up an acquaintance as on the road to Donnybrook. All sit laughing side by side, all radiant with delight. Do the horses share the general rejoicing? Our carman, at any rate, assured us that his horse would gallop as if running for the Derby. We flew along, in truth, and could scarce notice the features of the people who, on both sides of the road, sitting on door-steps and posts, or leaning over hedges and walls, sought and found their amusement in looking on.

At Donnybrook the crowd is so great that the police, who maintain order on horseback and on foot, allow no vehicles to drive up to the village, they must all stop a quarter of a mile from it. On a large enclosed ground stand booths, with eatables and playthings, menageries, puppet-shows, and bazaars. Dancing is going on in tents and public-houses, frequently on the most limited space. This does not disturb the jig dancers in the slightest. We saw two pretty young girls dancing a man down, as it is termed. They relieved each other, while he was not allowed to stop for a moment, but always remain in motion, up and down, heel and toe, forwards, backwards, right and left. At one moment he chalked one sole, and then the other, but all in time—all while still dancing. He turned pale a few times, but the smile of pleasure did not quit his face for an instant, and the girls never once lost the modest demeanour and virtuous manner which must be admired in Irish women, even of the poorest class. When excited by dancing and pleasure, their eye still retains its gentle expression, or falls modestly to the ground at any too audacious glance.

It was impossible for us to obtain a special vehicle for the return journey, as too many were waiting, and so we shared ours voluntarily with several grown persons, and perforce with two trumpet-playing lads, whom our driver raised to his seat at the last moment as "children of a friend." But fifeing and trumpeting disturbed us as little as did singing and laughing; we were infected by the noisy merriment, and joined in the universal hurrah offered to Ireland—Erin-go-Bragh!

When we, the next morning, admired the Exchange, with its splendid Corinthian pillars, we learnt that the building was originally intended for the Irish Houses of Parliament, but was converted into an Exchange at the time of the Union.

We spent a few hours in going over Guinness's porter brewery. We saw there malt and hops going through the whole process of brewing and fermenting—saw boards become casks, casks washed and dried; and, finally, when we were fatigued with our wanderings through this gigantic building, we were refreshed by a draught of the splendid porter from a cask which contained two thousand hogsheads; it was one of the fifty-two rats we saw arranged. Some of our party, who felt inclined to look at the top of the casks, mounted several ladders for this purpose.

We concluded our round of amusements with a visit to one of the music-halls with which Dublin is so richly endowed. We heard several highly comic songs, full of political allusions, and, finally, saw a jig danced. This it is impossible to escape in Ireland. But stay! in the heart of Dublin there is a street where it is not danced. It is the Devil's Ditch, a long narrow lane, also known as Cooke's-street. Along the rows of houses run cords, on which hang rags of every imaginable stuff and colour; in addition, there were in front of, and inside the houses—whose doors all stand wide open—huge piles of rags, paper, and rubbish. In fifteen houses coffins were being made. Out of the windows project poles, on which wet clothes are hung out to dry. The atmosphere is polluted, and pale thin beings, covered with rags, walk or lie indolently about. Now and then they help their customers to fasten the rags they purchase on those portions of their clothing which most require them.

With this melancholy picture, which, however, once again realises the most characteristic part of the Irishman—his good temper—we bid farewell to green Erin.

A. VON LESSING.

BAFFETTO.

AMONG the Roman coffee-houses of the second-class, the Café Gnocchi is one of the most celebrated. It stands at the corner of the Via Felice and the Via di Porta Pinciana. In spite of this favourable position, in a quarter almost exclusively inhabited by foreigners, it is not greatly frequented either by these or by the better class of Romans. Only rarely does an artist, on his hasty walk to his studio, step into the gloomy bottega to swallow his *café dolcissimo* as rapidly as possible, and throw the *bajocchi* on the marble table. On the other hand, the café is greatly frequented by the countless swarm of models, who have their eyrie on the Monte Pincio. At any hour of the day you will find there white-bearded old men, who perform in turn St. Jerome and the street-beggar; red-petticoated Albanian women, with white head-dress and coral beads; *pifferari*, with bagpipes and peacock feather in their hats; and rogues of every description lounging on the leather-covered benches, and chattering, smoking, or sleeping.

Among the latter class of idlers, Luigi Pastone, or the Baffetto,* as he was generally called, from his long waving beard, played the most important part. His mother was a native of Genzano, and had married a shepherd of those parts. After Luigi's birth she had been summoned to the house of Prince Castrucci, in order to give the breast to the newborn representative of the family. After a while Anna Pastone settled in Rome, and distinguished herself at the distribution of the convent soup by the largest pot and the loudest voice.

Her son Luigi, or in abbreviation Gigi, the only fruit of her marriage and the hero of my story, grew up like the lily of the field, without toil-

* From the diminutive of *baffi*, beard and whiskers.

ing or spinning, and yet clothed by the Heavenly Father—if not quite so brilliantly as that blooming symbol of virginity. His youth was much like that of all Roman street boys: he begged, pilfered—though only in cases of extreme necessity—ate, when he had anything to eat, and warmed himself on fast days with the dogs in the sunshine. We see our hero in his earlier years at one moment sliding down the railing of the Spanish steps, at another seeking during the carnival real confetti under the horses' hoofs and between the wheels. Sometimes he ran in procession by the side of the candle-bearing monks, and collected the dripping wax, either in a box or his bare hand, or acted as cross-bearer, when the boys of the quarter were driven to the parish church on Sundays. With these, and similar harmless avocations, Luigi attained his twentieth year, and had become tall and thin, strong and active; the only defect was that he continually suffered from a consuming hunger, a still more torturing thirst, and an almost fabulous dislike of hard work.

About this time it was that an English artist, who needed a true *bir-baccione* for his *genre* picture, saw in the Piazza Barberina our Gigi lying on his stomach and playing at cards. He made him a proposition, whether he would stand or rather lie as his model for three pauls a day, a proposal which was joyfully accepted by the noble youth. Luigi followed the artist to his studio, laid himself at full length on the ground, had nothing to do except doing nothing, and received for his trouble a shining apostle piece. The affair pleased Pastone, and the resolution gradually ripened in him to devote himself entirely to this new calling. From this hour he let his hair and beard grow freely, took the cognomen of Baffetto, and removed his residence to the Café Gnocchi, which he only quitted to exchange it for a *villegiatura* in the surrounding wine-shops.

We are bound to confess that Baffetto had made no mistake when he decided on the calling of a model: he combined the two chief requisites of a vagabond life—indolence, and gaining a livelihood without trouble. In a short time he was known by the artists, and sought by them whenever they had to paint Orlando Furiosos, bandits, or scamps and scoundrels generally. When there was no demand for malefactors, Baffetto would condescend to play the *facchino*, carry a letter to the post, shear a poodle, or undertake any job that cost him half an hour's time and brought him in half a paul. The day's work was then terminated—five *bajocchi* rattled in his pocket, and they were sufficient to procure at the Friggitore's a piece of paper piled up with steaming cauliflower, a *foglietto* of Albanian wine, and enough tobacco to keep his pipe a glow till nightfall. Sitting before the door of the Café Gnocchi, with his jacket thrown over his shoulders, comfortably puffing out the smoke, chaffing every pretty girl in the street, and chaffed by her in turn, Baffetto felt himself blessed, and would not have changed places with the senator of Rome. All the propositions made him to undertake some respectable business he responded to with a contemptuous and very meaning smile. At times he would deign to add that the corner post of the Via Felice was too old a friend for him to become unfaithful to it. He had lived by its side, and wished to die by its side. But Baffetto was destined to learn that all the hopes and determinations of man are vanity and vexation of spirit.

One afternoon a little boy shook Baffetto out of the sweetest of siestas,

and shouted in his ear that he must go home directly; his mother felt very queer, believed that she had not an hour more to live, and earnestly desired to speak to him once again ere she died. Although in the lower classes family ties are easily relaxed, this information very soon brought him on his legs. He panted up the narrow stairs, entered the low garret in which Madame Pastone was lying on a mattress stuffed with maize-straw, and cried to the sick woman with that semi-anger which, with rough temperaments, is meant to indicate, and at the same time conceal grief: "But, mother, what an idea is this of yours! Want to die! Sanguinaccio di Dio! get rid of such thoughts."

"No, no," the old woman sighed, in a faint voice; "I feel very certain that I have arrived at the brink. But listen, Gigi; I must first confide a secret to you. Pay attention to this: you are not my son, but the Princess Castrucci's. I changed you in order to secure the rich inheritance for my child. Ah! Gigi, do not be angry with me—it is not too late yet to confess my sin—all will come right."

Baffetto started back in amazement, and slowly shook his head, half doubting, half believing the possibility of the statement. "Listen to me, old one," he at length began; "in that case you played a cursedly stupid trick. I the son of a prince! Oh, nonsense—you are raving. And suppose that I really were so, who would believe me, eh?"

"Go to Father Tommaso, Gigi, at the monastery of Maria Sopra Minerva. He is the confessor of the old Principessa. Tell him he is to come here and receive my confession at once. Go, make haste, before it is too late."

"Well, if that will settle it, we'll soon have the father here. But listen, mother," he cried, turning round once again in the doorway, "there is plenty of time for dying. Be patient till I return with the father, or else my entire principality will be lost."

The Reverend Father Tommaso let his snuff-box fall in affright when he saw Baffetto rushing at him in the cloisters: he fancied, as he afterwards stated, that he had an escaped lunatic before him, when the latter explained with frightful bandit grimaces how he was the true Principe Castrucci, how his mother, who was not his mother though, was lying at death's door, and any quantity more of the same rigmarole stuff. The more the monk retired, the nearer Baffetto drew to him, for he was burning with impatience. Both yelled at the top of their lungs, the Dominican for help, the not yet confirmed prince for a witness. Every moment of delay might cost him a prince's crown, and for such a thing many a man had ere now made a greater disturbance. Half an hour at the least slipped away ere the shouting parties could come to an understanding through the intervention of foreign powers, another half hour ere the padre set out, and a third half hour, in spite of all the urging of the pretender to the crown, ere he reached the abode of the aged Anna Pastone, which was situated in the Via della Purificazione. Contrary to all expectation, the mother was not only still alive, but sufficiently conscious to be able to repeat her confession in the presence of Padre Tommaso and two witnesses. Yes, after she rolled this burden off her conscience, she seemed to obtain a fresh lease of life, for immediately after the confession she evinced a devouring longing for a dish of salt fish and pomidori, and, in defiance of all warnings, devoured the dish, which was handed her with great hesitation, with an astounding appetite.

"We are all, my children," the monk began, in a voice full of emotion, "witnesses of one of the most extraordinary miracles. I do not doubt for a moment but that it was San Dominico, the founder of our holy order, who moved the heart of a sinful woman on her dying bed, induced her to make a voluntary confession of her guilt, and mercifully takes charge of oppressed innocence."

"Mancouale! that oppressed innocence," Baffetto growled in his beard, as a sign of his approval.

"And," the Dominican continued, "that, lastly, it is the miraculous power of the saint which imparts fresh life to the penitent sinner, in order to bring the gloriously commenced work for the benefit of our holy faith to an equally glorious ending. Peace be to him and glory for it through all eternity. Amen. Hence I have not the slightest hesitation in saluting you, eccellenza, by the title of your illustrious ancestors, as Prince Castrucci of Castro San Martino. I warn you to thank Heaven and the saints, but, before all, San Dominico, on your knees for the mercy vouchsafed to you, and to prove your gratitude by rich gifts to the poor, and especially to their refuge. I mean the monastery of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva. For the present I invite your excellency to preserve the secret of your illustrious birth for a short period, until I have had time to prepare your illustrious mother, the Principessa Maria Castrucci, whose confessor I, though so unworthy, am, for this surprising event, and conduct you to her arms. So early as to-morrow, my prince, I hope to be permitted to lead you as such to the palace of your fathers."

With a profound bow the Dominican turned to depart, but at the moment Prince Baffetto seized the hanging sleeve of his gown, and whispered mysteriously, "Padre, it would be a nice thing if you would advance me to-day, on account of my inheritance, two or three crowns. I have lost the whole afternoon in becoming a prince. I ought to have stood as model to the German painter at the corner of the Via Rasella—I should have earned my three pauls—certain is certain; if the old principessa won't have me, I shall have lost my money."

"Be without fear, my son, your mother will not deny you, nor the princely inheritance slip from you. I am not the man to have temporal wealth at my disposal, but if the widow's mite is not beneath your notice, I willingly offer it to you."

"Show it here, padre," the prince cried, impatiently, and stared with saucer eyes at the small leather purse which the monk pulled out. "Two papetti, three more, make a scudo—here with them—another paul, just enough for a bottle of orvieta. Va bene. I can manage till to-morrow. Good-by, padre. Eleven pauls in one's pocket, per bacco, with that sum a man can play the signore."

The Princess-Dowager Maria Castrucci was an elderly, withered lady, very avaricious, and immoderately bigoted. She was tall and thin—her regular features might in earlier years have made pretensions to beauty, had they not evidenced concealed gall and arrogance; add to the portrait nose long and thin, mouth with ugly wrinkles, and pale lips, cheeks wondrously berouged, hair-powder, a rosary eternally in her hand, nestling in a small sofa, on which her wheezy lapdog alone had room by her side; before her, on a low tabaret, a coarse-gowned monk or a priggish abbate.

Prince Gaetano Castrucci, her hitherto supposed son, an amiable young man, and thorough gentleman, had been carefully brought up

by his enlightened father, and, quite in opposition to the habits of the Roman nobility, sent to travel in foreign countries at an early age. There he had certainly seen and heard many things, which came into collision with the principles considered normal in his blessed native land: above all, the priestly domination had lost its nimbus in his eyes. When the old Principe Manlio Castrucci died, Gaetano returned to Rome to undertake the management of the estates to which he had succeeded. He found his palace converted into a synod of black, white, brown, grey, barefooted, shod, bearded and smooth-chinned monks, and the last bald pate had more to say in it than himself. In vain did he try every means in order to banish the holy vermin from out his four walls, but he unfortunately recognised the truth of the proverb, that fleas are ten times more difficult to extirpate than rats, and priests a hundred times more than fleas. While engaged in this Augean operation he had had violent quarrels with the conscience-keepers, and drawn on himself the hatred of all, and chiefly of his mother's confessor. With his mother, who clung to her tonsured body-guard, Gaetano had also quarrelled, and in the conviction that he could effect nothing during her lifetime, he had gone to Naples, where he held the post of chamberlain to the king. Here it was that he formed the acquaintance of an amiable young English lady, contrived to gain her affections, and was engaged to her, a step which rendered the breach with his mother and the house clergy perfectly incurable, for Albion's blonde daughter was unable to cover the unfortunate blot of having been brought up in another faith, either by her good birth or the real pearls of the five figures which represented her dowry.

Father Tommaso sent in his name to the princess, took his seat on the stool facing her, and then began, with folded hands and upturned eyes, an edifying sermon about the strange dispensations of Providence, which he concluded with the explanation: "Your prayer, eccellenza, has been heard. Not that the lost youth has become himself converted and turned to apostolic humility, but because the remarkable confession of a penitent sinner has revealed to me that this oak-apple growing on a noble branch was grafted on it by a scandalous deception. I will speak more clearly: the nurse, Anna Pastone, has confessed how, blinded by criminal greed, she changed the two infants, dared to lay her own low-born son on your heart, and allowed your noble descendant to pine up to the present hour in obscurity. Rejoice, signora, praise the saints, that Heaven has liberated you from an unworthy son. Doubly fortunate mother! your real well brought-up son is sighing for the moment when he may be allowed to throw himself at your feet. Grant me the happiness of leading him to your arms after so long a separation."

It was a considerable time ere the princess could understand the story of the exchange of children and the happiness that awaited her. The monk, however, did not leave off until the case was quite clear to her, and she at once sent off a courier to her son Gaetano with a letter, in which Padre Tommaso requested him politely, but rather coldly, to be kind enough to look about him for another inheritance, mother, and name, and suggested Anna and Luigi Pastone for the latter vacant articles.

After the princess had shown herself so ready to give up her hitherto son, she expressed the natural wish to see his substitute as speedily as

possible. Father Tommaso, however, felt very fully that Baffetto would require a few slight touches before he could be introduced with success to his princely mamma; hence he put her off till the following morning, and ordered her to pray off a dozen rosaries, as a seasonable distraction, till then. The princess humbly obeyed this order as well.

When the reverend father proceeded, on the following morning, to the *Via della Purificazione*, he found old Anna Pastone fresh and merry, as if a finger even had never pained her, spinning in the doorway, and learned from her lips that the present Prince Gaetano Castrucci, or Baffetto, as we will call him henceforth, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, had not come home during the night. "Heaven knows," the old woman's irreverent report concluded, "where the scamp is lurking." Shaking his head, the padre proceeded to the *Café Gnocchi* in order to seek his protégé, but there he was absent the first time for years. No one was able to give any certain information about the missing man, and only one of the models mentioned a report that Baffetto had been on the previous evening overtaken by orvioto, had a row in consequence, and was arrested by the gendarmes.

The Dominican gave a violent start on hearing this. He proceeded very despondingly to the nearest guard-house, and there really found Prince Baffetto sunk in the deepest reflection, and snoring under a bench.

The priest's application sufficed to effect the liberation of the prisoner. The priest impetuously dragged him from the guard-room, and began in an earnest and well-delivered speech to urge on him, before all things, the duties of his exalted race. Never did a more fertile seed fall on stonier ground. His excellency behaved most violently, cursed and swore, and finally deigned to make the assertion that, unless he could go to the osteria every evening and drink his fill, the deuce a prince would he be, and the monk could look for another fool.

"At any rate hasten, eccellenza, to dress yourself, and arrange your toilette for the presentation."

Baffetto stared, first at the priest and then at himself. "Dress? I? Am I not dressed, eh? Have I not tied on my red and blue-striped fascia expressly for mamma princess, and put on my red woollen cap? What more would you have, padre?"

"Cut off your beard, my prince—this odious, wildly-entangled forest, which gives you the aspect of a bandit."

"Be that farther from me," Baffetto replied, "than January from mulberries. Young and old know me as Baffetto, and a Baffetto without a beard is a Pope without cardinals. And now let us hasten to get to the spot, padre. I am longing for my palace and a good breakfast."

They were soon standing before the former. If the prince had done so much to give the monk's patience a hard trial, the servants did their share in completely exhausting it. The porter refused Baffetto admission with levelled bamboo, and after he had been appeased, with some difficulty, the groom of the chambers refused to announce a rogue—as his face showed him to be—to her excellency. Baffetto threatened him with his highest displeasure—the *canériere* called him an ass. Little was wanting, but that prince and subject seized each other by the hair. The demon seemed on this day to sow tares among the wheat by handfuls.

What the eloquence of the padre did not succeed in effecting was produced by a five-paul piece being thrust at the right moment into the jowl of the *camériere* Cerberus. He held his tongue, and the doors of the princely apartment were thrown open. The surprise of the princess at the sight of her lost and recovered son might be called grander than it was pleasant. Speechless, she leant back in the ottoman, and measured with cold, searching glances the new comer, who, with a gawky smile, was twirling his red nightcap.

"With no slight surprise," she at length said, slowly, "we make the observation, that the subject in question does not bear the slightest resemblance to the features so deeply engraved on our heart of our deceased and illustrious consort, nor to our own, but, on the contrary, the marked stamp of an extremely vulgar person."

The padre rubbed his hands in embarrassment, dropped a few remarks about the surprising freaks of nature, and ventured the supposition that after the removal of the disfiguring beard the princely features would be more easy to trace. The princess wagged her head thoughtfully, rang for the *camériere*, and commissioned him to accompany his Excellency Prince Gaetano di Castracci to his apartments, there drag him out of his primitive condition, and impart to him a human, and, if possible, princely appearance.

Baffetto allowed himself to be led away more patiently than might have been supposed. The princess his mother and the Dominican remained behind, in order to consult how the indispensable polish should be given to this very rough jewel in the shortest possible space of time.

The hour for dinner was long past, and the meal had been served up, but neither prince nor *camériere* put in an appearance. The major-domo sent to fetch them found the reconciled couple playing at *zecchinetta* with a very dirty pack of cards, which his excellency had filched from the *Café Gnocchi*. The prince was a winner, and in the rosiest humour. He broke off the game with reluctance, and with the assurance that he would speedily give a *revanche*.

The *camériere*, however, had done his utmost on Baffetto: he was hardly recognisable. His face had become as smooth as the palm of his hand, with the exception of a small moustache, and his locks hung in the prescribed spirals: linen, clothes, and the other articles which constituted the external man, and which were temporarily borrowed from the wardrobe of the ex-prince, stood in a proper ratio to the rest. Baffetto, besides, was not an ugly fellow, and thus it happened that the principessa designed to express her satisfaction, traced some resemblance in the nostrils with those of her departed husband, and graciously offered him her hand to kiss. Baffetto squeezed it so heartily as to draw a yell from her *Altezza*.

Generally we must say in praise of Prince Baffetto, that he became used to his new position with extraordinary speed, and the more easily so, because, on the one hand, there is not so tremendous a gulf as people might be inclined to suppose between the tone of a true dandy and that of a street vagabond; and, on the other, because that is regarded as wit with nobly-born persons which in low-born clods is called impudence. If, then, the young prince, through absence of mind or too lively a recollection of past times, happened to make a few mistakes—as, for instance,

when he leapt, in his plumed hat and sword, behind his carriage instead of into it; or slipped from the tedious conversazione of the salons into the ground floor, in order to dance a Saltarella to the tune of the spit with some sturdy kitchen wench; or when, in society, he pulled off his light tail-coat to throw it over his shoulders, after the Birbaccione fashion, and soaked into a corner of the Temple of Peace, in order to play undisturbed *alla Mora* with the stone-cutters there—this did no injury to the amiability of the child of nature, as he was called in the great world, and, on the contrary, made him more interesting in the sight of the ladies. At the soirées they actually contended for his simple excellency. His lack with the women was decided, and already people were talking of a marriage with the daughter of an immensely rich banker, who, commencing with lucifer-matches, had attained through usury a ducal crown. Father Tommaso reaped from the princess, who every day grew more attached to her new son, the most flattering thanks for his fortunate interference, and his monastery the most splendid donations. The servants would have died for their condescending master, and, in the whole world, there was only two persons dissatisfied with the change—namely, in the first instance, old Anna Pastone, who found herself awfully disappointed in her sanguine hopes, because Prince Baffetto regarded the late recognition of his princely birth, and the therefrom resulting loss of the glorious hours which now fell to his lot, as a crime, and would have nothing to say to her, or even see her; and, secondly, the ex-Prince Gaetano Castrucci, or Luigi Pastone, as he was henceforth to be called.

The latter, at the very moment when the courier was sent off to him with the disinheriting letter, had crossed to Sicily in the suite of his monarch. To the constant change of residence, as well as the defective communication in the interior of the country, must be ascribed the fact that this letter did not reach its destination till a month after. It was a crushing blow for him. His pride forbade his retaining his situation, and commanded him voluntarily to retire from it before the story of his misfortune became town talk. He immediately handed in his resignation, and returned to Naples. He felt incapable of appearing before his affianced bride as a nameless adventurer, and hence broke off the engagement with a bleeding heart: he released the lady, in writing, from her pledge, and only allowed her to conjecture from undecided expressions that a misfortune, not of his creating, forced him to give up the happiness of his life. After this, he hurried to Rome with the determination to go thence abroad, and find death in the ranks of a foreign army.

It was on one of those beautiful winter days, such as only the Roman February can offer, when the deeply-lamenting Gaetano was walking up and down the grounds of the Monte Pincio, and at length sunk in melancholy reflections, leant over the stone balustrade, and allowed his eyes to wander over glorious Rome stretched out at his feet, the city on which he was so soon going to turn his back for ever. Rome is so beautiful, so wondrously beautiful in the eyes of the stranger, who revels for the first time in its splendour—but how much more beautiful in those of the departing man, who is leaving his paternal city for ever!

A beggar woman came up to Gaetano, and, in the Madonna's name, implored him for alms. He silently handed her a silver coin. The beggar looked up in his face, uttered a loud cry, and threw herself at his

feet. "It is you, excellency," she howled, "and you give me alms—me, the lost soul, the false witness, who have stripped you of everything! you, who rested on my heart, to whom I offered my bosom! And for whom have I committed this crime and lost my eternal salvation? For whom else but my godless, ungrateful boy, who now denies his own mother, and revels in her sin! Eccellenza Principe, forgive me, so that I may die in peace. I will recal all my statements, and tell Father Tommaso, who urged me to bear false witness, the principessa, and the whole world, that I lied at that time, and that you are the only true son of the deceased lord. Oh! have mercy on your wretched nurse, eccellenza! Oh, Heaven, you do not know how great the temptation is to be able to give one's child by one word wealth and splendour, and how painful it is to have an ungrateful son. Forgive, principe—forgive a poor sinner!"

Gaetano tried in vain to soothe his old nurse: she continued to beat her breast while shedding streams of tears, to kiss her nursling's knees, and to accuse herself in a loud voice before the constantly augmenting crowd of having listened to the monk's persuasive arguments, and degrading the true scion of a princely family for the sake of her son Baffetto.

At this moment an elegant carriage drove up, in which an elderly gentleman and a young lady were seated. "There he is!" the latter exclaimed, with joy-beaming eyes. "Did you think you could escape me so easily, Don Gaetano? Did you fancy that your misfortunes were a sufficient reason to fly from me? Proud fellow, so you only thought of yourself."

It was the English lady, who had heard of the misfortunes of her affianced husband at Naples, and had followed him in her father's company, with the firm resolution of offering her hand to her nameless and poor lover.

Her noble feelings were rewarded. Too many witnesses had been present at the voluntary confession of old Anna for Father Tommaso to be able to intimidate her, and force her to recal it. She repeated her statement before a magistrate, and revealed the whole of the intrigue concocted against Gaetano. He was solemnly restored to his rank and property, and Father Tommaso was removed to a distant monastery—I believe at Palazuolla. The princess went into the convent of the noble nuns of Santa Eufemia, through vexation at being deceived by her confidant, and seeing her hated son in possession of all his inheritance.

Baffetto, when he was told of his dethronement, burst into a loud "Accidente!" but resigned himself with marvellous composure, and returned to a private condition. Once again he enthroned himself in his beloved corner-post of the Via Felice, he has allowed his beard to grow again, acts as model, shaves poodles now and then, and is president as before of the Café Gnocchi. "When I was Prince of Castrucci," is the commencement of most of his tales. I can recommend Baffetto with a safe conscience to all my friends who visit Rome. He is the best-tempered fellow in the world, unpretending and modest, in spite of his four weeks of principedom, and ready to oblige, and even honest, whenever his trousers-pockets have not got a hole in them, and he then, in absence of mind, allows the money entrusted to him to fall through.

SIX WEEKS AT HUNSDON MANOR.

PART I.

I.

It is an old saying, and a true one, that "fact is stranger than fiction." Failing to bear this time-honoured maxim in mind, we are often apt to condemn too hastily the production of some writer who has placed before us the creation of his vivid imagination in the shape, it may be, of a tale or story, the startling or fearful details of which, although succeeding in exciting our deep interest, yet at the same time elicit from us the accusation of improbability, the severest judgment that any literary effort—be it great or small—can meet with, as everything of the kind is meritorious only as it approximates to the real. In books, as in works of art, it is the true delineation of nature that comprises both the charm and the merit of each. But before we refuse our credence to the truth, or to the appearance of it, in similar cases, we must determine our standard of probability; and if we glance into the chronicles of many a seemingly quiet life, we shall perhaps find there recorded events and even tragedies, the incontrovertible proofs of which, admitting of no doubt or question, will cause us to retract our hastily-formed judgment, and force us to the acknowledgment that there are truths stranger than fiction!

I justify this opinion to myself by the recollection of a circumstance which happened in a country-house where I was once staying—a circumstance engraven on my mind with the vivid freshness of yesterday, and which, after a lapse of four years, arises at times unbidden to memory, fraught with all the horrors of a scene, the details of which were related to me by the principal person concerned in it.

One morning, in the early part of the month of September, 1858, I found myself in London, with the pleasing prospect before me of a three weeks' leave of absence from my diplomatic duties at ———.

I sat down to my late breakfast with the satisfactory feeling of having no more arduous task in view than the agreeable one of sketching out the programme of my anticipated holiday. I had previously intended going straight down to my old home in Northamptonshire, but this purpose was frustrated by the absence of my family, whose return from the Continent had been deferred to the end of the month.

Three weeks of solitary seclusion, enlivened only by the daily visitation of the old housekeeper, my quondam nurse, Mrs. Roberts, appeared dismal in perspective, and the realisation of such a prospect would, I felt convinced, prove intolerable. To be sure there were my cousins at the rectory, but I own I don't care for cousins; that is to say, I have an objection to the relationship; it is too near, and yet too distant; too near, for the reason that you have been always accustomed to the pretty face, which you have known through all its successive stages, from the time that its owner was the baby beauty of the nursery up to the present period, when she is

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet—

and you are almost unconscious of the fact of her development into a lovely and graceful young woman, until it is recalled to your notice by some friend, not equally blind, who exclaims, "By Jove! old boy, what a lovely cousin you have! You never mentioned *her*! Afraid of poachers, eh?" or some such phrase, instinct with suspicious meaning; the insinuation contained in which falls pointless on your innocent mind, guiltless as you are of any motive for wishing to conceal the existence of the pretty cousin in question. Her lovely face has never possessed for you the charm of novelty; and this, be it marginally observed, is a very essential one in the primary stage of a flirtation! You have walked with her, ridden with her—have scolded her and coaxed her, by turns—but, all the while, she has only been to you your little cousin—your dear little cousin—nothing more! Your pulses have never quickened to the influence of her beauty—your hand has never trembled at the touch of her soft palm—the bright glances of her deep blue eyes have failed to move the depths of your torpid soul! And why are you thus exempt from the sweet spell of her existence?—why can you not enjoy the charm of her lovely womanhood? Simply because habit has denied to you the appreciation of them! Too distant is the same relationship; as, however close and intimate the terms of your companionship may be—though your cousin may possibly be, in conjunction with your sister, the confidante of all your projects and your plans, the sympathiser in your hopes and your fears, yet there is a line of demarcation, across which neither she nor you can pass! She is *not* a sister, though bearing a close affinity to one. Fond and familiar as your intercourse with her may be, there are times when you feel that the perfect and delightful unreserve characterising the relationship of brother and sister, can never exist between you and your cousin.

Holding, therefore, this doctrine on the subject of cousinship, the fact of there being a whole rectory full of my charming relatives close to the park gates did not, in the smallest degree, tend to dissipate the weariness of a prospective three weeks at home, under present circumstances.

I consequently determined that such a proceeding, on my part, would be a wilful waste of the time I had resolved to make the most of in the way of enjoyment, limited, too, as it already appeared to me.

No schoolboy appreciates more keenly the delights of the longed-for "Midsummer break-up" than I do my occasional "hours of idleness," spent, as they invariably are, in the dear old country.

Do not, from this avowal, draw the conclusion, dear reader, that I am discontented with the profession to which I belong. It is one peculiarly in accordance with the ambitious side of my character, rendering thereby the work of it congenial to my taste, for through its medium I see the end that *can*, and consequently *is*, to be gained.

A distaste, however, to continental manners and customs being one of my idiosyncrasies, life in a foreign capital is to me wearisome and unsatisfactory in the extreme.

The people, the society, and the amusements may, perhaps, strike the imagination at first by their freedom from our insular habits of reserve and by their undeniable brilliancy; but a short acquaintance with them (in my estimation) suffices to break the spell of their very ephemeral charm, and I turn, regretfully and yearningly, to the contrast afforded by English life and English homes.

On the morning in question my breakfast-table was covered with letters, some of which had arrived by the early post, whilst others had been awaiting my arrival for some days past.

I knew, by intuition, that they all, more or less, contained invitations from my numerous friends and acquaintances, and I sat idly contemplating their different postmarks, enjoying, in anticipation, the pleasant perplexity of "*l'embarras du choix*," until the hot rays of a bright September sun, streaming in at the window, reminded me that partridge shooting had commenced, and that no place is more triste than London when every one has left it.

The first letter that I opened was from my little sister Amy, full of regrets "that I should have arrived in England before them," and beseeching me "not to go down and bore myself all alone at the Hall before their return," which sensible injunction coincided with the resolution I had already formed. "The waters had done my father worlds of good," so she wrote, "and he had been persuaded to remain some time longer at Homburg." As I had never heard that he had been indisposed, this statement of Amy's completely mystified me until I arrived at the postscript, proverbially containing the essence and meaning of a woman's letter: "By the way, I must not forget to tell you that Lord Medway arrived last Monday, and we are having the jolliest pic-nics. He begged to be particularly remembered to you." On reading these few words a new light dawned upon me, for it occurred to me that Medway's name had often figured in Amy's letters of late, and I at once dismissed from my mind all concern on my father's account, convinced that the arrival in question was more nearly connected with the little hypocrite's evident reluctance to return than was the dutiful reason she assigned, or rather implied. The heart of woman is deep, though not desperately wicked. My surmises as to the nature of my correspondence proved correct. Invitations from all parts of the kingdom poured in upon me, and I was debating which should meet with my first acceptance, when my eye glanced upon an unopened letter, bearing handwriting the sight of which carried me back to old "Foreign-office" days, when the same very peculiar caligraphy had often been a source of amusement to all of us there, and which could belong to no other than my old friend and colleague, Guy Aylmer.

Chance had thrown us much together in our profession, and long association had ripened our acquaintance into a warm and intimate friendship. Three years back we had parted at Vienna, he on his way to England, and I on mine to the mission at —; but though we had not met since, a tolerably active correspondence had been sustained between us, through the channel of which Guy had lately announced to me his intention of quitting the solitary state of bachelorhood.

As he was the only son of Sir Robert Aylmer, Bart., and heir to a very considerable property, this proceeding on his part would not seem to the world at large otherwise than a most natural one; indeed, Guy having already attained the age of thirty-four, the fact of his having lingered so long in the independence of celibacy was a matter of no little surprise to his friends in general. I confess, however, to experiencing a feeling akin to astonishment on receiving the intimation of his engagement; my long and close acquaintance with Guy Aylmer had led to the discovery of certain peculiarities in his character which would, I felt,

render the selection of a wife an undertaking of no small difficulty to him.

Possessed of the highest intellectual attainments, and gifted with the irresistible charm of manner and address, Aylmer was as well qualified to be the delightful companion of domestic life as he was pre-eminently so to shine in the world he lived in. His character was remarkable for decision and undeviating truth, which, in addition to the most unselfish disposition I have ever met with in man, combined to render him a person to be loved, and a friend of whom to be proud. At variance, nevertheless, with these higher qualities were the veins of superciliousness and distrust with which Aylmer's nature was strongly tinged. Herein lay the grand failing of his character, the subsequent bane of his enjoyment. He could not, or would not, believe in a bright side of poor human nature, and taking, therefore, no pains to distinguish between the genuinely good and the well-masked evil, he classed all under the same head, treating society in the light of a theatre, where he only applauded the actors in proportion as their imitation was successful.

Guy was a popular man, and in the world he was liked and his society courted, but he accepted the universal suffrage in his favour with the same civilly contemptuous indifference as would have characterised his reception of general dislike. He would have estimated both at the same valuation. It is true that there were some few exceptions to the rule he maintained; and to these he clung, perhaps, all the more closely and confidently, separated as they were, in his own imagination, from the general mass of counterfeits. In regard to women, his code remained unaltered; he held them as the loveliest creation of nature; he appreciated to the utmost extent the refinement and charm of their society; but his heart was never touched by them, and he had passed scathless through the dangerous ordeal of many a London season unwon and unwed.

Guy was at times to me a mystery, for I could not reconcile this cynicism with other attributes that he possessed. I knew that, underlying it, there existed a high appreciation of, and a deep reverence for, all that was true and good in this world. Sometimes—when in the confidence of unreserved conversation, he would, half bitterly, half mournfully, sketch out his ideal of life, and contrast it with his experience of the actual—I have felt deep regret that a man, capable of yielding such trust and devotion, should deliberately mar his own prospects of happiness by the fallacy he so obstinately adhered to. A feeling of triumph mingled with the very great satisfaction I felt on hearing of Guy's engagement; and I rejoiced to think that my sardonic friend had at length been induced to lower his lance in honour of the sex he had affected to despise—fairly vanquished on his own terms—compelled henceforth to abjure the wretched creed he had so long professed!

My curiosity was strongly aroused touching the fair cause of his conversion, for whose sake he had condoned the faithlessness of the human species.

To do Guy justice, I must affirm that he had displayed no shamefaced reticence in his communications on the subject. He had candidly acknowledged, that "where prejudice is strong, the judgment *may* be weak!" and, accordingly, I felt bound to forget his previous apostasy.

From him I learned that his accidental meeting with Ethel Mordaunt

had been brought about by his acceptance of an invitation from her brother, with whom he had been previously acquainted.

The prospect of good fishing was too tempting to be refused, and Aylmer, who was a zealous disciple of Izaak Walton, went down into Wales, with the ostensible intention of killing time as pleasantly as he could for three weeks. But a more powerful attraction than good salmon-fishing caused him to linger on at Dunraven, and, when at last he took his departure, he had left his heart in the keeping of the only woman who had ever touched it!

I found, on opening Aylmer's letter, a pressing invitation to join him without delay at Hunsdon, where "a pleasant party—lots of birds," were the inducements held out to me; "and, above all," he ended, "I want you to meet Ethel, who is staying here." I knew that this sole and true allusion to her was more expressive of his real feelings than would have been the warmest eulogiums. Guy never rhapsodised, and, consequently, his words bore all the deeper value. It was apparent to me that he took for granted my ready endorsement of the wisdom of his choice—a pardonable presumption, perhaps, on his part, but which, at the same time, suggested the captious soliloquy, "that, after all, Guy, like many others of his hypocritical class, may have stumbled on a pebble, and taken it for a pearl!"

The next moment, however, brought contrition for the unfriendly hypothesis, and, after duly despatching a note to Aylmer, preparing him for my arrival the following day, in an expiatory mood I repaired to Hancock's, with the intention of making, amongst his prettiest things, a selection worthy of Ethel Mordaunt's acceptance. I have always a certain pleasure in looking at good jewellery, and feminine ornaments of the kind; the bright stones in their delicate settings seem in such perfect keeping with the fair throats and rounded arms for the adornment of which they are destined.

After taxing the patience of the obsequious foreman by my long deliberation, I decided on a circlet of blue forget-me-nots, composed of turquoises, relieved by a brilliant in the centre of each flower, the graceful and fanciful device of which reflected credit on the original taste of the designer.

II.

On emerging from the railway carriage late in the afternoon of the following day, I found Aylmer's mail phaeton awaiting my arrival, and a drive of three miles brought me to the park gates of Hunsdon.

I have always held Shropshire to be the queen of counties, partaking as it does of the wild beauty of Welsh scenery, tempered by the civilisation of neat English farming, and my opinion was confirmed by the extreme loveliness of the prospect greeting my eyes as I turned into the park. Far away in the distant background swept the blue line of the Welsh mountains, and conspicuous among them towered the far-famed Wrekin, bathed in the light of the bright afternoon sun. To the right and to the left the landscape was bounded by long stretches of hanging woods, the autumnal tints of which blended in rich harmony with the dark green of the pine and Scotch fir with which they were interspersed.

The park, which was of great extent, abounded in timber of enormous

growth, scattered about in picturesque confusion, or standing out singly in bold relief on the smooth sward. Here and there herds of deer were grazing quietly in the long glades formed by the natural inequalities of the ground, while some, startled by the noise of the carriage-wheels, sprang away in troops from their covert in the fern.

The road wound for some distance through a splendid beech avenue, at the termination of which the house came into full view. It stood upon a gradually sloping ridge, which ascended westward by gentle undulations, and commanded the whole range of the magnificent view I have before described. The building was of Elizabethan architecture—that is to say, the projecting ends, with their lofty bay-windows and the long line of front, broken also into mullioned bays, topped with gables, belonged incontestibly to that period. There were, however, certain incongruities in the style, speaking of a still earlier date, and which, though deviating from the strict rules of architecture, combined to render Hunsdon one of the handsomest old residences I have ever seen. A long balustraded terrace separated the house from the sloping ground of the park below, and communicated to the right with the flower-gardens, which were extensively laid out in the good old English style. The entrance was on the western side of the house, and consisted of three open arches, which, forming a kind of terrace porch, was in keeping with the solid proportions of the building.

On arriving, I was ushered by the old grey-haired butler through a handsome oak-panelled hall, hung with family portraits, into the library, where he left me, after informing me that “Sir Robert and the gentlemen were out shooting, but that he would acquaint her ladyship of my arrival.”

It was a charming room the library at Hunsdon, very large and lofty, with a richly fretted ceiling and deeply bayed windows, the latter suggestive of the quiet half-hours that might be spent in their recesses, with the accompaniment of a pleasant book, or, better still, a pleasant companion.

The mantelpiece, of various coloured marbles, piled almost to the ceiling, and the wide fireplace with the massive chimney-dogs, matched the antique style of the apartment. Chairs of every imaginable shape and form, some high and straight backed, others of a more modern and luxurious fashion, were scattered about the rooms. Here and there low fauteuils were grouped round a table, on which were lying in careless confusion fairy work-boxes, with tiny thimbles and impossible-looking scissors, fitting implements for the fabrication of the delicate and useless webs denominated lady’s work, and over which, during those morning hours of seclusion, the merits and demerits of our stronger sex are canvassed. Woe be to the miserable wight on whom the vote of censure passes, unless, indeed, there be *one* of the fair conclave who will espouse his cause with all her heart, and consequently with all her will.

On approaching one of the open windows, I suddenly became aware of the presence of a lady standing on the terrace a few yards from me, and the deep embrasure forming an effectual concealment, admitted of my taking a full survey of her face and figure without risk of attracting her notice. I was at once struck by the unconscious grace of her attitude as she stood leaning against the balustrade, apparently gazing intently on the distant prospect.

Her face was partly turned away, but enough of it was visible to convince me that I had rarely looked on a lovelier one; examining the countenance before me with critical acumen, I should not, perhaps, have pronounced it strictly beautiful, but in the absence of Grecian precision of outline and statuesque chiselling, there existed in the very irregularity of the face an expressive charm far more attractive than beauty of a more regular order. No fault could be found with the delicate nose—slightly retroussé, it is true—but giving thereby a curve to the upper lip which added a grace to the exquisitely-moulded mouth, the most essential of all features, indicative as it invariably is of good birth or the reverse. Her complexion was fair and very transparent, the faint colour seeming to vary each moment with the tenor of her passing thoughts, deepening and lessening in alternations like the rose-coloured reflexions of clouds on a summer sea. In accordance with the soft outline of the other features, was the sweet beseeching look in the large deep-blue eyes—a look full of thought and candour, such as one sometimes sees in the eyes of a child, and irresistibly touching in its expression. Her hair, which was of that peculiar shade between golden and auburn, she wore partially drawn off the temples, disclosing the little ear, and falling carelessly on either side, in one long curl, from amidst the rich coil of plaits wound round the back of her small head. She appeared to be slightly above the middle height, and the very graceful and rounded proportions of her figure enhanced the peculiarly feminine charm that was diffused over her whole appearance.

I was aroused from my long scrutiny by the re-entrance of the butler, who corroborated the surmise I had already formed touching the identity of the young lady in question, by the announcement “that Lady Aylmer was out, but that Miss Mordaunt was on the terrace. Would I allow him to show me the way there?”

I accordingly followed him into the hall, and through a glass-door communicating with the terrace, whilst he went on a few steps in advance for the purpose of announcing my name to Miss Mordaunt. She came forward immediately, with the colour a little heightened in her cheek, and with an outstretched hand.

“We must not meet as strangers, Mr. Vernon,” she said, with the frankest of smiles. “I have heard so much of you from Guy, that I consider you quite as an old friend!”

“I am only too proud to think that you will accept me as such, Miss Mordaunt,” I replied; “and I quite concur with you in thinking that any more formal initiation of our acquaintance would be incompatible with the terms of intimacy on which Guy and I have been for many a long year.”

“We rather expected you to arrive by the twelve o’clock train, and Guy waited until after luncheon before he joined the shooting party. Lady Aylmer was here only a few minutes ago, but she left me to walk down to the village, desiring me to act as her deputy, should you arrive in her absence. Don’t you admire the view from this terrace, Mr. Vernon?” she added. “I am never tired of looking at it!”

“So I perceived,” I rejoined, “when I was in the library. As I looked at you, I could not help feeling rather curious to know what secret and peculiar charm that horizon possessed for you over and above its extrinsic beauty.”

Ethel laughed and coloured :

"I had no idea I was being so narrowly watched, Mr. Vernon! But as to the charm you talk of, I will tell you what it is. Do you see the line of mountains quite in the distance? Well! behind them lies my dear old home; and," she added, looking lovingly towards the point she indicated, "that makes the view doubly beautiful to me!"

"I quite acknowledge the potency of the attraction, Miss Mordaunt; but tell me, in your definition of the word home—speaking in a general sense—is it place or people that interprets the highest meaning?"

Perhaps the inquiry was slightly impertinent on my part, but, if so, she good naturedly overlooked it, and answered, without hesitation :

"Both! but, pre-eminently, the latter. At least, to me, the highest signification of home is the presence of those dearest to me; locality, of course, must be secondary to this, though I cannot see why the one should disqualify the charm of the other! It must be a narrow heart, indeed, that can find place but for one grade of affection! For my own part," she continued, colouring deeply, "I know that my home is none the less dear to me because there are people dearer!"

She made the admission with perfect truthfulness and candour, and I could well understand how refreshing to a man of the world like Aylmer must have been the total absence of all effort and self-consciousness, which characterised the manner of Ethel Mordaunt, and imparted to it an irresistible fascination.

"You know some of the people who are staying here, I think!" said Ethel. "Lord and Lady Grantham, and Margaret Vere. They told me they had met you in Paris three years ago."

"Yes, I perfectly recollect making their acquaintance there. Guy introduced me at one of the embassy balls to his cousin, Lady Margaret Vere, who struck me as being a very charming, animated little person!"

"You are quite right there!" said Ethel, warmly. "Margaret is charming, and one of the dearest and kindest-hearted little things in the world! She is always so bright and sunny, and, though she cannot resist sometimes the inclination of indulging her love of fun, it is done so good-naturedly, that no one could have the heart to find fault with her; underneath her careless ways there exists such a warm, loyal heart and steadfast character!"

"Lady Margaret is fortunate in the possession of so warm an adherent as you undoubtedly are, Miss Mordaunt," I returned, smiling at her eagerness. "It would be worth while having a legion of enemies to be defended by one such friend!"

"Ah, I see you are one of the unbelievers in women's friendship," said Ethel, laughing. "I ought to have recollected that you and Guy have encouraged each other in notions of the kind."

"Pardon me, Miss Mordaunt; pray do not class me with him in that respect, if such are Guy's ideas on the subject. I entirely repudiate the opinion that women cannot be as strong and as staunch in their friendships as we men are. You must not do me the injustice of supposing that my estimate of their character is at so low an ebb."

"Well, I am bound to believe you then," rejoined Ethel, "and I can assure you that I am gradually inducing Guy to renounce those kind of heresies. But to return to Margaret. I must tell you that she has a most pertinacious admirer staying here, Sir Willoughby Gresham. Do

you know him? He is certainly twenty years her senior. Margaret calls him her 'forty thousand,' as I believe he is immensely rich, but I am bound to say that the poor man's devotion meets with no return, and to confess that he is very wearisome. You see, Mr. Vernon, I am letting you into the secrets of the community. Oh! here comes Guy."

And, as she spoke, Aymer appeared on the terrace, followed by a tall, handsome lad, whose striking likeness to Ethel Mordaunt betrayed his relationship to her, even before she had introduced him to me as her brother.

"Well, old fellow, I am delighted to see you again!" exclaimed Guy, grasping my hand warmly; and, as I returned his greeting, I was struck by the change that had taken place in him. The old wearied look had disappeared, and was replaced by one of beaming content and happiness. His eyes wandered at the moment to where Ethel was standing with an unmistakable expression that would have given the solution of the metamorphosis, had I not already guessed it.

"I knew," said Guy, "that you and Ethel would require no introduction."

"We have certainly dispensed with all formalities of the kind," observed Ethel, laughing; "and Mr. Vernon and I are already old acquaintances. What have you done with Sir Willoughby, Guy? He went out with you."

"What has Margaret done with him, you mean," returned Guy. "He joined the walking party, as I predicted he would, not ten minutes after we started; and now, as I came in, who should I meet in the hall but Graham, looking, I must say, rather put out, having missed his party. Margaret has had a hand in it, somehow."

"Serves him right!" broke in Robert Mordaunt, hotly, who had doubtless private reasons of his own for disliking Sir Willoughby. "If I were Margaret, I would snub the old prig ten times more than she does."

"Stand aside and see fair play, Mr. Bob," laughed Guy. "Take my word for it, Margaret gives him his full share."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" asked a peculiarly musical voice, and Lady Margaret Vere fluttered up the terrace, looking undeniably attractive in a pale pink muslin dress and drooping hat. She was rather small, and exquisitely formed, with a bright sunny face, the chief beauty of which lay in its ever-varying expression, and in the large dark eyes, whose brilliancy was softened by the long sweeping lashes curling on the delicately rounded cheek. "Oh! I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Vernon," she said, on perceiving me; "I did not see you at first, my attention being fixed on that ill-mannered cousin of mine, who I know has been traducing me! What a time it is since we met you in Paris!"

"Three years, Lady Margaret, and I am rejoiced to find that you do me the honour of recollecting me."

I must observe, digressionally, that I am a theorist on the subject of hand-shaking. To me, the warm decided grasp is as significant of kindly feelings as the cold nerveless touch is expressive of their absence. Certainly there partook nothing of the latter in the friendly pressure of Lady Margaret's small fingers.

"I do not know why you should have imagined otherwise," she replied, with a sweet smile. "I never forget people unless they happen to be extremely disagreeable, and then I make it a duty to do so."

"Under which denomination do you then class Sir Willoughby?" asked Guy. "I can tell you, Margaret, he is not best pleased by your sending him off on a wild-goose chase after a glass of water, with the transparent intention of getting rid of him."

"Isn't he?" returned Lady Margaret, unconcerned. "It is his fault in coming, and yours, Guy, in sending him. I told you we did not wish to have him."

"Don't say 'we,' Margaret. Perhaps the Miss Merediths have not the same objection to his society."

"Well, in that case I am sorry for them, Guy. Another time, perhaps, you will allow me to choose a walking companion more gifted with powers of conversation. What between scrambling through the briary walk Constance Meredith chose to take us, and being forced to listen to that good man's perpetual drone, I have passed an unenviable afternoon."

"Hush! Margaret," interposed Ethel, as the object of her remarks at this juncture sauntered towards us.

Sir Willoughby Gresham, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, was unquestionably a handsome man, but the consciousness of this fact, and an undue valuation of his own importance, laid him open to the attacks of an esprit moqueur such as Lady Margaret indubitably possessed.

She turned upon him with the utmost coolness:

"You must allow me to observe, Sir Willoughby, that when a gentleman joins a walking party of ladies, it is not customary for him to make an excuse to leave them."

"Make an excuse to leave them!" repeated Sir Willoughby, quite unprepared for this flank attack of Lady Margaret's, who, by thus wisely taking the initiative, forced him to stand on the defensive—a manœuvre, by the way, thoroughly womanly, and deserving of the success it invariably meets with.

"I made no excuse to leave the party, Lady Margaret; you sent me for a glass of water, which——"

"Which you might have brought me," interrupted Lady Margaret, "instead of dodging about the cottage, talking to the pretty girl."

"Dodging about the cottage, talking to the pretty girl," echoed the astonished Sir Willoughby, perfectly aghast at the daring accusation; "really, Lady Margaret, I am at a loss to understand your meaning. In the cottage to which you sent me there was an old woman, from whom I obtained a glass of water."

"Yes, to be sure, there *was* an old woman," pursued Lady Margaret; "but if she had turned her unsuspecting old head she would have discovered you making pretty speeches to her young granddaughter."

"I perceive," replied Sir Willoughby, stiffly, exasperated by the irresistible laughter this sally called forth—"I perceive, Lady Margaret, that you are disposed to exercise your inventive powers at my expense. Be that as it may, I must observe, however, that there was no person in the cottage answering to your description, and had there been, I am not in the habit of making 'pretty speeches,' as you call them, to cottagers."

"Which means, in plain English, that I have been romancing. Thank you, Sir Willoughby; however, I will look over the uncivil implication this time, and when we next go out for a walk we will all join hands, so as to render the defalcation of one of the party out of the question."

Even Sir Willoughby could not resist a smile at this original proposition, and thus peace was restored.

WAS MAN CONTEMPORARY WITH THE MAMMOTH?

LONG before the appearance of Sir Charles Lyell's able work on the *Antiquity of Man*, the advancement of science in geology had established that the age of the earth itself is to be measured, not even by tens, but by hundreds of thousands of years, whatever may be the antiquity of its races of inhabitants. Strata, several miles in thickness, were shown to have slowly accumulated through immeasurable ages, and to contain, in the organic remains they enclose, proofs of the long duration of successive conditions of the globe, and of each condition having been marked by a distinct assemblage of living creatures, which, after inhabiting the earth for an immense period of time, gave place to a new order of things and new forms of life.

Researches into the structure of our planet, or rather into that comparatively small portion of its crust which is accessible to man; our gradually accumulating knowledge as to the succession of organic beings upon the globe since that remote dawn of creation when life first appeared upon its surface; and recent researches in ethnology as well as in the hitherto earliest known monuments of the human race, and also in the history of languages, have of late years mutually illustrated each other; and it has long been apparent that the existing races of mankind and the slow development of civilisation require that we should assign a much higher antiquity to the human race than that at which the commencement of the history of Genesis has been erroneously dated. Thus (for example) the degree of power and civilisation which the Egyptians had attained more than two thousand years before the Christian era, as appears from their temples, obelisks, cities, pyramids, and tombs, shows that the nation must have required a much longer time than the period which our chronology places between the creation of Adam and the building of the pyramids, to emerge from primeval barbarism and reach a degree of civilisation so high and slowly matured.

But now, the discovery of weapons and implements fashioned by the hand of man (and the discovery of even human remains in a few instances), in formations that belong to a condition of the globe long anterior to the existing order of things—weapons and implements ruder and older than the very earliest works of man that had been previously known—compel the belief that the antiquity of our race reaches back to periods much more remote than had been inferred from any previous inquiries into the history of the past; and that even the whole vast antiquity of Egypt, and all the time which has elapsed since the commencement of written records, or indeed, of the historical period, is short compared to the antiquity of the human race and the uncounted lapse of pre-historic time.

Sir Charles Lyell brings together in the first part of his work the various instances in which the remains of man or of human implements have been found either associated with the bones of extinct animals or in situations which imply great antiquity; and before giving, as we propose to do in this article, a brief *résumé* of the proofs and arguments brought forward, we may at once say that they establish in our opinion, beyond

any reasonable doubt, the proposition that at some remote era of the past, long anterior to the commencement of history, certain parts of Europe were peopled by a race of men who fashioned flint implements and co-existed with the Mammoth.

Some years ago this would have been considered a startling conclusion, and it may be so considered still; but there is no reason why the discovery of the antiquity of man should not be treated by the Christian believer with calmness and candour, nor why its promulgation should be looked upon with dislike and suspicion by "the religious world," save that a peculiar combination of ignorance and bigotry characterise the school which arrogates to itself that title. It has been very justly said that to regard as a matter of faith a chronological estimate which dates the commencement of the history of Genesis at four thousand years before Christ, is to show little reverence for the Bible, and little regard for the truth.

Life upon the globe was old, and the globe itself was older, when the "tertiary formations," as geologists call the most recent strata of the earth's crust, began to be deposited. They extend to perhaps two thousand feet in thickness, and are composed of beds of different ages, distinguished into "eocene," "miocene," and "pliocene," according to the proportion in each of species now living. But the remains of man have not been found even in the strata of that period (the pliocene), in which forms now living predominate; and it was not until after the pliocene beds were deposited, that is to say, towards the close of the tertiary period, that the glacial epoch began—that period in which a large part of Europe must have resembled what Greenland now is. At that epoch, the Grampians, the whole of Norway and Sweden, were enveloped in ice; and the glaciers of the Alps filled what are now the great lakes of Northern Italy, and covered the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy with ice. An interesting portion of Sir Charles Lyell's work treats of the evidence for the assumption that the Alps were loftier when they were the source of those gigantic glaciers which reached the Jura and deposited erratic blocks as large as cottages, which are now found on the flanks of that range. This period of intense cold had ceased to prevail in Scotland at the period when those very remarkable phenomena, "the parallel roads" of Glen Roy, began to be formed by glacier lakes; and although no traces of man have been found in any strata of the glacial period, its close was probably not very long anterior to his appearance in the north of Europe. Both north and south of the Alps, a primitive people having similar habits flourished after the last retreat of the great glaciers into the Alpine valleys; and when the areas which had formed the bed of the glacial sea during the period of chief submergence became clothed with vegetation, the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, and other mammalia now extinct, began to inhabit the north-west of Europe. To the British islands, then part of the Continent, the flora of the north of Europe, and the huge northern elephants and rhinoceros, the cave-bear, and bovine, equine, and cervine animals of species which have now no living representative, then probably passed, and these, be it remembered, were veritable old inhabitants as compared with the human denizens of the country of whom we have any trace.

To the latter part of this "post-pliocene" era we may probably refer

the fabricators of the flint implements found in the north of France and in various parts of southern and central England; and after that era came the changes which have resulted in the present distribution of land and water. So that the primitive race who have left these rude traces of their existence stand as it were upon a frontier land between the present order of things and remoter conditions of the globe.

The chronological relations of the glacial period and the earliest signs of man's appearance in Europe, have been minutely examined by Sir Charles Lyell in several very interesting chapters of his work, in which he shows that the study of the successive phases of the glacial period in Europe, and the enduring marks which they have left on many of the solid rocks and on the character of the superficial drift, are of great assistance in enabling us to appreciate the vast lapse of ages which are comprised in the "post-pliocene" epoch, which alone our author seems to estimate at the enormous period of a hundred and eighty thousand years. The glacial phenomena enlarge, as he justly remarks, our conception of the antiquity not only of the living species of animals and plants, but of their present geographical distribution, and throw light on the chronological relations of that *fauna* and *flora* to the earliest date yet assigned for the existence of the human race—a date very remote as compared to the commencement of history or tradition, but modern contrasted with the length of ages during which all the living testaces and even many of the mammalia have inhabited the globe. The time that elapsed between the close of the glacial period and the commencement of the present order of things has been estimated for Europe at from thirty thousand to forty thousand years.

But what is the evidence that MAN formed part of the assemblage of living creatures that peopled Europe in the age of the fossil mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct mammalia?

Until lately, this conclusion rested upon the discoveries which had been made in certain caves as well in Devonshire as in the south of France, and in the calcareous rocks in the valley of the Meuse and its affluents. In Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, worked flints were found beneath the stratified unbroken floor of stalagmite, itself covered with such a deposit of gravel containing bones as indicates later and gradual accumulation. In the Brixham cave a similar discovery has been made,* and, in one instance, a worked flint was found close to the bones of a leg of the cave-bear, of which limb all the ligaments must have been in existence when it entered the cavern, for every bone was found, and in its proper position. Similar works of man were found in a cave at Menchecourt so associated with bones of the rhinoceros as to indicate that man must have been contemporary with that animal in France, as the discoveries in the Brixham cave indicate that he was with the cave-bear in England. Nor were the rude works of man only found: for, together with them, a human skull was discovered in the Engis caves, under circumstances of deposit which indicate that man and the *Elephas primigenius*, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the cave-bear, and hyæna, were living at the same time in that part of France. Again, there are caves in that country, in which bones of the reindeer have been lately found, associated with implements some-

* Geologist, vol. iv. p. 154.

what less rude than those found in the drift formations of St. Acheul and Aurignac, but still belonging to an earlier era than what has been called the age of stone. So, too, the investigations of Dr. Schmerling, of Liège, in the caverns of the valley of the Meuse, which in some places open in the face of precipices of the calcareous rock, at a height of two hundred feet above the present bed of the river, seem to establish that the human bones and the rude flint instruments there discovered with the remains of animals now extinct, were entombed when those animals actually inhabited the country. The cave at Brixham is analogous in character to the Liège caverns, and there the remains of the extinct cave-lion, cave-bear, mammoth, rhinoceros, hyæna, and reindeer, overlies the flint knives fabricated by man.

But the conclusions drawn from these discoveries have been illustrated and very remarkably confirmed by the recent discovery of similar works of human fabric in the ancient river gravel or drift formation, which has remained undisturbed from the time of its deposit, in the valley of the Somme and in some river valleys in England, and contains, as the caverns contain, the remains of the same races of extinct animals. The earliest of these discoveries seems to have been made in 1841, when M. Boucher de Perthes found in the undisturbed drift near Abbeville, at a depth from twenty to thirty feet below the surface, many flint implements, associated with the remains of extinct mammalia. Many were found under his own eyes, and he marked on the specimens in his museum the nature of the matrix and the depth at which each was found. By other French geologists similar discoveries were made in beds of undisturbed gravel and sand at similar depths, and near the surface of the underlying chalk, as, for example, by Dr. Rigollot, in a similar formation in the gravel-pits of St. Acheul, near Amiens, at a depth of not less than ten feet, in the true drift which encloses the remains of the extinct mammalia.* In this gravel-pit Mr. Evans and Mr. Prestwich themselves found one at least of the worked flints—a well-shaped flint hatchet—in *situ*, lying at seventeen feet from the surface, in a formation so hard and compact as to require the use of the pickaxe to move it, and under such circumstances that it was impossible the implement could have been inserted by the workmen, or have dropped through any fissure. The spot was afterwards visited by Sir Charles Lyell, who, at the meeting of the British Association in 1859, at Aberdeen, corroborated the conclusions of Mr. Prestwich. Moreover, in the same formation, Mr. Flower afterwards exhumed a perfectly worked symmetrical flint weapon, of the lance-head form, which was found at a depth of twenty-two feet, in a formation observed by witnesses to be perfectly undisturbed. Mr. Prestwich considers the beds in which he found the worked flints to be high-level ancient drifts, and it must be observed that their antiquity is to be estimated not only by the mammalian remains associated with them, but by their position with reference to the geology of the valley of the Somme. In the two years succeeding the communication of Mr. Evans's Memoir to the Society of Antiquaries,† further discoveries were made on the Continent and in England, and the precise age and character of the drift-beds of the Somme valley (deposits which range all the way up the slopes of the valley near Amiens and Abbeville) underwent rigid investigation.

* Mémoire sur des Instruments en Silex, trouvés à St. Acheul, près Amiens.

† On Flint Instruments in the Drift. Archæologia, vol. xxxviii. p. 280.

As it is conceivable that the bones may have been washed out of an older gravel, and deposited with the relics of human workmanship in a reconstructed formation, the mere juxtaposition of the remains of the mammoth and rhinoceros with the flint weapons would not, of course, establish that the men who fashioned them were contemporary with the mammalia; but if so washed out of an older formation, the bones would have been water-worn, which they are not: moreover, nearly all the bones of a rhinoceros were found, and the two classes of relics occur in similar association not in one spot only, but in different parts of Europe. And it is evident, too, that the limb of the bear found on the Devonshire coast belonged to an animal that was living just before its entombment.

More than sixty years ago, worked flints precisely similar to those found in France were discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk,* at the depth of twelve feet, in a soil remarkably analogous in stratification to that at Abbeville and Amiens, resting on the boulder-clay; and in a stratum of sand mixed with marine shells immediately above the gravel containing the flints, mammalian remains were found. A similar weapon of spear-head form was found with remains of *Elephas primigenius* in Gray's Inn-lane. Again, in gravel-beds in the valley of the Wey, in which, as on the banks of the Thames and of some other rivers, remains of the *Elephas primigenius* and other extinct animals are frequently found, a flint implement was discovered many years ago.† Similar weapons have been found lying on the sea-shore at the base of the cliffs between Herne Bay and the Reculvers, and Mr. Evans shows it to be highly probable that they were derived from the fresh-water drifts which there overlie the lower tertiary beds. Flint implements have been recently found also in the drift of the valley of the Ouse, in Bedfordshire. The spot is a gravel-pit at Biddenham, where the drift-beds are about fourteen feet in thickness, and contain pebbles of older rocks derived from the boulder-clay, and rest on a platform of the oolitic rock. Remains of extinct mammalia were found in the same bed, and in them also, but in other cuttings, tusks of the hippopotamus were found. At the period when these flints and animal remains were entombed, the platform on which the beds repose was the bottom of a river, and after the accumulation of the drift-beds, the wide valley in which the Ouse now flows must have been excavated by it to a depth of thirty feet, but the river seems to have flowed at its present level when the Romans were in England. So, too, at St. Acheul, Gallo-Roman graves were dug in earth which overlies the beds containing the relics of an earlier people—the primeval workers in flint, compared with the period of whose existence the Roman occupation seems but of yesterday.‡

"The primitive people," says Sir Charles Lyell, "who co-existed with the elephant and rhinoceros in the valley of the Ouse, at Bedford, and who used flint tools of the Amiens type, certainly inhabited parts of England which had already emerged from the waters of the glacial sea. . . The people who have left their memorials in the valley of the Thames were of corresponding antiquity, posterior to the boulder-clay,

* *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 204.

† The discoverer, Mr. Whitbourn, detailed the circumstances to Mr. Evans, who communicated them to the Geological Society in his Memoir.

‡ Letter of Mr. Flower to the *Times*, Nov. 18, 1859.

but anterior to the time when the rivers of that region had settled into their present channels."

The valley of the Somme is bounded by chalk hills, from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, and the valley, which has an average width of a mile between Amiens and Abbeville, seems to have been scooped out from the chalk. As Sir Charles Lyell remarks, the mere volume of the drift, found at various heights in this part of France, suffices to demonstrate the vast lapse of time which must have been required for the accumulation in successive river channels of such heaps of shingle, all derived from the older tertiary rocks, and accumulated in the channels of rivers which flowed at higher levels than the present stream, and before the valley had acquired its present depth and form. "Then followed," says our author, "a prodigious amount of mechanical action, accompanying the repeated widening and deepening of the valley before it became the receptacle of the peat deposit which now fills its hollows, and for the accumulation of which an enormous space of time must evidently be assigned. Yet the position of many of the worked flints leaves no doubt on the mind of the geologist that their fabrication preceded all these repeated denudations." This bed of peat is from twenty to thirty feet thick, and contains shells wholly of fresh-water origin, and trunks of trees that grew at a higher level above the sea, and on land which extended beyond the present coast line into the British Channel. The peat has been evidently of slow growth, in basin-shaped depressions, which conform to the present contour and drainage levels of the country, and it is long posterior in date to the older gravel containing the bones of the mammoth and the flint implements of rude and antiquated type—that formation which, in the valley of the Somme as on the top of the Cromer cliffs, separates the oldest known works of man from all the older life of the globe. It is clear that at Amiens, land which is now a hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and ninety feet above the Somme, has been covered by fresh water, and remained submerged long enough for deposits many feet in thickness to be gradually accumulated. The peat in its upper layers contains Roman and Celtic remains, and they show how little the face of the country has changed since the Romans and the Gauls formed their sepulchres in these alluvial beds above the relics of an earlier race of men.

The peat of the valley of the Somme had, probably, required many thousands of years for its growth, as did the peat mosses of Denmark. They, too, occupy hollows in the drift, and are from ten to thirty feet in depth. The remains they enclose indicate three distinct periods of civilisation in the pre-historic inhabitants of the country: the earliest of these is the "age of stone," which seems to have been co-extensive with the period when the Scotch fir was a native of Denmark. We are still imperfectly acquainted with the *fauna* of "the stone age" in Denmark, but there seems no doubt that the elk and the reindeer flourished during the accumulation of the Danish peat, and that the geographical conditions of the Baltic coast were different in the days of the pre-historic inhabitants from what they are at present. The native pine-forests which covered the country before the "age of stone" died out, and gave place to forests of oak, which likewise vanished and were succeeded by the beech, before "the iron age" began.

The antiquity of what is called "the stone period," is also illustrated by recent investigations in the sites of the old lake villages of Switzerland. But the era of the Celtic occupants, who have left their ground and polished stone implements in so many parts of Europe, and to whose duration alone a less period than six thousand years cannot, probably, be assigned, was modern compared to that of the perished race which had preceded them before even the peat and the beds that contain the weapons of the stone period had been deposited, and before the geological changes which gave to the river valley of the Somme its present form. Seeing, then, how long must have been the duration of each distinct epoch in the history of this river valley, and that human works occur in formations that belong to every one of those epochs, Sir Charles Lyell may well say that we do not need the evidence of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, cave-lion, and other extinct animals, to establish the remote antiquity of the era when man inhabited this part of France; and we think there can be little doubt that the race who fashioned the rude flint implements passed away before this portion of the earth was occupied by the tribes of "the stone period."

It is only by inference that our author's opinion as to the antiquity of the human race appears, but he seems to assign to the flint hatchets found in the drift in England and France an age at all events not less than a hundred thousand years. Nor does this startling conclusion rest only on the phenomena investigated in Europe, for human bones were found associated with the remains of the Mastodon in a fluviatile deposit at Natchez, on the Mississippi, to which Sir Charles Lyell is unable to assign a less remote antiquity.

We have not space to enter upon those ethnological speculations which have led more than one eminent anatomist to the conclusion that the agreement of the earliest known fossil skull of man, with many a European skull of the present day, indicates that the first traces of what Professor Huxley calls the primordial stock whence man has proceeded, may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of the *Elephas primigenius* than that age is from our own!

The discovery of these flint implements has lately excited such universal interest that our readers have probably met with a description of them. We may, however, state that the material of all of them is the flint derived from the chalk. In many instances it is remarkable how little the original shape of the flint has been altered in its conversion into a weapon or an implement. Mr. Evans divides these objects into three classes: 1st, flakes; 2nd, weapons with acute point or with rounded edge; 3rd, oval or almond-shaped weapons, with a cutting edge all round. The greater number of the flakes seem better adapted for knives than arrow-heads. Many of the weapons have been shaped with sharp points apparently for spear-heads; others seem to have been intended for use without a handle, one of the naturally-rounded ends having been left unchipped. None of them have been ground or polished as the implements of "the stone age" are; the edges are left in the rough state to which they were reduced by chipping. It is remarkable that some of those found in the cavern near Torquay are identical in form with the flints of oval type from Abbeville. It has been absurdly contended that the weapon-like form is due to natural configuration, or to

some tendency of the flint to that form of fracture. But the uniformity of the three types wheresoever these objects are found throughout Europe, and the sharpness of the cutting edges, or of the points in the case of the pear-shaped weapons, cannot be due to anything but design, or be anything but artificial.

Finally, if these discoveries establish that man existed for uncounted ages before the era assigned by our chronology to the beginning of the world, and afford a startling view of the duration of past time; and if previous researches in geology proved that the forms of life represented in the Palæozoic rocks were separated by an inconceivably vast interval from those which characterise the secondary life-period of the globe, and by a still longer time from the assemblage of living creatures to which man belongs, how wondrous is the view of **THE CREATOR** which they reveal! For we find as clearly in the organic structures that inhabited the sea soon after the time when a sea no longer lifeless rolled upon the shore, or in the creatures by which the earth was inhabited when the flint implements were fashioned by primeval man, as in the whole range of animated nature now around us, the same proofs of the power, the providence, and the wisdom of **THE ETERNAL**.

W. S. G.

THE WORTH.

BY **FREDERICK ENOCH**.

SHE has such a sweet sweet face,
 And her voice is so full of mirth,
 And her step is so full of grace,
 And her heart so full of worth;
 There is in the sweetness a spell,
 And the mirth is the bloom of jest,
 And language the grace cannot tell,
 But the worth is worth the rest.

They say that the years will pale
 The sweetness that shines in her face,
 And that shadows the mirth will veil,
 And the footstep lose its grace:
 But the spirit, through day and year,
 Will change not, whate'er be the test,
 And live, when it passes from here,
 The worth that is worth the rest.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

A PIECE OF PURPLE-PATCHWORK.

BY MONKSHOOD.

IF magazine article ventures on Greek quotation at all, and on only one, it may be pretty confidently assumed, on the strength of a thousand experiences, that the one selected will be *πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*. Even the least cultivated of compositors must be tolerably familiar, one would imagine, with Greek to *that* extent;—which is perhaps as much as can be said for many of the purveyors of “copy” for the press, the (by convention and courtesy) learned authors themselves. It were out of all reason, then, and against all rule, by magazine law for all such cases made and provided, that in an article expressly devoted to the study of sea sounds, no mention of the resounding Homeric polysyllable should be found. But as the quotation has got to be rather a bore, we quote it at once; at once to make sure of, and have done with it—thereby honouring magazine tradition (or common law), satisfying conscience, and establishing an average credit of familiarity, in the original, with

—that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.*

Any further communication with Homer will be most conveniently carried on through a medium, such as Mr. Pope—declining as may be the credit of that great little man, as a loyal and efficient translator from the Greek. The dispersion of the malcontent and muttering troops, after Ulysses has partially appeased and effectively dismissed them, is described in imagery borrowed from the shore, whether Chian or whatever other strand, that Homer must have loved to haunt:

Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores;
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps resound.†

So, too, at the conclusion of one of Agamemnon’s “first-chop” orations:

The Monarch spoke: and strait a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash’d on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.‡

In the fourth Book, the thronging of battalions to the fight is compared, both in sight and sound, to billows that float in order to the shore, wave rolling behind wave, till, with growing storm of winds, “the deeps arise, foam o’er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.”§ And in the ninth it is

* S. T. Coleridge, “Fancy in Nubibus.”

† Pope’s *Homer’s Iliad*, II. 249 sq.

‡ *Ibid.*, IV. 479 sq.

§ *Ibid.*, 470-3.

that the host undertake a night march, and, as they tramp along in the stillness of the season, "hear the roar of murmuring billows on the sounding shore."* But enough even of Popish Greek, for the "general reader." Nor will we overwhelm him with the din of Latin billow-bluster, *percussa fluctu littora*, or nauseate him with marine stores of threadbare epithets, *Et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa . . . fractasque ad littora voces*, to be had in such plenty, for the asking, of Virgil and the rest.

Suffice it to take leave of the ancients, with the remark, that not to them, as to melancholy moderns, does the Sea appear to have uttered doleful sounds. Their epithets for wave-music, and ours, differ in this respect, almost as *allegro* from *penseroso*. For a later generation it was reserved to popularise a sentimental song about the Sad Sea Waves.

Grant him to have been not only stark blind, but a beggar withal, it may be doubted whether the bard on the Chian strand aforesaid, heard much sadness in the waves, or took their music to be set, as pervadingly and prevailingly as plaintively, in the minor key. Had he the means, as no doubt with his marine predilections he would have the will, to retire, like Lord Bute, to a marine villa, for the last lustre or decade of his life, he would not, like Lord Bute at his marine villa (on the edge of the cliff at Christchurch, overlooking the Needles and the Isle of Wight), have been absorbed, as Sir Egerton Brydges tells us that discarded statesman was, in "the melancholy roar of the sea." Homer would have detected, and delighted in, something more than a monotone, even though most musical most melancholy, in the voices of the deep.

We are about to collate, from all sorts of writers, a variety of allusions to, and as it were subjective translations, or private interpretations, of the meanings of wave-music. What an eerie impressiveness there is in that stanza of the old ballad—needing no pictorial adjectives to bring out colour and life :

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded thro' rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.†

In another old ballad occurs an epithet that sounds oddly to modern ears, if conversant at least with the resources of modern slang: it is where the Lass of Lochroyan, in quest of Lord Gregory, sees the stately tower

Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height.‡

By "jawing" is meant "dashing"—though the adept in slang will peradventure prefer his interpretation of the phrase, as equally applicable, and a deal more graphic.

Spenser describes "the surges hore

That 'gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry§ disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restryand.¶

* Pope's Homer's Iliad, IX. 237-8.

† Thomas the Rhymer.

‡ The Lass of Lochroyan.

§ Pride, presumption.

¶ Faerie Queene, book iii. canto iv.

Thomson is satisfied with a mere "nought was heard But the rough cadence of the dashing [i.e. jawing] wave."* Beattie lets his lone enthusiast oft take his way, musing onward, to the sounding shore, and there listening with "pleasing dread, to the deep roar of the wide-weltering waves."† But it is when we get among poets of the nineteenth century that we begin to feel the embarrassment of riches in *matériel pour servir*. Take Southey for instance. He compares a mystic murmur in one of his Odes to "the sound of the sea when it rakes on a stony shore."‡ He makes Thalaba's brain, with busy workings, feel "the roar and raving of the restless sea [roll your r's well, r-r-reader!], the boundless waves that [double your r's again] rose and rolled and rocked: the everlasting sound Opprest him, and the heaving infinite."§ Let no reader attempt aloud the above passage, whose double r's are liable to be taken for double u's.

A few stanzas farther on, we are made to mark how "the dash of the outbreakers deadened," until, at their utmost bound, the waters "silently rippled on the rising rock."

Elsewhere Southey pictures some ancient temples, once resonant with instrument and song; and solemn dance of festive multitude, that now stand apart in stern loneliness, resisting the surf and surge that beat in vain on their deep foundations, and

Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around.
Accordant to the melancholy waves.||

And once more, the painful pilgrims in "Roderick" are cheered, towards the end of their course, by beholding the sea, "the aim and boundary of their toil," on either side "the white sand sparkling to the sun," and hearing "Great Ocean with its everlasting voice, as in perpetual jubilee proclaim the wonders of the Almighty,"¶ filling thus the pauses of their fervent orisons.

Or take Wordsworth, and ask *him*, what are the wild waves saying? And he will tell you that not only do innumerable voices fill the heavens with everlasting harmony, but that

The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That *Ocean is a mighty harmonist*.**

Elsewhere, again (written on a calm evening, at Calais), that

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.††

In some verses of his composed on the Easter Sunday which made his sixty-third birthday, on a high part of the coast of Cumberland, while

* *Britannia*.

† The Warning Voice, Ode ii.

‡ Curse of Kehama, book xv.

** On the Power of Sound.

† The Minstrel, book i.

§ Thalaba the Destroyer, book xii.

¶ Roderick, the Last of the Goths, book i.

†† Miscellaneous Sonnets, XXX.

on a visit to his son, then rector of Moresby, near Whitehaven, Wordsworth puts this characteristic question and answer—after first noticing that “silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky, the boundless plain of waters seems to lie:”—

Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!*

Dorothy, the poet's sister—“such heart was in her, even then”—when, as a little child, she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene outspread before her—including “the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and docks”—burst into tears. The Wordsworth family then lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often† mentioned among them as indicating the sensibility for which she was so remarkable, and upon which Mr. de Quincey, in his *Lake Reminiscences*, has commented with such feeling eloquence.

In 1811, Wordsworth seems to have had almost a sickness of sea sounds—during a too prolonged sojourn on the south-west coast of Cumberland:

Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn, stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar—

so he writes to Sir George Beaumont, evidently out of humour with himself, with outward things in general, and with old Ocean in particular:

Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea.‡

From Wordsworth turn to Coleridge, and *his* interpretation of marine melodies. From a retreat near Bridgewater he wrote, in 1795, in answer to a letter from Bristol, stanzas sixteen and sweet, of which this is the one to our purpose:

And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Thro' yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surgings supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.§

And here it is he describes himself “in black soul-jaundiced fit a sad gloom-pampered man to sit, and listen to the roar: when mountain surges bellowing deep, with an uncouth monster leap, plunge foaming on the shore.” A bit of wave-painting, by the way, that shows how S. T. C. would have appreciated Mr. Ruskin's pictorial analysis of a composite wave, and his protest against the pretty platitudes that pass current on canvas for the real thing. We are to be reproached, who, familiar with the Atlantic, are yet, as the Oxford Graduate *does* reproach us, ready to accept with faith, as types of sea, what he calls the small waves *en papillote*, and peruke-like puffs of farinaceous foam, which were

* Evening Voluntaries.

† See Wordsworth's own Annotations on his Poems, ed. 1857.

‡ Epistle to Sir Geo. Beaumont.

§ Lines written on Shurton Bars.

the delight of Backhuysen and his compeers. "If one could but arrest the connoisseurs in the fact of looking at them with belief, and magically introducing the image of a true sea-wave, let it roll up to them, through the room—one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing them by but once—dividing, Red Sea-like, on right hand and left—but, at least, setting close before their eyes for once, in inevitable truth, what a sea-wave really is; its green, mountainous giddiness of wrath, its overwhelming crest—heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge—its furrowed flanks, all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of sponge, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm grey abyss below, that has no fury *and* no voice, but is as a grave always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass. Would they, shuddering back from this wave of the true, implacable sea, turn forthwith to the *papillotes*?*" It might be so, Mr. Ruskin is constrained to suppose; because that is what we are all doing, more or less, continually.

But to Coleridge again. In serener style and happier mood is conceived and expressed his picture of the "pretty cot" he occupied a year later (1796), into whose chamber-window peeped his garden's tallest rose, and whence he could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur.†

There it was, in that cot o'ergrown with white-flower'd jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle, that, addressing his "pensive Sara," he could enter on its list of charms, this item,

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.‡

About Scott there is a much stronger spice of the Homeric spirit in every respect; and it shows itself in his sea similitudes *inter alia*. Quite Homer-like is the simile in his description of the Highland clansmen answering the appeal of the grisly priest, when he uplifted the yew Cross, with anathema on every recreant vassal—and *they*, in response, clattered their naked brands,

And first, in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"§

The dark seas that encircle "thy rugged walls, Artornish!" heave on the beach a softer wave,

As mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.||

But presently the same poem tosses us on "broken waves, where in white foam the ocean raves upon the shelving shore."¶ And later again, "the

* Ruskin: *The Harbours of England*, 1856.

† *Meditative Poems*, I.

‡ *The Eolian Harp*.

§ *The Lady of the Lake*, canto iii.

|| *The Lord of the Isles*, c. i.

¶ *Ibid.*, l. 14.

short dark waves, heaved to the land, With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand :—It was a slumbrous sound.”* Nor may we forget the sacred music of Nature's cathedral in the isle of Staffa—whose columns seem to rise, and arches to bend, as in a Minster erected to her Maker's praise :

Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge, that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.†

In Byron we have a “little billow crost By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret Against the boundary it scarcely wet.”‡ With Hartley Coleridge we hear “the many-sounding seas, and all their various harmonies :

The tumbling tempest's dismal roar,
On the waste and wreck-strew'd shore—
The howl and the wail of the prison'd waves,
Clamouring in the ancient caves,
Like a stifled pain that asks for pity :—

and with him too we hear “the sea at peace,”

Lost in one soft and multitudinous ditty,
Most like the murmur of a far-off city.§

In *Delta* Moir, “Remotest Ocean's tongue is heard Declaiming to his island shores;” and in *Festus* Bailey, “the low lisplings of night's silvery seas.”|| There is a fine scene in one of Henry Taylor's poetical dramas, on the sea-shore near Hastings, where Leolf revisits the rocks that beheld his boyhood—“Here again I stand, Again and on the solitary shore Old ocean plays as on an instrument, Making that ancient music, when not known!” Again upon his ear, “as in the season of susceptible youth, the mellow murmur falls”—but finds the sense dulled by dis-temper; shall he say—by time?¶ Emma coming in, finds him discouraging to the sea of ebbs and flows; explaining to the rocks

How from the excavating tide they win
A voice poetic, solacing though sad,
Which, when the passionate winds revisit them,
Gives utterance to the injuries of time.**

Another character, in another mood, in another play, of the same author's,

Hears the low plash of wave o'erwhelming wave,
The loving lullaby of mother Ocean.††

For mainly it is the mood of the man that makes or mars the music of the waters, and determines the key they are set in, major or minor, glad-some or drear.

When Forester and Anthelia meet at sunrise on the beach, in Mr.

* The Lord of the Isles, c. iii. 28. † Canto iv. 11. ‡ Don Juan, c. ii.

§ Poems by Hartley Coleridge, I. 125-6.

|| Domestic Verses by Delta, p. 135; The Mystic, by P. J. Bailey, p. 115.

¶ Edwin the Fair, Act II. Sc. 2.

** Ibid.

†† Isaac Comnenus, Act II. Sc. 1.

Poore's quasi-Gorilla fiction,—she sitting on a rock, and listening to the dash of the waves, like a Nereid to Triton's shell—the gentleman remarks, "This morning is fine and clear, and the wind blows over the sea. Yet this, to me at least, is not a cheerful scene." "Nor to me," Miss Melincourt replies. "But our long habits of association with the sound of the winds and the waters, have given them to us a voice of melancholy majesty: a voice not audible by those little children who are playing yonder on the shore. To them all scenes are cheerful. It is the morning of life: it is infancy that makes them so."*

This may serve to remind us of those exquisite four stanzas, a deed without a name of Mr. Tennyson's, in which we hear the fisherman's boy as he shouts with his sister at play, and the sailor lad singing merrily in his boat, while the poet can but utter, in his bereavement and bewilderment of grief, the iterated burthen, "Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O Sea!" unable to, though yearning to, utter the thoughts that arise in him.

Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away, we overhear Mr. Kingsley saying, in a garden rhapsody of his. He shuts his eyes and listens. "I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore, and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories, and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell even you, of that, old friend."†

"I have a brilliant Scotch friend," wrote Thomas de Quincey, more than a quarter of a century since, "who cannot walk on the sea-shore—within sight of its ἀσπρὸν γέλασμα, the multitudinous laughter of its waves, or within hearing of its resounding uproar, because they bring up, by links of old association, too insupportably to his mind, the agitation of his glittering, but too fervid youth."‡ We have been accustomed to identify this friend with Professor Wilson, though there may be passages in the writings of Christopher North that may seem opposed to the identification. The following excerpt from the *Noctes*, however, has something of a corroborating character. The Ettrick Shepherd is the speaker. "I couldna thole," he says, "to leeve on the sea-shore." "And pray why not, James?" asks Sir Kit. James answers: "That everlastin thunner sae disturbs my imagination, that my soul has nae rest in its ain solitude, but becomes transfused as it were into the mighty ocean, a' its thochts as wild as the waves that keep foamin awa into naething, and then breakin back again into transitory life—for ever and ever and ever—as if neither in sunshine nor moonlight, that multitudinous tumultuousness, frae the first creation o' the warld, had ever ance been stilled in the blessedness o' perfect sleep."§

The sea drowns out humanity and time, says Dr. Oliver Holmes; it has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and ever.

Yet he owns his wish for "a little box by the sea-shore." For he should love to gaze out on what he calls the "wild feline element" from

* Melincourt, ch. xx.

† Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, vol. i. "My Winter-Garden."

‡ De Quincey's *Autobiographic Sketches*, vol. ii. ch. iv.

Noctes Ambrosianae, May, 1830.

a front window of his own, just as he should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by-and-by begin to lash itself into rage and show its white teeth and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to him, harmless fury. So should he love to "listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out, and man is a fossil on its shores."*

Of the veritable enunciation of Ocean-speech, by the way, Dr. Holmes instructs us in a later work†—his physiological romance of a serpentine damosel—that it is with sharp semivowel consonantal sounds—*frsh*—that the sea talks; leaving all pure vowel sounds for the winds to breathe over it, and all mutes to the unyielding earth.

M. Michelet describes the earth listening, in silent repose, to the plaints and menaces, "les plaintes, les colères du vieil Océan qui frappe, recule et reffrappe, avec des rimes solennelles." And these "solemn rhymes" he pitches in a deep bass,—"*Basse profonde qu'on entend moins de l'oreille que de la poitrine, qui heurte moins le rivage encore que le cœur de l'homme. Avertissement mélancholique. C'est comme un appel régulier que fait le balancier du temps.*"‡ This *balancier* answers to Dr. Holmes's liquid metronome. And the *basso profundo* suggests a passage in another popular American,—Mr. Herman Melville's picture of the coral reef belt off Tahiti, "thundering its distant *bass* upon the ear [to make a base pun, we might call it the Bass Rock], like the unbroken roar of a cataract. Dashing for ever against their coral rampart,"§ he compares them, in the distance, to a line of rearing white chargers, reined in, tossing their white manes, and bridling with foam.

While touching on American authorship, let us glance at a verse or two of Professor Longfellow's attuned to wave-harmonies. An awakened conscience he hexametrically compares to the sea when moaning and tossing, "beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore."|| At another time we have this military metaphor: "Gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;

Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated."¶

In his Golden Legend again, Elsie, coming forth from her chamber upon the terrace, listens to the solemn litany that begins in rocky caverns, "as a voice that chants alone to the pedals of the organ, in monotonous undertone;

And anon from shelving beaches
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond,"—

or, as Prince Henry phrases it, the effect is that of "Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas."***

* Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, ch. xi.

† Elsie Venner, ch. xix.

‡ L'Amour, par J. Michelet, l. v. ch. v.

§ Omoo; or Adventures in the South Seas, ch. lxxi.

|| The Courtship of Miles Standish, IV.

¶ Ibid., V.

*** Golden Legend: The Inn at Genoa.

Warton pictures the "mother of musings, Contemplation sage," gazing steadfast on the spangled vault (her "grotto stands upon the topmost rock of Teneriffe"),

—while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe her pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds.*

The traveller in Cornwall may descend into mines the ramifications of which extend for miles, and which, as in that of Botallack, run far and deep beneath the bed of the Atlantic. "He may there listen to the booming of the waves and the grating of the stones, as they are rolled to and fro over his head,"—sounds by which the miners themselves, we are told,† are at times appalled and driven from their work, and which they, almost as a matter of course, connect with quaint legends and wild superstitions.

In the lyrics of one who for a dozen years and more (1831 to 1842) was almost uniformly the successful candidate for the Seatonian prize, we listen to

—the great sea's eternal roar,
Advancing or retreating,
That seems, as on the ear afar,
It falls so deep and regular,
The pulse of nature beating.‡

Barry Cornwall has a *Salvator-like* sketch of "white-browed cliffs that keep watch above the toiling Deep,"

Listening there, night and day,
What the troubled waters say;
For they often writhe and moan,
From the mid Atlantic blown,
And will tell you ghastly tales
Of what befalleth in the gales,
Till you steal unto your rest
With a pain upon your breast.§

Sir Walter Scott enhances the sombre effect of the catastrophe in his "*Bride of Lammermoor*" by the sound he makes us overhear from the projecting cliff, Wolf's Crag, that beetles on the German Ocean. "The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. . . . A wilder, or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror."||

In his dreamy musings on the sea-shore, there comes a mood in which Nathaniel Hawthorne exclaims: "Get ye all gone, old friends, and let

* Thos. Warton, *Pleasures of Melancholy*.

† Biogr. and Criticism from the *Times*, First Series, p. 246.

‡ Poems by T. E. Hankinson, "St. Paul."

§ Dramatic Scenes, by Barry Cornwall, pp. 336-7.

|| *Bride of Lammermoor*, penultimate chapter.

me listen to the murmur of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships, and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar and undiscovered, whose tawny children are unconscious of other islands and continents, and deem the stars of heaven their nearest neighbours? Nothing of all this? What then? Has it talked for so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? No; for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity pervade his soul.*

At once the reader is reminded, no doubt, of little Paul Dombey waking, starting up, and sitting to listen. What at? His sister Florence asks him what he thought he heard. "I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?" She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves. "Yes, yes," he said: "but I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.—She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away! . . . And very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away.†

And when the gentle child is dying,—sister's and brother's arms wound around each other, while the golden light comes streaming in, and falls upon them, locked together, he says: "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!" And presently he tells her that the motion of the (imaginary) boat upon the stream is lulling him to rest.—Years after the little boy is at rest, for ever, Florence finds herself, with a tender melancholy pleasure, again on the old ground so sadly trodden, yet so happily, and thinks of him in the quiet place, where he and she have many and many a time conversed together, "with the water welling up about his couch. And now, as she sits pensive there, she hears in the wild low murmur of the sea, his little story told again, his very words repeated, and finds that all her life and hopes, and griefs, since,—have a portion in the burden of the marvellous song."

And once again, in after days, she stands on deck by moonlight,—and her husband holds her to his heart, and they are very quiet, and the stately ship goes on serenely. "As I hear the sea," says Florence, "and sit watching it, it brings so many days into my mind. It makes me think so much—" "Of Paul, my love. I know it does."—"Of Paul and Walter." And the voices in the waves are always whispering to Florence, in their ceaseless murmuring, of love,—of love, eternal and illimitable, not bounded by the confines of the world, or by the end of time, but ranging still, beyond the sea, beyond the sky, to the invisible country far away!‡

The author of "The Portent"—since known to be Mr. G. Macdonald—describes the midnight sensations of his enamoured tutor—over whom,

* Twice-told Tales: Foot-prints on the Sea-shore.

† Dombey and Son, ch. viii.

‡ Cf. Dombey and Son, pp. 79, 108, 144, 160, 409, 576.

as he lay, the feeling came that he was in bed in a castle, on the sea-shore; that the wind was coming from the sea every now and then in chill eerie soughs; and that "the waves were falling with a kind of dreadful tone upon the beach, murmuring many maledictions, and whispering many keen and cruel portents, as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly ramparts."*

A contemporary French poet, or playwright, which you will, makes his very French Léandre remind Hero, that in their dainty dalliance under difficulties, they had nothing else to echo their *tendres sanglots*,

Que les chuchotements de la mer aux grands flots.
Ils chantaient sur le bord, mêlant leurs rumeurs folles
Aux doux mots, aux baisers plus doux que les paroles.†

Mr. Browning has a pretty conceit about these tranquil *chuchotements de la mer* :

One dove is answering in trust
The water every minute,
Thinking so soft a murmur must
Have her mate's cooing in it;
So softly doth earth's beauty round
Infuse itself in ocean's sound.‡

In another poem she pictures a "cliff disrupt," disclosing the line where earth and ocean meet, "the solemn confluence of the two :"

You can hear them as they greet;
You can hear that evermore
Distance-softened noise, more old
Than Nereid's singing,—the tide spent
Joining soft issues with the shore
In harmony of discontent,—
And when you harken to the grave
Lamenting of the underwave,
You must believe in earth's communion,
Albeit you witness not the union.§

Considering the family tragedy which overtook her, and in which the sea played so cruel a part,—devouring her brothers before her eyes,—this poetess must have had a profound and shrinking awe, an almost superstitious terror, of the varied voices as well as guileful aspects of the deep.

On the strength, and in the bitterness, of that baleful experience, might she have penned such a couplet as that of Owen Meredith's,

And the blear-eyed filmy sea did boom
With his old mysterious hungering sound.||

All sailors, it is notorious, as Mr. de Quincey remarks, are superstitious; partly, he supposes, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life,—for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled. "Now the sea is often peopled, amidst its

* The Portent, part iii., The Omen Fulfilled.

† *Héro et Léandre*, drame, par M. Louis Ratisbonne.

‡ E. Barrett Browning, *An Island*.

§ The Soul's Travelling.

|| The Earl's Return, 32.

ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as ominous, as what were heard by Kubla Khan—‘ancestral voices prophesying war;’ oftentimes laughter mixes, from a distance (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places), with the uproar of waters.”* Hood’s Hero says to her Leander,

Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves.

One other bit of marine word-painting, or word-music, or both in one, we must give from Owen Meredith :

And when the dull sky darkened down to the edges,
And the keen frost kindled in star and spar,
The sea might be known by a noise on the ledges
Of the long crags, gathering power from afar
Thro’ his roaring bays, and crawling back
Hissing, as o’er the wet pebbles he dragg’d
His skirt of foam fray’d, dripping, and jagg’d,
And reluctantly fell down the smooth hollow shell
Of the night.†

For relief by contrast, glance at a fragment by the author of “*Violenzia*,”—in which we see him stand on the reedy margin of a waste and shallow shore, listening to “far Ocean’s low continuous roar Over the flats and sand.”

The wide grey sky hangs low above the verge,
No white-wing’d sea-bird flies;
No sound, save the eternal-sounding surge,
With equal fall and rise.‡

From Thomas Hood the Elder we might cite passages to the point more than we may. As where he describes a certain mystic and “hollow, hollow, hollow sound, as is that dreamy roar when distant billows boil and bound along a shingly shore.”§ Or where *his* Hero (italicised as a distinction with a difference from Mons. Ratisbonne’s, in the *chuchotements de la mer* drame, previously quoted) thus importunes her dead Leander:

Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is’t not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone.||

But how part with Thomas Hood, upon any subject, without a snatch of the grotesque? Be our last excerpt from him, then, that stanza which tells how his jolly mariner, the tallest man of three, who stood away from
• land trusting to a charm, now

—heard, upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring !¶

* De Quincey, *Autobiographic Sketches*, vol. i. p. 333.

† The Earl’s Return, IV.

‡ Poems by W. C. Roscoe, I. 68.

§ The Elm Tree.

|| Hero and Leander, st. 68.

¶ The Sea-Spell.

Or how close even so fragmentary a cold collation as this, of scraps and sundries, all however with a flavour, more or less, of (as Godfrey Moss would say) the briny,—some of them possibly redolent, like Trincale's monster, of a very ancient fish-like smell, stale and sickly,—how wind it up without a dip into Tennyson, already, but quite cursorily, and for the nonce? Roam through the picture-galleries of his Palace of Art, and one mystic picture in *chiaroscuro* you will notice of, in strange lands, a traveller walking slow, in doubt and great perplexity, who, shortly before moon-rise, hears the low moan of an unknown sea; and knows not if it be thunder, or a sound of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry of great wild beasts.* Around his Ulysses the deep moans "with many voices." His mad-lover in "Maud" is seen

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave.†

Elsewhere, standing by Maud's garden-gate, he hears no sound but "the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd Now and then in the dim-grey dawn."‡ Or again he asks, "Is that enchanted moan only the swell Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?"§ But turn rather to the "pleasant shore, and in the hearing of the wave," where they laid him of whom the poet wrote *in memoriam*,—when the Danube to the Severn gave the darkened heart that beat no more:

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the bubbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.||

And in the same pathetic strains it is that we hear "the moanings of the homeless sea."¶

In Mr. Alexander Smith the stars in their courses seem to fight against the sea for redundancy in store of similitudes. Star-studded and bespangled, regardless of expense, was his earliest poem; nor is it quite certain that the Sea is distanced in the competition. When autumn nights are dark and moonless, to the level sands his hero betakes him, "there to hear, o'erawed,

The old Sea moaning like a monster pained."

The lady had a cousin once, whom she describes as having been "unlanguaged."

—like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance of the shore,
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The lore it gathered in its awful age;
The crime for which 'tis lashed by cruel winds,
To shrieks, mad spoomings to the frightened stars;
The thought, pain, grief, within its labouring heart.

Another *dramatis personæ* suggests, after a pause,

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore,
Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech.

* The Palace of Art.
† Ibid., XVIII. 8.

‡ Maud, III.
§ In Memoriam, XIX.

¶ Ibid., XIV. 4.
¶ Ibid., XXXV.

They go, accordingly. And presently one of the auditors remarks :

—Our friend, the sea, has left
His paramour the shore ; naked she lies,
Ugly and black and bare. Hark how he moans !
The pain is in his heart. Inconstant fool !
He will——*

but what he will, is better left unquoted. In another poem of Mr. Smith's, a youth steps forth, bright-haired as a star, who recites the various places and objects in which he has seen Beauty,—“and oft on moonless nights, has *heard* it in the white and wailing fringe that runs along the coast from end to end.”† And in the first of his Sonnets the same poet has it, though more as man than poet,

The Sea complains upon a thousand shores :
Sea-like we moan for ever.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

BY A CRIMEAN OFFICER.

IV.

As the immense English armada drew near the French, there flew out from the mast-head of the *Ville de Paris* certain bright bits of bunting signalling proposition for a conference of chiefs, which conference became known as that of the “timides avis.” There being some sea on, Lord Raglan would have been unable to ascend the side of the *Ville de Paris*, and he therefore deputed Colonel Steel to take his place. Admiral Dundas and this officer presented themselves, therefore, on board the French flag-ship, where an unsigned paper was read, purporting to be the opinion of several principal officers of the French army. It contained a remonstrance to the proposed landing-place of Katscha, and of even any but at Kaffa, a place no less than seventy miles from the object of attack ! Here it was advised that the army, in the event of its not being able to march on Sebastopol, which was considered probable, should quietly intrench itself for the winter, and postpone operations till spring. This protest was more especially directed against Marshal St. Arnaud himself, for Katscha was throughout the pet spot he had selected for landing at, and continued to be so even after the armies were on shore. But, to use Mr. Kinglake's words, he “thought that the weight attaching to the combined opinion of all the protesting officers was too great to warrant him in meeting their interposition with reproof or inattention,” and he referred it to the English, and declared his intention of abiding

* A Life-Drama, by Alex. Smith, pp. 45, 62, 115, 120.

† An Evening at Home.

by Lord Raglan's decision. The conference was therefore adjourned to Lord Raglan's own steamer, the *Caradoc*, where Sir Edmund Lyons was also present, and it was there determined a fresh reconnaissance should be made, but by no means in the direction of Kaffa. For this purpose *Agamemnon*, *Sampson*, and *Caradoc* steamed away from the squadron, conveying Lord Raglan, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, and Sir George Brown; also the French steamer *Primauguet*, bearing Generals Canrobert, Thierry, Bizot, and Martinprey, Admiral Bruat, and Colonel Trochu. All Sunday, the 10th of September, was passed in examining the shore from Chersonesus to Eupatoria. The day, calm, soft, gentle, seemed to lend itself to the prelude character of the moment. Within Sebastopol the church bells could be heard ringing to prayer, but on board the reconnoitring squadron the customary Sabbath routine was suspended to the portentous business in hand. That smartest of all sailor rigs, "blue frocks and white trousers," was the order of the day. The decks were not less clean, nor the ropes less taut, but the reverend chaplain of the *Agamemnon* moved about with a sort of disjointed look, and was fain to fall back on his Sunday class of boys, though these urchins were trying enough, what with furtive glances through the port and other incurable godless ways: it is doubtful whether Mr. Edgell himself was not relieved, after this compounding with his conscience, to escape on the poop and watch the strange mystic shore, each rock, creek, and cliff of which loomed with a special and absorbing interest. Then the Russian steamer *Vladimir* paddled slowly out from Sebastopol, as if to learn our force, and curved round back, to the mortification of her Majesty's ship *Sampson*, who lingered eastward in the desire of at least an exchange shot. The Russians, however, deserve no taunt for want of naval enterprise: the English and French fleets were always hopelessly superior, though it is impossible to say what mischief might not have been improvised if those gallant Confederates had been substituted as our foes.

From the offing of Sebastopol steadily along the coast the survey continued, every morsel of the devoted land being drawn within the field of a battery of spy-glasses: *Caradoc* closest in-shore, prying, sounding, and tracking. Lord Raglan was but a short time in selecting a spot for disembarkation. The Belbek was too close to Sebastopol; upon the Katscha and Alma were troops whose interruption with landing it was needless to risk; but a certain long strip of beach, having a lake behind, within easy reach of the plenteous little stream of Bulganak, and offering a bay of splendid anchorage to the fleets, seemed to comprise every advantage for the requirements of the expedition, and there Lord Raglan decided to disembark. An indication on the chart, rather than any real remnant of building, caused this place to be known as "Old Fort."

On the morning of the 11th the flying squadron returned to the place of rendezvous, and found the flotilla anchored out in the middle of the sea, seeming some vast island of ships, self-contained, of resources so enormous as to be able to dispense with land, no vestige of which was in sight. The avenues and spaces of water that spread through and about the thick forest of masts were teeming with all the boat business of port. It was hard to realise there were no quays and landing-places at hand: only the anchor in its seventeen-fathom drop could hint of the

genuine sea site upon which the colony paused. But the French fleet were still some thirty miles to leeward, and thither the *Primauguet* carried to the dying marshal Lord Raglan's decision. He seems still to have clung to the idea of landing at the Katscha, as being nearer Sebastopol, and offering abundant water, but these two advantages would hardly have compensated for the opposition in landing and a confined anchorage.*

The 11th and 12th were spent in slow convergence on the enemy's coast, the small motive power of the French causing considerable delay, and the interminable spread of ships requiring the slowest speed and perpetual stoppage to ensure anything like order. Afternoon of the 13th, however, found the whole assemblage anchored in front of Eupatoria, which was summoned, and being defenceless, surrendered. The place was temporarily invested by some companies of marines, covered by a man-of-war, and almost forgotten in the more important operation at hand—the landing of the armies.

The incompetency, if not ill feeling, of Admiral Dundas, now became painfully conspicuous. The landing-place being twelve miles south of Eupatoria, where the flotilla was brought up, it was, therefore, necessary to weigh some time before dawn. In compliance with this necessity the French fleet, with a rocket of communication to Admiral Dundas, weighed under steam at two A.M., the alert *Agamemnon* and her in-shore shoal being afloat even almost an hour earlier; but the *Britannia* and fleet were only under weigh at three A.M., and then in light baffling airs, *under sail*, so that for three hours they were in much the same position, when it occurred to Admiral Dundas to be taken in tow by the *Retribution*, which was accomplished at six A.M.,† the rest of the fleet following motions; the result of which alacrity was, that the following became the order of arrival opposite "Old Fort:"

6 A.M.—Rear-Admiral Lyons with H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, transports, and in-shore squadron.

" Rear-Admiral Bruat, and superintending in-shore steamers.

7 A.M.—Admiral Hamelin, with French and Turkish fleets.

9.30 A.M.—Admiral Dundas and the English fleet.

And when the English fleet did anchor (which took place at 10h. 30m. A.M.), it anchored with our poor historian on board, no less than four miles from the beach of operations! No wonder this telescopic view was productive of error.

The reviewer has already noticed Mr. Kinglake's statement regarding the misplacement of buoy:‡ it may be as well, however, in passing, to revert to a charge which cannot receive sufficient repudiation from

* Extract from journal of Marshal St. Arnaud: "11th.—At one o'clock the general officers, who had been absent reconnoitring, returned. They had discovered a landing-place between Eupatoria and the Alma, which offered many advantages. The Russians were prepared at Alma, at the Katscha, and at Belbek; but they were not so at Old Fort. By means of false attacks on several points, the landing would be easiest at that place. I should have preferred a landing in force at the Katscha, nearer to Sebastopol. I dread the five leagues that must be traversed before reaching water." The traverse was, however, little over two leagues. Still the scarcity of water was felt till the Bulganak was reached.

† Log of H.M.S. *Britannia*.

‡ Vide ante, Part I.

English officers who were present, and know the spirit in which the French navy acted.

Not that it is likely any testimony will affect this historian's views. He has declared his infallibility: has even discarded the pretence of searching for truth, having informed the public in a late preface that *he has not altered a word of the text*, without perceiving the strange mark of vanity and shallowness this announcement bestows. Why, here are all we Crimean campaigners, comparing testimony, searching out dates, referring to one another, hunting up old note-books, and adding our brains to turn out the real truth of what happened at the revived seat of war, and humbly confessing that we can do no more than record a personal version. Did Lord Cardigan scamper back from the Balaklava battery? Only Mr. Kinglake knows—sailing high above personal animosities and partisan views. So the world awaits the oracle. "The mind delights in springing up to the most general axioms, that it may find rest," says Lord Bacon; and some such human element as this will always supply a dogmatic man with admirers. The advantage of contemporary history the writer has already dwelt on: it elicits *living criticism*; but when this contemporary history is in the hands of a fanatic, however brilliant, who declares that his bigotry alone is right—who does not recognise that truth is learnt humbly, and in no spirit of arrogance—then the work to mankind is hardly less aggravating than some splendid imposture of priestcraft, and the more urgent is it to depose a few fragments of truth.

If Mr. Kinglake had been writing the Crimean History in any other spirit than the ultra-Bazancourt style, he would not have exultingly devoted four pages and an express plan to magnify an allusion of Lord Raglan's, in a private communication to the Duke of Newcastle. Recalling the very soul of honour and chivalry that Lord Raglan was, it is piteous to observe into what reckless unscrupulous hands his private papers have fallen. The charge made of the French having misplaced the buoy which was to mark off the landing-places of the two nations, turns out to be quite unauthorised. Before Lord Raglan would have allowed such an assertion to go publicly forth, he would have taken every means to be certain of its truth, and two steps would have discovered its error. The fact is this. There was a slight misunderstanding about the portions of beach for the respective armies; but, according to all procurable evidence, there was *no* buoy of demarcation laid down, however much this evidence may be hooted down by Mr. Kinglake and his fellow-conspirators. The acrid attacks made on Captain Mends, because he came forward and spoke the truth about the buoy, form a sufficient comment on the spirit which animates the fraternity who persist in administering their literary bolus. Joining Captain Mends, who, as director of the landing, would have known something of the arrangements made, is Captain Spratt, principal surveying officer of the expedition, and intimately connected with the naval minutiae of the 14th, and Mr. Bower, the master of the *Agamemnon*; to which also may be added the recollection of this writer—present from earliest dawn at the scene of operations.

What gave rise to the idea of there being a special buoy, and into the detail of which it was unnecessary for Sir Edmund Lyons to go with Lord Raglan, was that the French had placed three different coloured

buoys along the line of anchorage, as indications to their own three columns, and in so doing had assumed an anchorage farther north than Sir Edmund Lyons anticipated; but it happened that this left a better anchorage and position to the English, Lord Raglan having that "long, narrow strip of beach" which he had himself selected. If Sir Edmund Lyons's understanding was that the two fleets were to be closer, then it is clear that the French officers entrusted to mark off the ground found that any such plan adopted would cause the fleets and armies to be dangerously elbowed. If Sir Edmund Lyons had been in their position, he would, doubtless, have formed the same conclusion. It is certain he never dreamed of the temporary misunderstanding being converted into the deliberate charge Mr. Kinglake has adopted. To learn what sort of good faith this gentleman brings to his history, there can be no better clue than a comparison between Lord Raglan's unhappy half-dozen lines and Mr. Kinglake's incubation therefrom, extending, as mentioned, to four pages and a plan. It is lucky, at least, that the public have been referred to the original matter.

The object of the story, beyond indulging his spleen against the French, seems to be to afford an escape for Admiral Dundas from the disgraceful mismanagement by which the British share of the landing was reduced very nigh to a fiasco. It was no shift of landing-places that retarded and confused the English, but it was the sloth of the admiral commanding, and the tardy arrival of the ship Mr. Kinglake was on board—the *Britannia*—with the fleet she was steering. The dates of arrival off the landing-place have been recorded above. To the intense humiliation and annoyance of the group collected on *Agamemnon's* poop, it was very soon perceived that English honour was about to receive a fatal blow. All hope of promptitude and celerity of landing, or of any successful rivalry with the French—so arduously rehearsed and so confidently attended—was destroyed by a glance at the position of squadrons. At 8h. 30m. A.M. the French flag rose on the enemy's shore, and at that time it was the *Britannia* (while moving slowly in to the distant anchorage) signalled "Hoist out all boats, and send them when near convoy."* These were the boats that Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and Sir Edmund Lyons had been awaiting, in a state of anxiety which may be more easily imagined than told, for three long hours. Strenuously and rapidly the officers of the fleet laboured to compensate for the short-coming of their chief. As the boats were seen approaching, the generals sanctioned the troops being put into the in-shore boats, having detained them hitherto until means arrived for landing the smallest number of men they would have been justified in throwing on an enemy's coast. What is Mr. Kinglake's version of this, upon which the writer is prepared to make an affidavit? He mischievously attributes our delay to the French, and with cool inference relates, "It was said that the boat commanded by 'Vesey,' of the *Britannia*, was the first to touch the beach." So would it have been had the boats landed at noon, for the reason that it was for this officer (without attributing any blame to him) we patiently waited, or, rather, for the boats that he brought.

The impracticable anchorage taken up by Admiral Dundas is also patronised by Mr. Kinglake, who says, in a note, "There were people

* *Britannia's* log

who thoughtlessly blamed Dundas for not taking part with the in-shore squadron in the bustle of the landing. Of course his duty was to hold his off-shore squadron in readiness for an engagement with the Sebastopol fleet, and this he took care to do." But, alas! for this view, there was a thing called a programme drawn up, approved, and promulgated by the admiral himself, which assigned a certain fixed position to every ship and bat in the fleet: it was upon the faith of this programme that the expedition was undertaken, and it was this same programme that Dundas at the last moment completely threw over, retaining at a ridiculous distance from the shore seven ships of the line* and two frigates, whose nimble boat service was, hence, seriously crippled. The pretence of having out to be in readiness for an engagement with the Sebastopol fleet, in the eyes of naval men, is foolishness. With ample command of steam, the nearer the fleet was kept to its *manning power*—viz. the bats—the readier it was for action, especially in a great open bay, with any amount of weighing space. And, in the calms and light baffling air which prevailed on the 14th, nothing would have been more improbable than that fifteen *sailing* line-of-battle ships, with a few diminutive steamers, should have stood out to attack no less than twenty-five English and French line-of-battle ships (four of them "screw"), two fifty-gun frigates, thirteen heavy English steamers of war (clear of troops), twelve French steamers of war, to say nothing of eight Turkish sail of the line with three steamers of war!

At 9h. 30m. A.M. only, the first line of English boats pulled in for the beach, still short of various boom-boats that were yet toiling their way from the far-off fleet. Baffled in the race of priority, every nerve was now strained to the recovery of lost time. By the evening, the whole of the infantry was landed, one or two batteries of artillery, besides some cavalry. For achieving this nothing could have been more propitious; a calm sea, and the same peaceful circumstances as would have attended a disembarkation on Southsea beach. The blue-jackets made a regular holiday of it. Boating and the beach have been ever their recognised ground of recreation. That shelving of the boat on the beach after the dull monotony of ship life, has a music in it that none "save he whose heart hath tried" can realise: the crumbling shingle, the keen scent of recovered shore, the limitless space and solidity, invite a sort of indulgence to the seafaring man that is not far removed from the converse sentiment with which the inland dweller finds himself filled upon arriving at the glorious sea-brink. When there is added to this condition the zest of enterprise such as accompanied the beach expedition of the 14th September, 1854, it may be imagined with what sort of spirit the crews fell to their work. The soldiers were carried merrily on shore, the wading seaman careful of his very boots—when might the poor fellow change them?—the horses were seized and conquered in some strange, seemingly kindred fashion, while the guns were lightly trundled up in a manner provocative to gunners. Then there were two small steamers, purchased by Sir Edmund Lyons, christened the *Mimna* and the *Brenda*. These boats, drawing but a scant number of inches, would run a thousand troops alongside the strand,

* *Britannia*, *Queen*, *Trafalgar*, *Albion*, *Vengeance*, *Bellerophon*, *Rodney*, and the frigates *Arethusa* and *Leander*, the latter especially appointed to cover the landing, and now withheld.

where a flat, improvised as a pier, landed them dryshod. In the afternoon the sea became less smooth, but the slight difficulties of the beach merely served to stimulate exertions. Regiment after regiment, as it landed, formed, and then moved up the heights on the right, which commanded the beach. By 6h. 30m. P.M. there were no more to land. The boats returned to the fleet with a snug sense of comfort, and much commiseration for the unsheltered army, which was left to stand up or lie down, as it best might, in the wet, dripping night that now set in. Mr. Kinglake, commenting on the dog-tents with which the French soldiery were provided, remarks, "It was always a question in the French army whether these tents gave the men more health and comfort than they could find in the open air." He is, however, wrong, as far as the writer's experience goes; there is not much question of their advantage in the French army, where the matter is pretty well decided. Their adoption in the English army has, however, been a hotly argued question ever since the Crimean campaign. Prejudice, with its habitual front, opposes the idea with the solitary argument of their additional weight, but no man who has drawn his cloak over him night after night under open heaven, and then crept into the kennel or dog-tent, will deny the palatial comfort which this edifice may comparatively afford. The English army was without canvas only during the very earlier portion of the campaign; it was then the writer's luck to visit both bivouacs, and consequently to carry to this day a vivid contrast of the comfort yielded by the French dog-tent. This came into bad repute later, because it would cover the brow of a hill by the side of the substantial English bell-tent, with which it of course bears no comparison; but this was misapplying the purpose of the dog-tent, which is only intended to afford portable and temporary shelter in some flying expedition, when the heavy bell-tent cannot accompany. The latter supersedes it directly transport service is resumed.

The sum of the French landing on the first day amounted to three divisions and some guns; their fourth division, accompanied by a few men-of-war of both nations, proceeding to make a feint of landing at the Katscha, while the real operation was taking place above. This division returned in the evening, and together with the Turks was landed next day. Mr. Kinglake indulges his partiality for the latter by noticing that, "Whilst the young troops of France and England were still sitting wretched and chilled by the wet of their night's bivouac, the warlike Osmanlies seemed to be in their natural home. Soliman, who commanded them, was able to welcome and honour the guests who went to visit him in his tent as hospitably as though he were in the audience-hall of his own pashalic."

The 15th was employed by ourselves in the disembarkation of artillery and cavalry, the operation being much delayed by a somewhat rougher sea and accompanying surf. Monsieur Bazancourt, whose acidity towards the English is at times as highly flavoured as our English historian's to the French, charged us at this point with causing much delay:

"On the 17th the English are not ready to begin their march."

"On the 18th fresh delay caused by the English. Come what may, the marshal is resolved to march on the following day." Then quoting

from St. Arnaud's letter, "I have just written to Lord Raglan that I could wait no longer."*

Mr. Kinglake is far too grand to notice Monsieur Bazancourt's existence, or he might have replied to this cavil by saying that some little time was necessary for landing cavalry, of which the French brought none. Admiral Dundas had lost that precious calm weather, when the time for unloading each branch of service was a matter of arithmetic computation; the sea had now risen, boats and rafts tossed alongside, were often stove in; while nervous horses, swung out by the yard-arm, descending amid motion and turmoil, could hardly be reconciled to their disturbed footing; some sprang overboard, while others were only managed by dint of extreme patience and delay. The energy, skill, and method prodigalised by our seamen found themselves under such circumstances placed within inexorable limits. That splendid ship the *Himalaya* might be lightened of two hundred and forty horses in a single day, but there would yet be one hundred and forty to be cleared on the following. Only by the 18th, at two P.M., was the landing of horses, frage, and material so complete that the army was pronounced fit to march.

Mr. Kinglake's description of the mode in which we were received by the people of the country, of the introductory features of our traffic with them, of the manner in which they wondered, yielded, and accepted the strange order of things which had befallen, is one of the best parts of the book. In fact, the pleasanter reading commences from the time that the army finds itself landed on the Crimean shore. Jealousy of the French still breaks out on every possible occasion, and there are errors concerning the English which any but a self-sufficient man would gladly rectify. But, at the same time, the version that the author chooses to adopt is illuminated in a manner that must make all other versions undergo a certain period of hopelessness. Although a passionate partisan, Mr. Kinglake is a consummate word-painter. There are few artists can equal the following description of the first march:

"The colours were flying, the bands at first were playing, and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and, at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it: for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing—the slow, monstrous

* The Crimean Expedition. By Baron de Bazancourt.

unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals."

Such fervent language will receive deserved welcome. The intensity of view which spread this glowing picture before us, is, however, the historian's bane when applied to the men and transactions producing it. The keen individual becomes not only fervent, but peremptory, derisive, and rapacious of extremes. This is instanced in his treatment of Sir Richard Airey. Intending well to this officer, how is it that he has only procured for him some ridicule? Mr. Kinglake's version of Crimean events embraces some truth, and amid it the fact that Sir Richard Airey was one of the most valuable men we had in the Crimea. Mr. Kinglake is not content with declaring and endeavouring to prove this, but he must needs fall into heroics about him, extol his private life, dilate on his antecedents, admire his very features. This foolish extreme, assumed derisively in the face of a nation that has been taught to believe in its just cause for exasperation with the subject of eulogy, has of course destroyed all chance of benefit to Sir Richard Airey. The sudden somersault is indifferently watched as a mere feat of personal friendship, and the portion of truth that led to the performance is entirely disbelieved. It is to be hoped Sir Richard Airey will yet recover the effect of this ill-advised advocacy. No man has been more abused, and few have deserved it less. Upon Lord Raglan's death, he was clearly the man to have commanded the army, but the evil genius of the *Times* governed the hour, and that excellent and unassuming man, General Simpson, received a trust that he was himself averse to, and his nature totally unadapted for; after whom came a smart brigadier-general, who proved that the qualities of an adjutant are not sufficient to fill the post of commander-in-chief, and between these two the British army sank into the position of a mere contingent to the French, while all the time the first-rate qualities of Sir Richard Airey were shelved in a subordinate position. Mr. Russell's story eliminated from the gloomier class of subalterns, may be opposed to this view, but it equally opposes the testimony of all Crimean men who met Sir Richard Airey at work, watched him in an emergency (especially if such an emergency were in battle), or were in the way to feel his activity. When the time arrives for the publication of private papers belonging to Crimean authorities, probably some tardy justice will be paid to a meritorious servant, but in the mean time Mr. Kinglake's caricature will avail him little.

The author's dissertation upon a "movable column," as applying to the sixty-three thousand men who, on the morning of the 19th, began their advance south, is hardly called for, however happily handled. The allied armies were by no means a movable column, unless for the one short night later, when the flank march was made to Balaklava. The fleet constituted a thorough base of operations, and was by the side of the army the whole way, commanding with its guns the beach representing the "line of operations," or communication with base. If Mentchikoff had been strong enough, by attacking them in flank, to cause the allied armies to fight a battle with their back to the sea, they would have fought, as Mr. Kinglake observes, "upon ground where

defeat would be ruin:" ruin as regards the enterprise, but not amounting to the annihilation of the armies, who would have recovered a landing-place within shelter of the guns of the fleet.

It was a strange spectacle the ships thus steaming slowly by the side of the moving masses of men, in the way that Julian's legions, fifteen hundred years since, were accompanied by his fleet along the Euphrates; though indeed the similar incident only serves to recal the vivid contrast between ancient and modern warfare. Julian could destroy his fleet, and yet hope to subsist and wage war in the heart of a hostile country: divested of the cumbersome train of artillery and waggons, which clogs our present armies, there was little thought of a "base" or a "line" of operations; when an army took the field it plunged into unknown territory, traversed thousands of miles, and perhaps emerged on a strange sea to build a fleet wherewith to return home: but here was the very flower of European troops, equipped with the summed science of modern times, and manœuvred upon the experience of ages, unable without hazard to the sight of the flotilla which conveyed it, and some months later brought to a state of destitution, by the intervention of five miles between the point and object of supply! In describing the order of march, Mr. Kinglake has missed the technical terms which would give a military man any notion of its nature, and indeed from his outline seems hardly to have understood it. He speaks of the infantry divisions being "massed in close column," and of the disposal of divisions in such a way that "the whole body had both a front and a depth of two divisions:" this misinterprets the real characteristic of the order of march, which was in *two great double columns of companies* formed at half distance on the centres of the leading divisions, the Second and Light. The *Quarterly Review* of April has rectified this passage in a manner difficult to improve on,* and at the same time gives the obvious reason for the English being placed on the left, or inner side—viz. that they were possessed of cavalry; the author having spent a couple of pages to mock our allies for so readily entrusting us with the duty and danger of defending the left flank. But a thousand sabres would have been of little use by the sea-side, and any other disposition would have been eccentric. If the French

* "After providing in the usual manner advanced guards of cavalry and rifle-men, with flank patrols, Lord Raglan ordered that the mass of the infantry should move in such order as would afford ready means of deploying to the front, while at the same time a line, four deep, could be formed rapidly to the left, should danger threaten from that quarter. The nature of the ground, an open undulating plain, with the known superiority of the Russians in cavalry, suggested these precautions, and the army was accordingly disposed into two great double columns of companies. These double columns were formed at half distance on the centres of the second and light divisions, the third division following the second, and the first following the light, in the same order: while the fourth division followed the first in single column of companies, covering the convey of reserve ammunition, and the small quantity of provisions which the army carried in its train. Had Lord Raglan disposed his army, as Mr. Kinglake tells us that he did, in close columns, a rapid formation to the flank, at least, would have been impossible. But by arranging his double columns at half distance, the wheeling up of the sub-divisions of the left brigade, and the prolongation of the line, by the successive formation on its right of the other brigade, would have given him in a few minutes a formation combining the solidity of the square, with such a front of fire as neither cavalry nor infantry attacking in column could have long withstood."—*Quarterly Review* for April.

at this time claimed the right side as that of precedence, it is certain they did not hold to it at Chersonese, where they again closed to the sea (though the left), leaving the English inland, to communicate across their rear with the port of Balaklava, which fact may be further submitted for Mr. Kinglake's indignation. But the idea of any position of precedence in all likelihood originated with himself: he forgets that the French having landed south (nearest the enemy), were placed in the first instance naturally on our right.

By two P.M. only (so slow and trailing is the progress of a large force), the armies reached the stream of the Bulganak, where the men broke from their ranks, and rushed forward to slake their thirst.* Here was opened the first gun of the campaign. The little affair of Bulganak, in which there were but three or four casualties, rings a chord in the memory of those present, perhaps more impressive than the formidable struggles it heralded. For the first time, the thousands collected saw the white puff of smoke, hitherto associated with the salute at Portsmouth or review at Chobham, flinging its iron ball straight in the face with the avowed purpose of killing: it seemed hardly possible that this was war, as six and nine-pounder balls skipped and whirled along the plain in a harmless, billiard-like fashion; but it was so, a few saddles were what is called "emptied," and two or three horses tumbled down dead, there was no doubt about what was taking place, and the vast audience stood fascinated over the spectacle, with a quickening impulse to share it. For what took place was a simple play at long balls, varied by some coquetry of cavalry, in which four squadrons of our own found themselves abruptly and precariously close to a larger Russian force, and impudently held their ground, till supports arrived from Lord Raglan; a mere bagatelle it would have seemed later, but at this moment it was as the unravelling of a mystery, and pregnant with battle, glory, and drunken death.

The first prisoner of war was made in this affair—Colonel Lagondie, attached as French commissioner to the English head-quarter staff, who, upon his return from a message to Prince Napoleon, rode into a squadron of Russian hussars, which he had mistaken for our own people. An incident of some comedy, bordering though on the reverse, occurred at this time on the enemy's side. It appears that these hussars, dressed in white jackets, had been sent out the previous night on a reconnoitring expedition. General Kiriakoff had ordered a battery to open fire as soon as the allied cavalry showed itself above the hills. By some accident these white-jacketed hussars showed themselves last over the hill at some distance from the others. The commander of the battery, Lieutenant-Colonel Kondratieff, mistaking them for the allies (all the rest of the Russian cavalry wearing the grey over-coat), immediately opened fire with eight guns, killing and wounding seven. The impetuous Pole in command of the troops thus victimised—General Chaletzky—in a fit of ungovernable fury, straightway drew his sword, and rushed upon the

* While encamped at "Old Fort," the army had been principally supplied in water by the fleet. The country yielded but little. Those troops that were more inland got water from the different small villages, as did the cavalry and artillery after the first morning. Some of the horses were taken to a pond, and drank freely of brackish water, but others would not touch it. The wells which Sir Richard Airey caused to be sunk were for the most part failures.

offender, Colonel Kondratieff. "We fully," says Captain Hodasevich,* who gives this anecdote, "expected to see a tragic end to this affair when General Kiriakoff galloped up from the other side, and arrived just in time to prevent mischief: he endeavoured to pacify the hussar—at least, he saved the life of the commander of the battery." Upon the arrival of our supports, the Russians retired: it seems to have been a reconnaissance in some force that our cavalry had thus encountered, consisting, say the same authority, of a brigade of the seventeenth division, two batteries of artillery, besides a number of cavalry. These had advanced from the main body of the Russian army, intrenched on the south side of the Alma, and thither now retreated, while the allies disposed themselves in bivouac on the south side of the refreshing stream of Bulganak; the English army, exposed to attack in front and flank and rear, being careful to do so in order of battle. Mr. Kinglake bestows a chapter and a plan to describe this; and he, moreover, lays so much stress upon the peril the English were in throughout the days previous to the Alma, and on the distance (at most one mile) the French were from us, that while intending alone to disparage the French, he in a certain way excites astonishment, if not ridicule, towards his own countrymen, who might seem to be desiring commiseration.

As dusk closed in, the watch-fires of the respective armies spread along the land, those of the Russians crowning the heights of the Alma, while the allies covered the ridges of the Bulganak, being betwixt this stream and the Alma river, the latter four miles south. The fleets covered the sea in-shore, and communications were passed between the commanders on the subject of the battle that was imminent next day. There were some opinions that the Russians, leaving their watch-fires burning, would have vanished by morning. But the position seemed too strong to permit this notion, and from the account of Captain Hodasevich, the Russian soldiery were far too benighted to be aware what sort of power was about to attack them. When marching out of Sebastopol to meet the allies, "everybody had said that it was useless to overburden ourselves, as we should beat the enemy out of the Crimea and return in a day or two." Even General Kiriakoff had told one of his colonels three days previous that but eight thousand men had disembarked, and that he had asked permission of Prince Mentschikoff to drive them into the sea with his brigade. With this tendency on the part of the Russians to underestimate their enemy, and with, perhaps, a reverse feeling on the part of the allies, the two armies watched or slept through the summer night almost side by side. What the day brought forth—in its grand outline—the world well knows, but we are still disputing the detail. A paper on the "Battle of Alma" will appear in a later number.

* A Voice from within the Walls of Sebastopol. By Captain R. Hodasevich, late of the Tarontine Regiment of Chasseurs, in the Russian Service. John Murray.

ROSSINI AND THE LAZZARONE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY DR. MICHELSEN.

ON a fine morning in May, 1815, a young lazzarone was basking in the sun at the quay Santa Luna in Naples, when a passer-by, whistling a lively melody, stopped before him, and poking him with the foot, said: "Would you, friend sluggard, like to earn a coin?"

"Corpo di Christo! that I would." And jumping up, he added, "What do you command, excellency?"

"Do you know Mr. Barbaja, the lessee of the San Carlo Theatre?"

"He lives not far from here."

"I am a stranger here, and want you to guide me thither."

"With a thousand pleasures, excellency."

"Then come along."

The barefooted cicerone put his cap proudly over his right ear, and led the way to the Toledo-street.

"What is your name?" asked the stranger, on the way.

"Torquato, excellency."

"And your family name?"

"Of that I know as little as of your own; but my comrade, Master Peperolla (peppercorn), calls me Hellebore."

"And why that?"

"Because he maintains that whenever he sees me he is always seized with a fit of sneezing."

"Your mother was, perhaps, looking intently at a snuff-box when in an interesting condition?"

"Not unlikely. But what is it to me?"

"How old are you, fellow?"

"Eighteen next January, excellency."

"What have you learned?"

"To pray, and be idle."

"Do you like it?"

"Better than anything."

"I like you, boy. Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"But where do you pass the night?"

"Sometimes at the side of a garden, and not unfrequently on the steps of a church."

"And you are fresh and healthy?"

"As a fish in the Gulf."

"Envious beggar! If I was not my mother's only child, I should not mind being a second Torquato."

"But who are *you*, then, excellency? What may be your name?"

"Only look at the curious rascal! Well, my name is Taddeo, a veterinary surgeon by profession, so that if you should happen to be ill——"

"I shall then look for no other quack than your excellency."

"Well hit, my boy."

"But where do you live, signor?"

"I have just arrived here, fellow."

"From Rome or Florence?"

"Direct from Papataci."

"Papataci, Papataci; that lies somewhere——"

"Between St. Petersburg and Lisbon."

"Indeed! And how long does excellency intend to remain in glorious Naples?"

"So long as it pleases me."

"Oh, then I am sure you will stay here very long, for Naples is the garden of Eden. Here is the Pausilippo, there the Vesuvius; here the Gulf, and there the Capri. There are, certainly, hundreds of towns in the world, but there is only one Naples. Far better starving here than live in affluence elsewhere. Oh, that I could embrace thee, my darling Naples—my cradle, my native place! I would press thee to my bosom, and exclaim triumphantly, 'To live and die at Naples is the height of felicity!'"

"I tell you, rascal, once more, I like you much."

"And I say the same of you, signor. You seem to be such a noble, kindhearted gentleman, that I will no longer call you excellency, but simply and plainly Taddeo."

"Do so, my good fellow!"

"Here, in this mansion, lives Signor Barbaja."

"Thank you, my man," said the stranger; and was about putting into the hand of Torquato a coin, when the latter withdrew it, saying:

"Mr. Taddeo, I cannot believe you intend to offend me. I am not in want of money to-day. We must not pay for a small service rendered by a friend."

"You are a brave fellow, Torquato."

"That I am, sir. And when I am once pleased with any one, as I am with you, he may do with me whatever he likes. I'll swim for him like a poodle-dog through the water, or run at his desire like a salamander through the fire; and if needs be, even throw myself into the Crater for him."

"But where am I to find you when I want you, honest, true soul?"

"My head-quarters are on the quay Santa Luna, at the spot where I was just now enjoying the rays of the sun to warm my inside."

"You have not, then, breakfasted as yet?"

"Breakfasted? Such a word is not in our vocabulary; we only know it from hearsay."

"Miserable existence! Not to breakfast!"

"Habit, friend; everything habit. Even hunger may be overcome by habit."

"Poor Hellebore!"

"Pray don't poor me; there are in our wealthy, magnificent Naples, much poorer people than myself. I have nobody to care for."

"You are, then, a bachelor?"

"I stand alone in the world."

"Not a sweetheart?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Taddeo, my Francilla. But——"

"Well, out with it! What of her?"

"She won't tell me whether she loves me in return."

"And who is that cruel Francilla?"

"A flower-girl on the Chiaja; poorer than a church mouse, but a thousand times handsomer than even the Holy Virgin herself."

"Whom you have never seen. Be, however, comforted, my poor friend. Taddeo is also in love."

"Indeed! With whom?"

"With all the pretty women I happen to see. I love them each and all."

"Mr. Taddeo is surely not a Turk?"

"Yes, an old Chinaman! Enough, however, of it for to-day. We shall meet again, my young friend."

Thus saying, he pressed heartily the sunburnt hand of the lazzarone, and entered the house. The latter looked for a moment after the stranger as he was ascending the grand staircase, and, after some cogitation, he threw his cap up into the air, exclaiming:

"No matter! Christian or Jew, Turk or heathen, poor or rich, evvivo il mio amico, Signor Taddeo!"

With these words, he ran back to his head-quarters.

Had he known the real name of his new friend his joy would have been excessive. It was no other than Joachim Rossini, who had come to Naples at the invitation of the lessee and manager of the San Carlo, and had been engaged by him as composer and conductor of the same for the annual pay of 14,000 francs (700*l.*), beside board and lodging at his house.

A few weeks after, we find Francilla, the handsomest and chastest flower-girl at Naples, with a basket of flowers in hand, at the entrance of the royal palace-garden, which is at all hours visited by foreigners. A few yards from the spot where Francilla stood, two foreigners were sauntering. At the sight of the girl they turned towards that direction, and, coming up to her, one of them asked her the price of the beautiful camellia.

"Three carlini, signor," said the girl, blushing, without lifting up her eyes.

"Six for a kiss," was the rejoinder, and, patting her rosy cheek, was about to suit the action to the word, when a young lazzarone, who was lying on the sand close by, rushed to the spot and threw him down on his back by a violent blow on the chest.

Having regained his footing, he and his companion were about chastising the assailant, when the latter appealed to the crowd of lazzaroni who had come to the spot to avenge the insult committed on a chaste Neapolitan maiden by impudent foreigners, who, presuming on their riches, dared to treat virtuous poor virgins like common harlots.

"Shall we Neapolitans suffer such outrage at the hands of foreigners?" shouted he, with all his might.

"Certainly not," was the unanimous reply; and, surrounding the strangers, they were about to seize them, when a man, attracted by the noise, rushed to the scene, and cried:

"Hold, hold, furious people!"

"Ah, friend Taddeo! how glad I am to see you again," ejaculated joyfully Torquato.

"What is the row here about?"

"Why, these two foreigners have insulted my Francilla."

"And what do you mean to do with them?"

"Throw them into the Gulf."

"Are you Christians?"

"Yes, we are, but they are not," exclaimed the crowd.

"And were they even heathens, are you Neapolitans going to violate sacred hospitality?"

"Corpo di Christo! we did not think of that."

"Be generous, then, good people, and allow the strangers to depart."

The mob thereupon dispersed as quickly as they had assembled.

When alone, Rossini said, "Now, my young friend, show me your Francilla. I should like to form an opinion of your taste."

"There she stands at the garden entrance."

"Introduce me to her as a friend who takes a warm interest in you."

"Ah, Signor Taddeo! if you only knew how my heart beats when I am about to speak to her——"

"Don't be a fool," laughed the maestro; and taking Torquato's arm, forced him along to the garden.

"Francilla," began the shy lazzarone, "don't be angry if I am so free as to present to you my best friend, Signor Taddeo, from Papataci. He is a very rich gentleman, a celebrated veterinary doctor, and wishes to see you to judge of my taste. Well, doctor"—turning to the latter—"what do you think of her?"

"I could never have suspected such a refined taste in you, fellow. Look up, pretty maiden; don't be afraid of me."

The girl looked up, and exhibited a pair of large sparkling blue eyes, which looked at the maestro with a charming smile.

"Now, fair maiden, speak, pray, plainly, without reserve. Do you love my young friend Torquato?"

Francilla was silent, and plucked confusedly at her basket.

"Ah! ask her once more," begged the lazzarone.

"Look here, little angel," resumed the maestro. "Imagine for a moment that I am your father; take courage, and answer whether you really love that young fellow. If so, I am the man who can and will help you."

"Torquato!" sobbed the girl, and, dropping the basket, fell upon the neck of the lazzarone.

"That will do!" said Rossini. "You love each other, and you shall be married."

"Married! good doctor? What are you thinking of? We are both a thousand times poorer than even poor Lazarus himself."

"Yes, children, I will help you."

"But how, and in what way?"

"That you shall know by-and-by. I shall expect you to-morrow, about this time, at the hotel of Signor Barbaja. Don't fail. Adieu!"

Next morning, at the appointed hour, Master Barefoot made his appearance at the above hotel, with a nosegay in hand, and asked for Signor Taddeo.

"I come by appointment," added he to the gruff-looking Swiss porter.

"Quite right," said the latter; "he lives on the second floor."

We will not undertake to describe the bewildering astonishment of the lazzarone on ascending the magnificent staircase, at the sight of the costly tapestry, flower-vases, and statues. The latter especially inspired him with so much respect that he involuntarily doffed his cap before each of them. Torquato, who had never before entered the house of a gentleman, was, in short, so struck with all that he saw, that he was hardly able to draw his breath. Having crossed five splendidly-furnished ante-rooms, he knocked at the door of the sixth, when a stentorian voice bade him "Come in."

"Glad to see you, old fellow. How is Francilla?"

"Give my respects and this nosegay to your friend," she told me."

"How very gallant! Give her for me a kiss and this ducat."

"The kiss I shall certainly give her, but the money I dare not take, she would be so very angry with me."

"Above all things, Master Barefoot, let me give you wholesome advice. When a present is offered to you, don't refuse it. A proverb says, 'A avola non bisogna aver vergogna' (a grandmother need not blush), which means, a poor devil must not be proud." Saying which, Rossini re-pocketed the ducat. "And now to something else," said the latter. "How much do you earn a day?"

"Seldom much, sometimes little, and frequently nothing."

"Should you like to try your fortune in another way? Would you like to be my valet?"

The lazzarone was silent, and seemed to hesitate.

"I hope you are not offended by the proposal?"

"It is not that, sir, but I doubt whether I am fit for the place. From my early youth I have led a life of idleness, and been accustomed to hate anything in the shape of work. As a lazzarone I am my own master, and dependent on no one. When tired, I lie down to sleep and bask in the sun. When I have earned a couple of earlini, I play with my comrades *alla mora* (odds and ends). In the night I can rest before the windows of my Francilla, and when she awakes in the morning, and draws up the blind, I can ask her, 'How did you sleep, dearest?' But all this I shall have to forego when in your service. Don't imagine for a moment, good sir, that I am proud and haughty; I will willingly serve you when and where I can, but not as a hired servant. We lazzarone are poor devils, but we love freedom and independence more than all the money in the world. Ah, sir, you have no notion how sweetly one feels when he can say to himself there is nobody in the world who can command you to do anything except what you choose to do of your own good-will."

"And do you really wish to remain all your life a lazzarone and a beggar?"

"Not if I can help it. I should certainly like to become something else."

"And what, for instance?"

"An artist, an actor, or, still more, a singer."

"But to be a singer you must have talent, a good voice in particular, my good fellow."

"That I have," replied Torquato, blushing.

"Indeed! Let us have, then, a song as a specimen."

"Do you understand anything about it?"

"Do you think, Master Impudence, that a doctor cannot have an ear for music? There is a piano, if you will sing, I will accompany you."

Saying which, Rossini took his seat at the instrument, and nodded to the lazzarone to approach.

"Ah, sir, what am I to sing?"

"Anything you like."

"Well, then, I'll give you the air *Francilla* is so fond of, and which I repeat every morning at her window. The air is from an opera of a young maestro of Milan, a certain Rossini."

"Let us hear it, then."

"*Languir per una bella*," began the lazzarone, in a trembling voice. Rossini listened attentively, and was surprised to hear one of the most powerful tenor voices.

"Bravo! bravo, my boy! don't be shy. You have sound lungs. Roar away, rhinoceros! You sing beautifully!"

Thus encouraged, the poor devil gave full vent to his voluminous voice, so as to make the windows vibrate violently.

"Go on, go on, boy! never mind a few wrong notes, proceed. What a fine clear shake in the bargain! *Bravissimo*, King David!"

The song was finished, and the lazzarone wiped with his cap the perspiration off his brow.

"Listen, my poor boy," said Rossini; "your fortune is made. There is a treasure hidden in your throat. You shall become an opera singer."

"You mock me, sir."

"No, indeed! You have an excellent voice and natural abilities for singing, and I will cultivate them."

"You?" said Torquato, with a comic sneer.

"Yes, I myself. Suppose I am not a doctor, but something else."

"Well, I confess I thought as much when I heard you rattle away so nicely on the instrument. But who are you, then, excellency? Do tell me."

"Since you must know it, I am the composer of the air you have just warbled."

"What, Rossini?" stammered the lazzarone in joyful surprise.

"Yes, the same."

"Ah, allow me to embrace you."

"Do what you cannot help doing."

"Now I have indeed embraced the maestro Rossini! I am sure if *Francilla* knew it, she would love me all the better for it."

"Does she know my name?"

"She always sings your airs, and said only yesterday, 'If I could only see the composer of these sweet melodies——' 'Well,' said I, 'and what would you do?' 'Do?' said she, 'I would offer him my finest flowers, and if he asked me the price I would say a kiss.'"

"Indeed, she shall have it. From to-morrow you must be here every day from twelve to one, and I will give you regular lessons in singing; and if I don't make a great singer of you, my name is not Rossini."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Torquato, and ran half madly out of the house, to bring the glad tidings to Francilla.

"How long have I been instructing you?" asked one morning the maestro of his barefooted pupil.

"Eight weeks, signor."

"And what have you learned, idle fellow, in that time?"

"I did not know a single note, and now I can sing at sight."

"I am satisfied with you. To-morrow I will present you to the lessee of San Carlo; you will have to undergo your examination. Take care not to disappoint me, and if you are found competent you will at once become a member of the chorus singers, and will—if you are not idle—soon advance to a higher post. But it is proper time now that you should lay aside the lazzarone, and appear decently dressed like a gentleman."

"But how am I to begin, maestro?"

"Have you not got a pair of Sunday trousers instead of these dirty sackcloth ones?"

"Sunday trousers I only know by name."

"No boots?"

"I never had any."

"Nor shoes?"

"An English lord once gave me a pair, but I found them so tight that I threw them into the water."

"And how about a coat?"

"Also that I only know by sight. I never wanted any."

"And why not?"

"Because I thought it a very inconvenient piece of dress."

"You are not quite wrong there. In hot weather, one certainly runs about more easily without it, but you must know that an artist cannot run about the street like a dirty vagabond. You will find this evening, with the porter below, a regular wardrobe. Don't forget to fetch it, as I shall expect you here to-morrow dressed as a gentleman."

"Must I also put on boots?"

"Of course, stupid. Do you think I could present you as a barefooted artist? You must, moreover, wear a hat instead of that cap of yours; that white hat yonder, which I no longer wear, will fit you nicely."

"Thus attired, maestro, my comrades will laugh at me."

"Don't mind them, but do as I bid you."

The poor lazzarone began to blubber like a baby. "The cap," he cried, amidst weeping, "was given me by Francilla on my last birthday, and I always wear it in remembrance of her."

"Well, then, wear it at night when nobody sees you."

Satisfied with the compromise, Torquato went away, and returned in the evening to fetch his wardrobe, which consisted of the left-off clothes of Rossini.

"Ecce," exclaimed the portly Swiss porter, pointing to a large bundle in the corner, "you will find in it three newly-washed shirt collars, three neckerchiefs, two waistcoats, one belt with steel buckles, three shirts, one pair of winter trousers, two for summer, two pair of boots, a light-green coat, a white felt hat, four pocket-handkerchiefs, and three pairs of old gloves—total, thirty-six pieces, which your patron, St. Januarius, who is

said to have been a regular dandy, might not be ashamed of. The maestro has togged you out quite smartly, and I congratulate you with all my heart. In the May-green coat you will look like St. Pancratius, while the white felt hat will match it admirably."

"And why do you laugh?" asked Torquato, taking the bundle under his arm.

"Because it reminds me of the scarecrow we placed in our vineyards to frighten away the birds."

"I understand you. You just now said I shall look like St. Pancratius, and as that saint, you know, was of a most liberal disposition, I will imitate him also in this particular, and give a most liberal drinking money." Saying which, he inflicted a most liberal box on the ear of the wag, and ran out amidst the shouts and laughter of the domestics.

Early on the following morning, long before sunrise, the lazzarone made his toilet for the first time in his life under the free canopy of heaven. After a tedious operation of half an hour, he had at last succeeded in transforming himself into a new man. The boots were much too narrow for his feet, and pinched him so as to give him a foretaste of the thumbscrew torture so prevalent in his glorious Naples. The white felt hat was continually slipping from his thick-haired head, while the corners of his stiff collar looked through his neckerchief like two white-washed milestones, and his two arms, containing the remainder of his wardrobe, were continually dangling at a distance from his body, as if about to sketch a semicircle. Thus attired, he ran, or rather limped, to the lodgings of Francilla, situated in the remotest suburb of the town, and placing himself under her window, gave his usual whistling signal. The girl looked down, and thought at first to see a perfect stranger before her, and when she at last recognised him, she burst out into such a loud laughter that the poor fellow began to feel uneasy, humbled, and hurt:

"By the Holy Virgin," cried Francilla, almost screaming with mirth, "how you look! Is it now carnival, that you go about in full masquerade! Say, amico, what means all this mummery?"

"Ah, Francisca," sighed the poor boy, glancing at his boots, "only think to be obliged to walk about every day from morning to night in these pinching leather cases, nor to wear any longer the cap you gave me."

"But you always told me that no one has any right to order you to do anything; what induces you, then, to play such foolish tricks of your own accord?"

"Tricks, Francilla? No, it is the wish of my maestro, good Signor Rossini, who intends to place me in the Opera, that I may earn enough money to marry and make a lady of you."

"He is, indeed, a generous gentleman, and since it is his wish that you should dress more decently, you must, indeed, obey him."

"But what am I to do with this bundle here?"

"What does it contain?"

"The rest of my wardrobe which the maestro gave me."

"Leave it with me, and whenever you want some from it come here, give your usual whistle, and I will throw it down to you."

"You are an angel, and, but for the deuced boots, I might be the happiest creature in the world."

In a moment the lovely girl was down at his side with two nosegays in hand:

"Now give me the bundle, and take the nosegays; one is for our dear friend, and the other for you, *carissimo mio*. Addio, addio, until this evening at the Villa Reale."

Avoiding the public places where he might be met by any of his companions, our metamorphosed friend made his way to the mansion of Signor Barbaja, whom he found already in the apartment of Rossini, waiting his arrival:

"The fellow looks like a grasshopper," observed Barbaja to Rossini, in a low voice.

"Pray speak more respectfully of my pupil. He will soon give you a song, and you will hear one of the most admirable tenor voices. Now, Torquato, approach and lay on, keep proper time, and avoid false notes." Saying which, Rossini took his seat at the piano, and, after some prelude, the lazzarone began Lindoro's air, "*Languir per una bella—*;" but hardly had he proceeded a dozen of notes, when Rossini stopped, and turning with a scowl to the singer, said: "What is the matter with you, boy? You sing to-day worse than ever; your voice trembles."

"I suspect," said Barbaja, laughingly, "the stupid fellow is afraid of me."

"Oh no," stammered piteously Torquato; "I cannot sing while my boots pinch me so very much."

The two glanced at them, and both began heartily to laugh.

"Why, blockhead," said Rossini, "you have put them on wrongly; the right boot on the left foot, and the left on the right!"

"Ah, if that is the case, allow me to take them off altogether, and I am sure I shall sing all the better without them."

"By all means," said Barbaja; "and I have no objection to your taking off even your coat, which seems equally to inconvenience you."

Torquato did as allowed, and resumed his song with such power, expression, and melting melody as to astonish both his hearers.

"You have done well," said Barbaja, after the song was finished. "I engage you at once as a member of the chorus, and you may occupy for the present a small back room in my house."

"But what pay is he to have?" asked Rossini.

"For the present, twenty-four scudi a month."

"And six more as pocket-money," added the former.

"Be it so!"

A few months afterwards, when Rossini's "*Othello*" was first given at the San Carlo, our lazzarone sang, under the assumed name of Nozzari, the principal air in the opera. His debut as solo singer was so successful, that Barbaja engaged him as first tenor for five years, at a salary of four thousand scudi per annum.

MOTTOES AND COGNIZANCES OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.*

THE date at which the ostrich plume and the motto "Ich dien" were first assumed by the heirs-apparent to the English throne, their first known cognizance being on the tomb of the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral (1376), was the age of mottoes, poesies, and rebus. As much ingenuity was exercised in the framing of these mottoes as has since been expended in the attempts made to expound them. Thus, in this instance, we have Cambden, about two hundred years after the assumption of the motto, arguing that it was assumed by the Black Prince upon John, King of Bohemia, whose cognizance it then was, falling at Crécy, and that as a trophy and sign of victory. Planché, however, says upon this that "Cambden himself did not credit this part of the story, for he goes on to state that the prince himself adjoined the old English word *ic dien* (the *gn*), that is, 'I serve,' according to that of the apostle, 'the heir while he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant.'"

Sir N. H. Nicolas subsequently found on the tomb of the Black Prince the word *Houmout*, which he considered to be the most important portion of the legend, and which Gosling had already read as significative of 'high spirited,' or an 'intrepid warrior.' Rouge Dragon adopted Sir N. H. Nicolas's views as to *Ich dien* and *Houmout* forming one complete motto, which he read as "I serve with a high spirit." (Costumes, p. 182.)

"This portentous word," to use the language of Dr. William Bell, "is of very comprehensive compass, and, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's wig, carries with it most *prodigious* meaning." As a Welsh badge, no wonder the inhabitants of the principality have tried to appropriate it. Mr. C. Evans appears to have been one of the first to argue that *Ich dien* was genuine Welsh, bating the improper spelling of the first word, which ought to be "*vch*," and which "*Vch dien*" he translated as "Triumphant in death," a motto pronounced as highly befitting a Christian prince. Upon this, Sir Francis Palgrave remarked, that "it is only a Cambro Briton who can deny that '*Ich dien*' is German."

Dr. William Bell agrees, however, with Sir N. H. Nicolas and Mr. Planché that the motto is Flemish; that it must be read *Houmout*; that it appear as one sentence, and that it was in the Black Prince an adaptation from his mother, Queen Philippa, Countess of Hainault, as an act of filial piety, and which she herself assumed as a mark of humility and devotion to her husband, our heroic Edward III.; but he divides *Houmout* into two words, and reads them thus: *Hou mout ich dien*; in plain Eng-

* New Readings for the Motto of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his Plume of Ostrich Feathers. By Dr. William Bell.

New Readings for the Motto and Armorial Bearings of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, &c. Part II. By Dr. William Bell, Author of "Shakspeare's Puck and his Folklore."

The Ancestry of the Princess Alexandra of Glücksburg, and her Cognizance of the Nettle Leaf. Supplemental to Mottoes and Crests of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Printed for the Author, 31, Burton-street, Euston-square.

lish, "How must I serve?" This is certainly a sad falling off from the grandiose ideas associated with the first reading, "*Magnanimitas, fastus, sablatio animi, celsitus animi*," or from the Welsh version, "Triumphant in death," but it is not so much so when viewed in connexion with Queen Philippa's motto, as an expression of humble thankfulness for benefits conferred, and as a sequence the grateful query, "What service may I render?" in return for the same.

Dr. Bell also agrees with Sir N. H. Nicolas and with Mr. Planché that the badge of a plume of three ostrich feathers had no connexion with the battles either of Crécy or Poitiers, but that the emblem was derived from the county or province of Ostrevant (John of Bohemia's badge was, in fact, the pinion of a vulture), and was further a rebus of Queen Philippa's hereditary title as Countess of Ostrevant, which she bore before her marriage. The province of Ostrevant was a portion of the dukedom or county of Hennegau, betwixt Douay and Valenciennes, and took its name from having formed the eastern boundary of the Frankish kingdom of Neustria. The abbess of the convent of Denain bore the empty title of Countess of Ostrevant, and the archdeaconship of Ostrevant ennobled a canonry in the cathedral of Arras, till the French revolution swept away alike cathedral and dignity in one undistinguishable ruin. Ostrevant, Dr. Bell reads as Austrasia, Austria, or Autriche, and these again as Autruche, or estrich, called by Shakspeare estridge:

All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind,
Bated, like eagles having newly bathed.

1 *Hen. IV.*, iv. 1.

Vant was the fan of our ancestral dames, who at the court of Edward III. used ostrich feathers for that purpose. (Corryat's *Crudities*, vol. i. p. 40.) Hence the three feathers may have typified the three bants—Ostrevant, or Ostrebant, Brabant, and Teisterbant. Dr. Bell goes even farther than this. The Emperor Louis of Bavaria, he asserts, juggled Queen Philippa, and in her right, Edward III., her husband, out of their claim to a portion of some of the finest provinces of the Netherlands, upon the plea that William IV., dying without male issue, Holland, Zealand, Hennegau, and Friesland escheated to the empire as fiefs; but the possession of the ostrich feathers constitutes, he argues, an inchoate right to the old title and land of what was once Ostrevant. Not so much, we should say, as that the provinces on the tributaries to the Scheldt are geographically, hydrographically, and ethnologically Flemish, and not French.

In the second part of his work, Dr. Bell devotes his attention to the quarterings of the Prince of Wales's arms as a Duke of Saxony of the elder branch, and of which one or two ordinaries have been debatable points amongst German antiquaries for the last two hundred years. These are, first, the Crown of Rue; and second, the Black Hen. The origin of the first cognizance has been attributed to the Emperor Frederic, by throwing his chaplet as a mark of difference on the shield of Bernhard von Ascanien, Duke of Saxony. Hönn deemed this heraldic charge to be rather a chaplet than a rue crown, or perhaps a circular bend. Hoffmeister describes it as the ducal diadem with which the princes adorned their head coverings, consisting of a simple circlet, ornamented at its top with leaves like those of the vine; similar ornamentations being found in

Italy with spikes, and in France with fleur-de-lys. Zollman, another authority, deemed this armorial bearing to be nothing but an ornament for the hair, such as ladies of high rank formerly wore. Zaschwith returned to the first view, and argued that as Duke Bernhard wanted a difference, he took, therefore, the *cingulum militare* of the deposed Duke Henry the Lion, son-in-law of our Henry II., as the best emblem of his victory. Dr. Bell, however, adopting Hoffmeister's view of the case, and looking upon the "Rauten Krone" as a floral ornament, and a mere heraldic leaf, traces to it the "strawberry-leaves" of our own ducal coronets, which have in reality little resemblance to the ternate leaf of the strawberry, and which some heralds call the parsley-leaf, while Germans universally designate it as a "Crown of Rue." This opinion, the ingenious doctor says, is strongly corroborated by the said "crown of rue" being a special ducal ornament.

John Frederic, Duke and Elector of Saxony, was received, when he returned from captivity, in 1752, to his new capital of Weimar, with every possible demonstration of joy; the schoolboys and girls, with flowing hair, and crowned with garlands of Rue, went out to meet him, singing the *Te Deum*. Shakspeare has several allusions to Rue as the Herb of Grace, Rich. II., iii. 4; and Wint. Tale, iv. 3; and in Ham., iv. 7, where Ophelia says "you may wear your rue with a difference." Dukes are termed "your Grace," and "with a difference" may, according to Dr. Bell, have an heraldic meaning as to its origin. The same writer has, in his work "Shakspeare's Puck and his Folklore," advanced a curious and novel hypothesis, that the three missing years of the bard's life—viz. from 1586 to 1589—were passed in Germany, and this would explain how the bard became acquainted with the heraldic tradition question; and so convinced is the doctor of the correctness of this hypothesis, that it is, we hear, his intention to publish the further proofs of his theory, promised in the twelfth chapter of the previously-mentioned work, as a contribution to the third centenary celebration of Shakspeare's birthday—St. George's-day, 1864.

Rue, a bitter stimulating plant, was well known to antiquity, and was much esteemed in ancient medicine. Hippocrates commends it, and it was known to the Jews, for St. Luke condemns the Pharisees for tithing mint and rue. (xi. 42.) For many ages it was considered a preventive of contagion, whence its designation as the "Herb of Grace." It was an especial favourite in Germany, where Boerhaave observes, that the greatest commendations he can bestow fall short of its merits. "What medicine," says the celebrated physician of Leyden, "can be more efficacious for promoting perspiration, for the cure of hysteric passion, and of epilepsies, and for expelling poison?" Like other therapeutical agents that have had their day, rue is now out of fashion, but there can be no doubt of its powerful medicinal virtues in certain cases. It is easy to understand, from the view we have here given of it—its being looked upon as a preventive of contagion in the middle ages—how this plant, which has nearly the same name in all languages, should have become the emblem of Repentance and Grace, and should have been introduced in armorial bearings as Die Rauten Krone, or the "Crown of Rue;" but it is not so easy to admit that Dukes received the title of "Grace" from the said crown having been an especial ducal ornament. It is evident that if this view

of the case is admitted, a duke ought to be a person endowed with powers preventive of contagion. The approximation is, however, both curious and ingenious, and is well deserving of consideration. The instances that Stevens finds of Rue being called the Herb of Grace in the dictionaries of Florio, 1598, and of Cotgrave, 1511, Dr. Bell remarks, were all published after Shakspeare's Hamlet, and were, he thinks, taken from his new and popular denomination of the herb.

The Black Hen, the second curious cognizance in the foreign arms of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was given to denote the accession of a large portion of the county of Henneberg, a district stretching from the southern slopes of the Thuringian Hills to the Danube. The popular derivation is from a black hen, which, with its white chicks, were found upon the hill where the castle of Henneberg was built. This cognizance was always a favourite field with the Saxon princes, and the elector, John Frederic, when giving directions concerning it to his tried friend and limner, Lucas Kronach, his companion in captivity, said to him: "Paint, dear friend, the black hen in our arms carefully, for she has laid a good egg in it." Dr. Bell argues that the Black Hen is peculiarly a Wendic symbol, but it is, he adds, still a general object of superstitious regard in Germany, though, with all objects of ancient faith, changed after the victory of the Christian creed into an instrument, or symbol, of the devil. He further particularly associates it, from the existence of some curious reliquaries and other monuments of olden time, with Saint Veit, or Vitus—the Lycian boy who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian—and who became the patron of St. Denis, of Corvey on the Weser, of Rugen, and of Bohemia amongst the Slavonian Wends, as well as of other places. Hence it was that it came to be used subsequently by the Counts of Henneberg as an easy origin for their title, and, therefore, frequently repeated not only on their arms, but also on every instrument in their use.

It is an interesting circumstance that the "White Horse" should be borne as a cognizance by our young prince both on the paternal and maternal shields, confirming thereby the opinions of historians and heralds, that both lines spring from a common stock, and which are thus united in his person for the first time. They are both supposed to be derived from the ensign of the intrepid Saxon leader, Wittikind, who for thirty years withstood all the might of Charlemagne and his Frankish host. According to tradition, however, Wittikind's horse was black, and was changed into white when conquered and converted. But, although black horses were consecrated to the worship of idols, Tacitus especially informs us that the Germans paid the greatest deference to certain sacred white steeds from the earliest periods, observed their neighing and steps as indicating the will of their deities, and bore their images as ensigns to battle.

It is beyond our purpose to enter upon the origin of the numerous quarterings of the foreign arms of the prince; those who are curious in such matters will find them explained in Dr. Bell's works;* we have only

* The full German titles of a Duke of Coburg regnant from these quarterings, are "Wir N. N. von Gottes Gnaden, Herzog zu Sachsen Coburg und Gotha, Jülich, Cleve, und Berg, auch Engern und Westphalen; Landgraf in Thüringen; Margraf zu Meissen; gefürsteter Graf zu Henneberg; Fürst in Lichtenberg;

referred to the more curious mottoes and cognizances, and in connexion with these there remains to be noticed *das Nesselblat*, or the nettle-leaf, the Holstein cognizance, and which, added by the prince's marriage with the Princess Alexandra of Slesvig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg to our indigenous rose, thistle, and shamrock, would, in the courteous language of our veteran antiquary, constitute a "four-leaved clover"—"that most potent charm, which, in the possessors, dispels all glamour and witchery, defies 'all conjuration and all mighty magic,' and will thus add increased force of happy augury to the name of the place whence we hail our future queen—from Lucktown-Glücksburg." That four-leaved clover is a charm against every kind of glamour and witchcraft, is a tradition common to many parts of England as well as on the Continent.

But laying aside this poetic embodiment of the four cognizances, the nettle-leaf might not by itself be viewed as so perfectly emblematic of conjugal felicity as our enthusiastic antiquary is desirous to propound; it is gratifying, therefore, to find that there are some doubts as to the *Nesselblat* being a "nettle-leaf" at all.

The so-called *Nesselberg*, or "Nettle Hill," towers over the Weser betwixt the small towns of Buckeburg and Rinteln. Upon its crest are the picturesque remains of the feudal stronghold called the Schaumburg (show hill), built by Adolp, or Adolf, von Sangersleben. One of the descendants of this Adolp, probably his grandson, became, in 1100, Count of Holstein and Stormarn, and, in 1648, Christian I., descended from a female branch of this line, was elected King of Denmark. It was from this epoch that the royal family of Denmark became entitled to bear this symbol in their arms; and it has been continued by all their successors, under the designation of the *Nesselblat*, in the peculiar form of a serrated leaf, to which three Christ's nails are pointed, having been added by Duke Adolph III. in memory of two pilgrimages to Jerusalem. All writers are agreed that it is a leaf, with the exception of Westphalen, who argued that it was a Sea-urchin. Dr. Bell, considering how faulty these heraldic designs are—so much so, that he traces the ducal strawberry-leaves to the "Crown of Rue"—argues that this leaf may be that of the "Herb of Grace" likewise. The first grant of arms to Adolph, a Saxon prince, was from a Saxon duke, and what, he asks, more likely than that a sub-feudatory should take the cognizance of his liege lord? All we can say is, that whether nettle or rue are added to the already happy junction of rose, thistle, and shamrock, or the four cognizances together go to form one mystically-protecting four-leaved clover, we feel a strong moral and patriotic conviction that none (certainly not those most concerned) will ever rue so auspicious a union. The practices of heraldry can alone excuse so vile a pun.

Graf in der Mark und Ravensberg; Herr in Ravenstein and Toona." The greater portion of these territories are, however, now united to the mighty power of Prussia, to which they were confirmed by the Vienna Congress in 1815, and as no branch of the Saxon family stands in succession to the lands of the Black Eagle, nor are any of these seizures likely to be released from its talons, the continuance of such an array of obsolete claims is scarcely advisable.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

A QUANTITY of learned books have been written about the genius of languages, their origin, their etymologies, and their family relations with each other ; but has any one ever drawn up a detailed comparison of the relative force of their words, or a fair, unprejudiced account of the merit and exactness of their respective idioms ?

Such a contrast between English and French would be easy enough to establish, not only because of the general rough knowledge of the latter language which exists in England, which would permit almost everybody to appreciate the correctness of the story, but also because the points of distinction which it presents with our own tongue are so striking and radical that they may be seized with exceptional facility.

Each of the two languages has peculiar merits, but though every Englishman is of course convinced that his own is the more perfect, a large number of proofs might be cited to show that numerous and important classes of ideas may be expressed more critically and pointedly in French. It is, however, difficult to really test the question ; first, because it would fill a large book ; and secondly, because habit is so hard a master that it exercises a strong though often insensible influence even on the most liberal minds, and because its effects are especially inevitable in the examination of such a subject as daily talk, in which men have followed the same undeviating rut since they began to lisp, and in which their prejudices have acquired the force of an article of faith.

Still, it ought not to be impossible to prove to an educated intelligence that there may, perhaps, be good things which it does not know, and that because it does not feel the want of improvement in the forms of speech at its disposal, that is no reason why other languages may not contain superiorities which, if they could anyhow be introduced into English, would vastly increase its power and precision.

For instance, it cannot be denied that the possession of universally conjugated verbs gives a peculiar value to French ; the tenses and persons into which they are divided express the varying meanings which they are intended to convey with far more delicate nicety than can be obtained by the simple use of auxiliaries, as in English. Each condition of the verb has its special application and intention, and though the appreciation of this subtle distinction between the two languages requires not only a habit, but also a thorough sentiment of French, which few Englishmen have an opportunity of acquiring, every schoolboy knows in what it externally consists, because he learns the same thing in his Latin grammar. It presents the first great element of distinction between the structure of the Anglo-Saxon and Gallic tongues, and those who cannot admit its value should, at all events, not reject it as useless solely because they do not seize its delicate and finely-shaded effects.

Another advantage of French is the general rule which places the substantive before the adjective, communicating the idea itself to the

listener before its descriptive attribute is attached to it. A white cat, for example, is certainly a less correct and striking idiom than a cat white. The latter form, from want of habit of it, simply makes an Englishman laugh; but when the case is looked at closely, it becomes difficult not to recognise the importance of the change. Suppose, if the English rule be adopted, a hesitation to occur after the enunciation of the word white: the listener may figure to himself a swan, or a towel, or a pot of cold cream, or any other habitually colourless object, while he is awaiting the addition which will define the application of the adjective. But if the other form be used, and cat put first in the phrase, what result can follow from a stoppage? Anyhow, the idea is fixed upon a cat, and all that is wanted to complete it is the designation of its nature. The expectant hearer may imagine it an Angora, or a tabby, asleep on the hearth-rug, or playing with a friendly cork, putting its back up against an approaching dog, or purring in lazy contentment, but he cannot get away from the fact that it is a cat he is being told about. There are exceptions to the rule, and therefore to the argument as well, but wherever it applies its force scarcely varies, whatever be the example chosen.

The exceptions are made by the French themselves: in questions of praise or blame, for instance, the qualifying adjective generally precedes the noun; everybody says *bon garçon*, and *garçon bon* would be as incomprehensible in France as *cat white* in England. The ear, instructed by long habit, is the only guide to these exceptions, which must be felt, and cannot be prescribed in teaching. What rule can regulate the application of epithets to a coat, for example?—it may be an excellent habit, *un habit bien fait*, *un habit noir*, or *un vieil habit*. With such variations as these to contend with, no absolute prescriptions can exist, especially as, of late years, the occasional employment of the adjective in front has become, particularly in Paris, a sort of fashion, the adoption of which produces, to modern listeners, a certain elegance of sound. It is perfectly grammatical to say, *c'est une femme aimable et charmante*, but it is infinitely more graceful to employ the form, *c'est une aimable et charmante femme*. This example, however, falls again into the category of personal descriptions, in which, as has just been observed, the adjective almost invariably precedes its object; but it serves to show that even in this very class of English-looking sentences there is no undeviating rule, whatever be the general custom with respect to them. It is true that in phrases where individual merits or defects are under discussion the person referred to is usually named or understood beforehand, and that it is, therefore, his qualification which ought to first strike the mind rather than a renewed designation of him. In all other cases, however, the advantages of giving the front place to the substantive are so real, that it is a pity that actual tendencies should seem to be somewhat threatening its long possession of that position. Anyhow, its dethronement is very partial, and the general composition of French retains the character of point and precision which results from the indication of the object before its qualifying adjective is declared. Here, again, the contrary habit of the English is a difficulty in the way of a fair judgment, but the obstacle is less serious than in the case of the conjugations,

and it may be that some people will admit that in this detail French has the best of it.

It should, however, be noticed that there are certain cases in which the same substantive changes its meaning altogether with its relative position towards the adjective. Une fausse corde in an instrument is only out of tune, but une corde fausse is essentially defective, and can never be brought into tune at all; la dernière année implies the latest year of any period whatever, while l'année dernière is strictly last year, and nothing else; une grosse femme is a stout female, but une femme grosse is enceinte, and may be as lean as a nail; un homme galant makes love to all the women he meets, while un galant homme is a chivalrous gentleman, not necessarily amorous at all; un pauvre homme is a poor weak creature, and un homme pauvre is an individual with no money. But while these examples are curious in themselves, they do not really affect the question of the relative places of the adjective and noun, any more than the still stranger case of the hermaphrodite word *gens*, which actually shifts its gender with its position, becoming feminine before the adjective and masculine after it: d'excellentes *gens*, and des *gens* excellents.

After the conjugation of the verbs and the order of the adjectives, it is in the internal structure of their phrases that the fundamental differences of the two languages come out in their next most apparent force. The examples of the differing road by which each arrives at the expression of the same idea are so infinitely numerous, that it is useless to attempt to give more than a few of them at hazard, selecting, however, the cases in which French appears to have the upper hand. *Vider une question*; *comment vous portez vous?* *le feu est mort*, strike even the eye as being more correct expressions than their English parallels discuss a question; how do you do? the fire is out (out of what?). Such phrases as *ça se laisse manger*, to describe an admirable dish; *c'était à en payer la place*, when speaking of an amusing scene; *racheter une erreur*, to imply the painful effort necessary to repair a fault; *chemin faisant*, for as I went along; *payer de sa personne*, in cases where vigorous personal example encourages others; *donner un coup de collier*, for to make a push, but with the radical difference that the former implies dragging ahead from the front, while pushing only brings out the far less energetic motion of thrusting from behind, are idioms of a vigour and effect which certainly surpass their English equivalents. There are quantities of others like them, but their enumeration would turn this article into a dictionary, and the above examples are enough to show the nature of some of the differences of phrasing of the two tongues.

The duplication of words, according to the sense of their application, is rather frequent in French. Before becomes *avant* when time is in question, and *devant* when position is referred to. Number becomes *nombre* to express a quantity, as *ils étaient au nombre de huit*, and *numero* to denote a figure, as *le numero huit*. New becomes *neuf* when applied to an object never used before, and *nouveau* if the subject be unfamiliar or of recent creation. Stalk becomes *queue* if it belongs to a flower or a single-stemmed fruit, and *rafle* if the fruit be in bunches like grapes or currants. *Jour* turns into *journée*, *soir* into *soirée*, an into

année, when the duration of their respective periods, and not the period itself, is to be conveyed. *Oui* is replaced by *si* if an affirmative answer is to be made to a question implying doubt: to will you come? the reply would be necessarily *oui*, but to you won't come, will you? it would as necessarily be *si*. All these distinctions are forcible in use, especially to foreigners, for the French themselves are too accustomed to them to appreciate the lines they draw.

As regards single words, it is quite impossible to say which of the two languages is the richer as a whole. English has rustling, flickering, smoulder, home, and dreary, not one of which words has a real equivalent in French; and French has the monopoly of *manière*, *s'encanailler*, *épillard*, *enlaidir*, *grignoter*, *recherché*, and *flow*, the latter of which is the best word ever invented to express a hazy, misty, floating outline. But such hap-hazard comparisons as these signify nothing; they only prove, with a hundred others like them, that each tongue possesses certain terms which the other cannot imitate, and that where the merit of a word is recognised, the best thing to do is to annex it outright. And if the merits of the single words which each language contains can be tested by the relative number of them which each has plundered from the other, it would follow that English has recognised its inferiority, for it has absorbed a quantity of terms from French, while French has stolen scarcely anything in return. Comfortable, grog, and baby, and some few technical terms such as rail, stop, docks, and cheque, are about all which it has thus far taken from us. Certain imported articles are beginning, however, in Paris, to keep their British titles; the most prominent amongst them are tartan, pound cake, cold cream, and carpet.

In terms of affection and tenderness French is rich in quantity and poor in quality. It possesses nothing approaching to the charming and eminently English darling. Our ridiculous little duck is none the less absurd when it is converted into little cabbage or little rabbit. Baby, as has just been said, has been lately borrowed from us, but its sense has been extended from the wearers of swaddling-clothes to big men and women of forty, who call each other "*mon bon gros bébé*" in their moments of massive love. *Mon vieux* is the exact equivalent of old fellow; *mon gros* and *mon petit* do not exist in English, and there is no reason why they should, for they signify nothing. But the weakest point in French language of affection is that it makes no distinction between the two sentiments of love and like; the immensity of the distance which separates those two inclinations is simply covered by the one word *aimer*, which implies them both. *J'aime ma femme et les huîtres!* There is a deplorable deficiency here, but the French do not feel it; never having possessed the means of distinguishing between love and like, they comprehend with difficulty the infinite advantage which English has over them on the point. If there be an argument which can convince an Englishman that French may contain words and idioms superior to those he uses, it is surely the singular blindness of the French to this insupportable vacuum of their language.

But while the French words employed to indicate attachment or regard, are thus poor and inexpressive, the tongue possesses a special form of speech of boundless friendship and meaning, of which English has no

notion at all. *Tutoiement*—the use of *thou*—is the essence of French affection, and its effect is so immense, its purport so extended, that no sufficient appreciation of its force can anyhow be conveyed to an unpractised ear. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, and, in certain cases, intimate friends as well, never call each other “*you* ;” the word is too cold to satisfy the heart ; the familiar tender *tu*, with its undefinable gentleness, is the only appellation they use. And this single word is so complete, so thorough in its sense, so fond and loving in the marked line it draws between those to whom it is addressed, and the cold world of “*vous*,” that its existence alone imparts to French language of affection a completeness and a separate field of action, which efface the general want of well-chosen special terms of attachment. The pleasure of *tutoiement* must be felt, it cannot be described ; there is nothing like it in all English, nothing that approaches its particular and exclusive perfection. It alone suffices to efface the short-comings of other loving words.

The differences of proverbial comparisons are marked enough. We call an obese watch a turnip ; in France it is an onion : we say stupid as a goose, the French have stupid as a cabbage ; or, better still, stupid as rain : our ugly as sin become *laid à faire peur* : make hay while the sun shines, turns into beat the iron while it is hot : but in this case the two expressions ought really to be mutually exchanged by an international treaty, for each one fits itself more rightly to the general occupations of the other’s country than of its own : the British boy lets off an imaginary gun with an accompanying bang, the gamin of France employs a long resounding boom.

These same distinctions extend to the very animals of the two countries. An English duck, in his moments of loquacity, expresses his sentiments by quack quack, the members of his tribe who reside in France mutter can can. The British cock wakes up his neighbours with a lusty cock-a-doodle-doo, his Gallic rival shrieks *cocoricou*.

The difficulty of fairly appreciating the relative merits of all these phrases (the human ones that is, not those of poultry) is increased by the utter impossibility of translating them. Literal conversions from one language to the other, are ridiculous in both. We laugh at a gasping Frenchman who painfully inquires, hat in hand, “*Would you be enough good to indicate me the road of Leicester-squarr,*” but we forget the inconceivable forms of speech which we employ ourselves when we attempt to express our thoughts in French. The sturdy Englishman who asked a Paris upholsterer for a “*poitrine de caleçon*” as the equivalent of a chest of drawers, indignantly expected to be understood, and said in his fury, “*Vos faire un fou de moi,*” as the natural Gallic form of “*You’re making a fool of me.*” The other one, who observed to the steward of the Marseilles steamer, “*Je vais m’accoucher donnez moi une naissance,*” imagined that he was legitimately expressing his desire to go to bed, and to know the number of his berth, and had no conception that his translation of this very natural sentiment into French produced one of the most remarkable declarations which ever issued from a masculine mouth. The poet, beloved by young ladies, who (as report pretends) said to the waiter at a Geneva hotel, “*Ne laissez pas sortir le fou de ma*

chambre," considered that he was simply requesting that he would not let the fire go out, and was paralysed with horror when he learnt, on coming in again some hours afterwards, that his pronunciation and his phrase had been taken as they stood, and that the travelling friend who shared his room had been locked up in it as a madman, and had narrowly escaped a strait-waistcoat for the furious indignation which he displayed at this privation of liberty.

With examples like these before us of the facility with which we may fall into error by the too ready adoption of our habitual idioms, we ought to be more merciful to foreigners who make similar mistakes in talking English, instead of listening, as we too often do, with satisfied and half contemptuous amusement, to what seem to us, from mere want of habit, to be fantastic forms of speech. Besides, however far we may advance in our knowledge of a language, perfection is unattainable, and we should remember that when we hear others talk. We may acquire a faultless structure of French, we may even suppress our accent, particularly the *oi, oi, oi*, which is so pleasingly distinctive of the Britisher abroad, but we can never pick up the tone of voice, without which French is not French. We all speak from our throats, while the French talk from their teeth. They form their sounds at the front of the mouth, and we at the back. The moment an Englishman transplants the creation of his words from back to front, he necessarily speaks better, but the process is very nearly impracticable.

The best test of thorough knowledge of a foreign language is to be able to pray, swear, and count in it. These three operations are insensibly performed in one's mother tongue, and until we can employ another language indifferently for them, we cannot pretend to have entirely acquired it.

In France the language of prayer is miserably poor and dry when compared with the magnificent grandeur of certain English prayers: the distinction is the same as that which exists between the two translations of the Bible, which becomes an ordinary, heavily-written book in its French form.

As regards swearing, however (*extremes meet*), French has out and out the best of it. There is certainly a cordial satisfaction, a real comfort, to be found in the use of the general English expletive, but it fades into waxy insignificance by the side of the rolling *r*'s of France. The incomparably blasphemous form of some of the oaths employed by the lower classes there gives them a special character, of which even the English mining districts can afford no worthy parallel. But putting aside these exceptional outbursts, and limiting the comparison to damn on one side, and *r* on the other, English must climb down at once. Nothing can exceed the soothing effects of every kind which may be derived from the dexterous use of a rolling *r*. All the single swearing words which French possesses contain it, and as it constitutes their main essence, there is no apparent reason why any other words of similar form should not do as well, and why the most violent objurgations should not be expressed by *mer-r-r-r-re*, *poivr-r-r-r-re*, or *cuv-r-r-r-r-re*; if they passed into the adopted list their inoffensive significations would enable them to be used in public talk, just as *sac à papier* and *sabre de bois* already are by mild old ladies out of temper.

Some of the cleverest swearing in France is performed by the army, but its pretensions to elevated language are not limited to its delicate choice of expletives. The sergeants and corporals are always regarded by the pious, as the fresh recruits are called, as infallible judges of pure diction, and most edifying stories are told of their decisions on disputed points. The best of them is of a difficulty between two Normans as to whether *j'ai été* should be pronounced *j'ai-e-été* or *j'ai-t-été*: the drum-major, to whom the question was respectfully deferred, replied with conscious dignity, "*Tous les deux se disent, mais le mieux est de dire j'ai-h-été, l'h est aspirée comme dans hépinards ou brouhette.*" This school, however, as this example shows, would be somewhat dangerous to follow; fortunately it lies out of the reach of most people, and barrack forms of speech do not exercise a perceptible influence on the national style.

The old proverb that the best French is spoken in higher Touraine is still true; the delicacy of pronunciation of the peasants round Blois is most remarkable. The language of Paris is more *maniéré* (no English word will express that idea); it is full of innovations and passing affectations. The women particularly have now a trick of trailing their words, which, though adopted as a fashion, has no charm at all, and would be a bad system for a foreigner to copy. The language of the men in Paris is quite as full of slang as London English is, and though it is impossible to follow a better guide to familiar French, no elegance of phrase can be learnt from that example. Of course these observations are only general; in quantities of houses the purest and most correctly spoken terms alone are used. But, after all, the question has but little importance for the mass of English travellers, who never go to French houses at all, and ventilate their foreign talk with café waiters or other promiscuous acquaintance.

Perfection in French is certainly not essentially necessary for Englishmen, and most of them seem to resolutely avoid all opportunities of acquiring it, but the language is such a charming vehicle of conversation, it fits itself so prettily and precisely to all the wants of daily life, it contains so many admirable peculiarities, and possesses so many special qualities, that it is a pity the English do not take more pains, when they have an opportunity under their hands, to obtain a real knowledge of its merits.

A TRAGEDY IN WAXWORK.

THERE was an intense excitement in the imperial city of Vienna. For weeks past heavy trains of Hungarian prisoners, some of high birth, some of low, had been brought through the streets, and kept under arrest in various houses. The conspiracy, known in history by the name of the Zriny-Nadasdy, which had been long smouldering, had been betrayed, and was finally drowned in the blood of the noble men who had staked life for a cause which was lost at the outset. As the prisons would not hold the number of persons compromised, it was found necessary to quarter them in private houses, whose windows were hurriedly grated, and, when filled with guards, they resembled little citadels.

The most uncomfortable rumours were afloat. The emperor, Leopold I., was seriously ill, and it seemed as if Providence would no longer be his hand in signing the multitude of death-warrants. At the same time the formidable foe across the Rhine, Louis XIV., was stirring, for he was engaged more than ever with his plan of securing for the House of Bourbon the succession to the throne of the Spanish Habsburgs. Never had the moment been more favourable for the success of Louis's intrigues.

Leopold had no male descendants. His younger brother, Charles Joseph, had died in 1664. If the emperor were to die, a war of succession would be inevitable, and who could resist the mighty Louis, who, allied with England through the weakness of Charles II., with Sweden, and the chief powers of the empire, saw no foe of importance opposed to him save the States-General? Were not his armies led by such generals as Turenne and Condé, and there was as yet no Eugène or Marlborough to oppose to them?

The House of Austria was tottering—there were two hundred and fifty combatants at that time in Vienna. They were combatants *ad maiorem Dei gratiam!* The fathers of the company of Jesus. They had the emperor entirely in their power, called him their "*Leopoldus Magnus*," received a thousand marks of favour from him, and, by their fanatical greed for conversions, paved the way for the insurrection in Hungary, which was supported by Louis XIV. The Magyars must be the scapegoats for all the treachery and faithlessness that were going on in the dark at the court of Vienna. These fathers were supported by the priests of the company, who had been in the service of Louis XIV. since 1668, as the company preferred the growing power of the French to that of the imperilled Habsburgs.

Leopold I. was compelled to pray—pray a very great deal—and he liked to pray. At that period, which certainly urged the oppressed ruler more than any other to ask the aid of Deity, his conscience-keepers, the Jesuits, made religion a political lever. The emperor heard mass thrice a day on his knees, and Pater Müller lent him his ear in the confessional. Religious conversation formed the staple of the day's amusement, and every article the emperor employed must previously be blessed by the priests.

On March 22, 1670, just about twilight, a man, pushing a truck

before him, appeared in front of the storehouses in the imperial castle of Vienna. The kitchen officers at once took charge of his load, which was intended for household purposes. It consisted of two rather large chests. The companions of the porter were strange enough: they were two men dressed in the garb of Jesuits. The steward, who was summoned, made a deep bow. One of the black gentry was the pater-procurator, the other a less exalted instrument of the order. The kitchen-servants had just caught hold of the chests, which had been removed from the truck, when the pater restrained them in a gentle voice.

"My friends," he said, "are you aware that these chests must be treated tenderly? Carry them carefully into the ante-room, so that their contents may not be injured."

"Your reverence will greatly oblige by telling me what the chests contain, so that I may take due care of them until I hand them over to the chamberlain on duty," the steward said, gazing reverently at the two chests.

"Learn, my friend," the procurator replied, "that the cases contain a number of consecrated wax-candles, whose flames will henceforth illumine the imperial apartments. His majesty, you know, receives everything he requires from the hands of us, who have blessed it for his service. Inform the servants who have charge of the apartments that his majesty gave his reverend confessor, Father Müller, to understand that he wished, in addition to other consecrated objects, to have such candles burnt in his rooms. They must, therefore, be henceforth taken from this store."

After the procurator had convinced himself that the cases had been properly delivered, he went away with his companion. On the same evening consecrated candles were lit in the apartment of the Emperor Leopold, and remained from that time in constant use.

A week later the emperor was taken dangerously ill. In spite of the consecrated candles, he began to pine away, and no physician, no prayers, could check it.

"The Hungarian malcontents have poisoned the emperor," 'twas said in Vienna. "The Nadasy has done it, for he tried his hand first in killing Nicholas Zriny."*

A light travelling calèche was following the road from Swechat to Vienna. The driver wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had a brace of pistols in his belt. Imperial dragoons rode on either side of the carriage, with their carbines laid across their saddle-bow. This escort indicated to passers-by that there was a prisoner of importance in the interior of the vehicle.

The two-seated calèche was conveying two gentlemen to Vienna, the younger of whom wore the uniform of the Austrian Life Guards. His face revealed the Southerner at the first glance, and the cheerful expression which was visible on it formed a striking contrast with the melancholy stamped on the features of the elder gentleman sitting by his side. The latter, for whom the escort was intended, was dressed in black velvet. A long cloak, edged with expensive fur, entirely covered his person. On his head he wore a close-fitting cap, under whose brim grey locks peered

* See Michiel's "Secret History of the House of Austria," on which work, indeed, my anecdote is founded.

out. His talented noble face had assumed that yellowish hue peculiar to ivory when it is hundreds of years old, and which is the colour of thinkers or martyrs. His large black eyes sparkled above his aquiline nose, and a long beard fell on his chest. The officer was Captain Luigi Scotti of the Guards, his prisoner the learned, much-abused adept, physician, and philosopher, Giuseppe Francisco Borri.

This Borri was a remarkable man. Scion of a noble family, he had devoted himself with ardent zeal to the sciences. He left his home in Milan in order to visit the Eternal City. At this place, which was so dangerous for such occupation, he laboured diligently in perfecting himself in the secret arts of chemistry. Borri, like most of the learned hot-heads of his day, sought the philosopher's stone. When he stood till daybreak in front of his laboratory forge, when his retorts grew red-hot, when the strangest mixtures, reduced to a flux, heaved and bubbled tumultuously in the wondrously-shaped vessels, joy shone on his pale features, and when, after lengthened toil, he had completed a chemical analysis, he would throw himself delighted on his bed, in order to continue working in his dreams. But the excited fancy of the alchemist wandered out of the narrow walls of his laboratory: it became fixed on things and questions which could not be solved by mere experiments. His active mind also flew into the region of theology and the Church, and said to him, "The Pope is not the high priest if he does not bear on his brow the symbol of Deity."

These doubts pursued him asleep and awake, and left him no rest, until his martyrdom was converted into apparitions and visions. At length he believed himself bound to impart these doubts to a priest, and to speak fearlessly. He delivered orations against the supremacy of the Pope, in which he partly based his arguments on supernatural illusions, while he at the same time declared that the mysteries of our faith were derived from the principles of chemistry.

The Jesuits, with whom he had studied when a youth, violently persecuted him, and obtained an order for his arrest through the tribunal of the Inquisition. Borri fled from Rome to Milan, and thence to Strasburg. During this time his picture was burnt at Rome, on January 3, 1661, by the hangman, and his name exposed on the gallows. His scholars were imprisoned. Not being suffered to remain at Strasburg, Borri proceeded to Amsterdam. Here he was in safety. He had certainly found the philosopher's stone, for his extensive studies had made a great physician of him. Borri could scarcely satisfy the crowds that desired to be cured by him. Money poured in in large sums, and enabled him to keep up a brilliant establishment. His chemical experiments had opened for him one of the dark sides of nature: Borri had a perfect knowledge of poisons, their effect, and their cure. After performing many cures, almost bordering on the marvellous, especially of eye diseases, he went to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Queen Christina. A few months after he was summoned to Copenhagen, where he astonished all the world by his talent. A mean court intrigue overthrew him. After the death of King Frederick III. he left the north of Europe in order to proceed to Turkey. On April 10, 1670, he arrived at Goldingen, on the Silesian border, and lodged at the house of a gentleman, with the resolution of continuing his journey to Turkey through Moravia and Poland.

It was here that Borri fell into the hands of the imperialists.

One day the papal nuncio was in the imperial cabinet, engaged in conversation with Leopold. They were discussing the insurrection which had broken out in Hungary. Just at the moment when the priest was in the full swing of his harangue, and thundering against the rebels, a fresh important despatch was delivered to the emperor. It contained reports about what had occurred, and a long list of the persons compromised. The secretary read the despatch, and then the names, which did not affect the nuncio. At length he arrived at a name which caused the priest to give an involuntary start. Francis Borri stood on the lists of the suspected: there was evidence that the physician was in immediate connexion with the malcontents.

"Borri," the nuncio cried, gnashing his teeth, "Borri to be captured? Your majesty, have him arrested at once. He is one of the most dangerous emissaries. He contrived to escape from the avenging arm of the Holy Office. His capture will be a double profit for the Church and the throne."

Leopold could never resist the entreaties of a priest, least of all at such a moment as this, and hence Captain Scotti was sent on a special mission to Goldingen to arrest Borri.

On April 22, Borri's host came into the dining-room with an embarrassed air, and told the physician of the arrival of an imperial commissary, who had orders to arrest him. This man had evidently played the part of denouncer, even though he pretended that Borri's name and residence had been carried to Vienna by travellers. The captain, a countryman of Borri's and native of Florence, treated the prisoner with the greatest politeness, and told him that he was suspected of having an understanding with Stephen Tekely, one of the chiefs of the conspiracy. Borri took leave of his false friend, got into the carriage waiting for him with the captain, the dragoons broke into a trot, and they at once started for Vienna.

The conversation between the travellers was materially promoted by the fact that they were countrymen, and could converse in Italian. In the course of conversation Scotti remarked:

"My dear friend, I fancy that you must have powerful enemies among the higher clergy, probably on account of your acquirements; the papal nuncio himself is among your opponents."

"In that case I can recognise the real cause of my arrest."

Scotti furthermore told the physician that the emperor was suffering from a wasting disease, which seemed to be incurable.

"It is said," the captain continued, "that his majesty, has been poisoned."

"Have not his physicians noticed this?" Borri said; "and could they not at once expel the poison from his body? Such a task would not cause me any embarrassment, so soon as I had convinced myself of the presence of the poison. The emperor would not be the first I have saved. Perhaps I am summoned to cure the man who pursues and imprisons me. My dear countryman, inform the emperor that, if he has really been poisoned, I will free him from it, in order to prove that I am incapable of taking any revenge for the insult done me by my arrest."

Scotti promised to inform the emperor of the promised help.

At mid-day, on April 28, the travellers arrived in Vienna. Borri's prison was in the Swan Inn. Two days previously, two principal leaders of the conspiracy, Peter Zriny and Frangipani, had been confined in this very house: now they were under close arrest at Neustadt. A few people collected when Borri got out at the door of the inn, but generally his arrival attracted but slight attention, as the bringing in of Hungarian prisoners had now become an every-day scene for the inhabitants of Vienna.

Borri was treated with great civility by the soldiers on guard, and shown to the best room. When left alone and locked up, the wearied man threw himself on to the simple couch, and sank into a deep sleep. He might have been sleeping some hours, when the rattling of the bolts aroused him. He sat up, and found himself in darkness. The door opened, and Borri saw his countryman Scotti walk in, wrapped up in a cloak, and bearing a dark lantern.

"Make haste and get ready," the captain began.

"Am I to be examined already?"

"No. The emperor wishes to speak with you, for your reputation as a physician is known to him. While making my report, I took advantage of the opportunity to mention your proposal to the illustrious patient. His majesty trusts in you, but was obliged to wait till night, as he does not wish the affair to become public, for you have been represented to him as one of the most obdurate heretics."

"Had my conscience accused me of heresy," Borri said, with a smile, "the emperor would not have caught me. My inner peace, and my desire to alleviate the misery of my fellow-men, give me the strength to endure my arrest with tranquillity. Let us go. I thank you, Scotti, for your recommendation, with which, however, you have certainly done the emperor a service."

Arm in arm, the couple walked through the dark streets till they arrived in front of the palace. Here Scotti handed his prisoner over to a chamberlain, who led the physician through a long series of apartments to the imperial ante-chamber, where he requested him to sit down: the emperor would send for him.

Borri was not alone; several persons were carrying on an animated conversation. The physician had thrown back the hood that covered his face, and openly displayed his intelligent and noble face. He noticed that he became the subject of an eager conversation between two clergymen, who were unable to account for the reason of his presence.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour a gentleman of the bed-chamber came in, politely requested the persons present to retire, and made Borri a sign to follow him. They again passed through several rooms, till they came to a velvet-covered door. The gentleman opened it, drew back the heavy portière, and nodded to the physician to come in. Borri found himself in the emperor's cabinet.

The room, gloomy in itself, was lighted by twelve candles, burning in silver three-branched candelabra. Several large pictures, chiefly representing scenes from the lives of the saints, ornamented the wall. There were also all sorts of curiosities on consoles. By the side of a small work-table stood a very lofty prie-Dieu, over which a splendidly-carved crucifix

hung. The window-curtains were close drawn. The half-light that prevailed in the room, in spite of the candles, did not allow the physician on first entering to distinguish objects accurately. By degrees they stood out more distinctly, and Borri noticed a little man seated in an arm-chair near the table, and making impatient movements. It was the Emperor Leopold. The patient wore a green silk dressing-gown, and a cap with a species of sunshade. His feet were wrapped up, and his face was leaden-coloured, and frightfully fallen in.

"There sits his majesty," the chamberlain said to Borri, in Italian.

The physician advanced a step, and bowed.

"Are you the Milanese cavalier?" the emperor began, in a voice which seemed trembling from cold, although the stove threw out a cheerful heat.

"At your majesty's service."

"I am sorry to see you here as a prisoner, but you are not one at present."

"Had I not been arrested, I should not have had the happiness of seeing your majesty."

"I hear much that is satisfactory about your learning, although, in another respect, you are said to be a dangerous man."

"I can fully believe both your majesty's statements, for in the world persecution ever follows praise."

"Why do you trouble yourself with religious affairs? Leave them to the clergy."

"I regard religion as a great treasure. Why should I not occupy myself with it?"

"You are a Catholic?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Stay, though. I am told that you have changed your religion several times, and are the founder of a new one."

"So my enemies say, who are at the same time your majesty's enemies."

"What do you mean?"

"Only those who are ignorant of religion and philanthropy have brought me hither. As the people who wish to lay fetters on free thought, are always the foes of God, they cannot be the friends of your majesty, from whom I do not expect such a thing."

Here the chamberlain made the remark: "Inspiration is rising to the cavalier's brain."

"Who is this man," Borri asked, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "who has the boldness to speak about inspiration?"

"He is my chamberlain," the emperor said, soothingly. "He has humorous notions at times."

"He may swallow them in my presence," the physician said, sternly. "It annoys me quite enough to see such people in your majesty's entourage."

"Do not be so excitable, my good cavalier," Leopold exclaimed.

"If I were to be annoyed by all such remarks, I should have been in my grave long ago."

"I am never silent, your majesty, when I have to express my views.

Hence, before I have the happiness of conversing with your majesty again, I make the stipulation that this man must hold his tongue."*

The emperor made a sign with his hand to the chamberlain, and the latter fell back.

This conversation gives us a very distinct idea of Leopold's bigoted tendencies. Instead of consulting the physician about his own state, which was evidently dangerous, the emperor first began a religious skirmish with the philosopher or heretic. The conversation next turned to Borri's expressed opinions about the Trinity. Leopold examined into the physician's theological knowledge, his views about the Virgin, and many other matters, in which Borri's logic always had the best of it. At last the emperor said:

"You have something to answer for at Rome, and I trust you will be able to do so without any unpleasant consequences. But now I hear that you devote yourself to chemical cures. I would sooner talk to you on that point than about theological things. What have you heard about my condition?"

"Nothing beyond the supposition that your majesty has been poisoned. But that I may be able to express my views on the subject, your majesty's physician-in-ordinary must bring the symptoms before me, and then I shall be able to speak with greater certainty."

By the emperor's orders the physician was sent for. When left alone with the emperor, Borri bent searching glances upon the emperor's wasted form, then felt the sufferer's skin, and finally carefully surveyed the walls. After this, he examined every object with the greatest attention, and at length fixed his eyes resolutely on the ceiling, as if he wished to pierce through the flowers and ornaments that decorated it in rich stucco work. The emperor's eyes timidly followed Borri's glances and movements. The poor patient groaned deeply: he was awaiting the physician's opinion—a supposition or a consolation.

"Well, Borri," he panted, "what do you think?"

"My supposition," the physician firmly remarked, "has almost become a certainty. Your majesty has been poisoned."

"Holy mother have mercy on me!" the emperor shrieked.

"I must, as I said, speak with the physician-in-ordinary; but I believe he will share my views. I can also promise your majesty's recovery with equal certainty. There is still time for it."

"And how do you come to the conclusion of poison? My most intimate friends nearly always dine with me out of the same dish. Do you notice anything on my body?"

"Your majesty," said Borri, "it is not your body, but the atmosphere of your sitting-room and bedroom that is poisoned. So soon as the physician-in-ordinary arrives, we will make arrangements to remove you to other apartments."

"How can you know this, when I feel nothing of it?"

"Your majesty is too accustomed to the poisonous exhalation for you to notice it."

"And where does this exhalation come from?"

* This conversation is borrowed, word for word, from the report of Cardinal Passionei.

The physician walked slowly and solemnly to the gilt guéridons on which the triple-branched candlesticks stood. He took the latter down, went up to the emperor's table, and placed them by the side of the other candlesticks. Twelve burning candles were now close together.

"Where the exhalation comes from?" Berri said, stretching out his hand; "from your wax candles, your majesty. Do you not see the red fire in the flame?"

At this moment the chamberlain came in.

"The fire is vivid," the emperor objected, "but does not seem to me extraordinary."

"Do you not perceive the fine white mist, which is not found with natural candles?"

"My eyes are so weak. Do you see it, chamberlain?"

The gentleman thus appealed to was compelled to answer in the affirmative.

"Your eyes," said Borri, contemptuously, "are better than your brain, M. Chamberlain."

The emperor's physician-in-ordinary made his appearance.

"You have come at the right moment," the emperor exclaimed; "this cavalier asserts that the atmosphere of my room is poisoned. Have you the diagnosis with you?"

"Here, your majesty; it has been kept since the first day of your illness," said the physician.

Borri ran through the papers, and found them perfectly correct and careful. The physician, pleased at this acknowledgment of his services, listened to Borri's suspicions.

"Look here, doctor," Borri exclaimed; "do you see this fine, quickly-ascending vapour? Now look at the ceiling; do you notice the crust which the vapour has deposited there?"

"I see it all, and bow to your sharpness, cavalier," said the doctor. "I confess, your majesty, that I have felt suspicious for some days past."

"Does your majesty burn such candles everywhere?" Borri asked. "It would be important to know whether they are used in the empress's room."

The chamberlain was ordered to fetch two burning candles from the apartment of the empress, and the flames were compared. The emperor's lights burned with a dark red restless flame; a fine vapour, which enclosed the upper part of the candle like a veil, was rent by repeated sparks, which flashed from the wick, and crepitated like electrical discharges. The candles of the empress burned quietly, like any ordinary wax-candle.

"Here is the poison," Borri exclaimed, triumphantly, as he laid his white bony hand on a candlestick belonging to the imperial cabinet. "Shall I now prove to your majesty that these candles contain a subtle poison?"

"At once."

Borri closed the door of the imperial cabinet. He and the physician immediately extinguished the suspected wax-candles. Then both went into a corner, took a silver dish, and began removing the wax from the wick over it. So soon as the latter was laid bare, Borri explained his views to the emperor. Leopold ordered the chamberlain to be called, and commanded that the entire stock of wax-candles should be brought into

his room. They were taken out of a cupboard in the ante-room, and about thirty pounds still remained. Borri at once pointed out a peculiar fact to the emperor. Each candle was marked at top and bottom with a gilt garland, evidently that there might be no mistake. A careful investigation was made, the result of which was that the wicks of the candles used by the emperor were powerfully impregnated with arsenic. A turnspit dog was fetched, shut up in a closet, and a dish of meat was put before it, with which were mixed finely-shredded pieces of the wick.

In the mean while the emperor was removed to other apartments. By the monarch's orders, everybody was to observe the deepest silence about the whole affair. Borri and the physician-in-ordinary proceeded to the palace surgery, sent away all the assistants, and prepared an antidote for the emperor with their own hands. Borri then analysed the components of the dipped wick, and obtained from it a copious deposit of arsenic. He had left orders that he should be called so soon as the dog began to grow restless, but the effect of the poison was so rapid that Borri found the animal already dead when he returned to the emperor. Both physicians began the cure of the emperor on the same evening. Borri's medicine consisted chiefly of sudorifics, which he always employed in poisoning cases.

Leopold had scarce changed his room ere he gave orders to have the supplier of the wax-candles arrested. The procurator of the Jesuits was found to be the man, but he was no longer in Vienna. By express orders of the emperor, Borri remained near him, and attended the monarch, who daily grew better. The physician supported the savant to the best of his ability, and by May 19 the emperor was able to drive out again.

He constantly had conversations with Borri, who was obliged to make him an accurate report of his medical treatment. The physician had most strictly followed the effect of the poison and its amount, and even examined the deposit on the ceiling. He kept back two candles as evidence, and the rest were employed in analysis. The weight of the candles was twenty-four pounds, that of the impregnated wicks three pounds and a half, whence Borri concluded that the amount of poison was nearly two pounds and three-quarters. When the emperor heard these results, he exclaimed, "They would have sent me *ad patres* in a few months." Borri dined at the imperial table, and was greatly distinguished, to the no slight annoyance of his clerical foes, who, however, were sufficiently well acquainted with the emperor's vacillation to feel sure that their victim would not escape them. The same opinion prevailed among the inhabitants at court. Scotti only looked at his celebrated countryman with glances of compassion, and the physician-in-ordinary declared without hesitation:

"My dear Borri, the behaviour of the emperor has only increased the number of your foes. Any one who has attracted the hatred of the priests here may be regarded as lost. You will see your destiny fulfilled in Rome."

"No persecution," Borri replied, "will keep down my mind."

It can scarcely be believed that Leopold really surrendered the saviour of his life to the power of the Holy Office in Rome, were there not, unhappily, too many similar instances in history.

On June 14, 1670, the perfectly-cured Leopold discharged his physician Borri. He thanked him fervently, and with tears in his eyes, and regretted that he could not display the gratitude which he owed the physician from the feelings of his heart. In the matter of religion, however, Borri had so "gone astray that it was necessary to cure him of his errors." The Pope would appoint a commission. "Still," the emperor continued, "I have obtained a guarantee from the papal nuncio that in no case shall anything be done against your body and your life. My envoy in Rome will tell you this in the presence of the papal commission. So long as you live, two hundred ducats a year shall be paid you by myself or my heirs as a memorial of what you have done for me. If you come to a better conviction in religious matters, I will see what is to be done. God take you under His protection—that is my wish. Farewell."

He offered the physician his hand to kiss, which Borri bedewed with his tears—tears of emotion and of compassion. On the following day the savant was taken to Rome under an escort. The procurator was never heard of again: the black deed, however, was concealed, and the priests and their influence still prevailed as of yore.

As for Borri, he was imprisoned for life in the castle of St. Angelo. At first he was never to leave the castle, but eventually obtained so much liberty that he was allowed to go in and out unimpeded, and practise. This he owed to the energetic interference of the French *maréchal*, D'Estrées, whom he cured of a dangerous disease at Rome. After this he performed several other remarkable cures, and died in 1681. The Jesuit general, Pater Gonzalez, frequently visited him in St. Angelo in order to obtain from him the arcanum by which he expelled poisons from the human body. Gonzalez even went so far as to give him a certificate of his entire innocence, and promised him his liberty. But Borri ever laughingly declined to reveal the secret, with the words, "This knowledge is not in accordance with the rules of St. Ignatius of Loyola." At Vienna the affair was soon forgotten: the execution of the Hungarian rebels destroyed the horror which the dark deed at first aroused.

It is certainly most probable that the attempt was made on Leopold at the instigation of the French party from the motives we have already stated. The pater-procurator was at once got out of the way, and probably received compensation elsewhere; and, according to the principles of the order, it was not responsible for the wicked action of an individual. On September 20, 1713, however, Prince Eugène wrote to Sinzendorf from Philippsburg: "I am satisfied with the selection of Beutenreider as political adjutant, and will take such care of the health of this excellent man that no apprehension about Aqua Tofana shall affect him. A veil must be thrown over many things, as the Emperor Leopold believed when he was convinced by the unfortunate Borri that the poison he had inhaled was derived from the wax-candles burning on his table."*

* Political Writings of Prince Eugène, vol. vii. p. 45.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

BY W. BRODIE.

III.

EZRA CROSS AND THE MARSHAL.

WE had all re-filled our glasses, and sucked sedulously at the straws for a few minutes, and I was lighting a fresh cigar, when Mr. Ridley broke in :

" Captain, if you'll allow me, I'll tell you of a somewhat similar trick, which I happen to know was played on the marshal in Iowa when I was last there.

" Near Jacksonville, where I was staying for a few days on business, there resides a small farmer named Ezra Cross, a New England man, who, having passed his early youth as a tin pedlar, was considered to be what in New England phrase is denominated '*a very 'cute trader.*' He had purchased the ground he now farmed about two years previously ; but being possessed of only a very limited capital, he had been forced to raise a considerable portion of the purchase-money by loans. These loans, as he often stated, pressed on him very heavily, as the persons from whom he had borrowed the money always took the opportunity of demanding payment at the moment they knew from the state of the markets that he could not dispose of his produce except at a loss, and then compelled him to make new arrangements with them of such a nature that, in spite of his labouring hard from morning to night, he could see no prospect of his ever becoming free. In this quandary he had recourse to me. I had known and had dealings with him for a considerable number of years, and although he was excessively difficult at driving a bargain, I had always found him an honest, upright man. When he had fully explained the affair to me, I at once proposed to give him a certain sum down on a mortgage on his farm stock, &c. This I agreed was to be done privately, and at once, so that afterwards, his property being put beyond the reach of his other creditors, he might be able to treat with them on a more equal footing. At the same time I bargained that I myself, instead of paying the money over to him, was to do so to his creditors, for I would not lend myself to anything that had even the semblance of being dishonest, and I felt convinced that the sum I was about to advance was fully equivalent to all their just claims. A not very far distant day was fixed upon for carrying out this plan. And I left the state, agreeing to be back at the appointed time, when he promised to have all the necessary papers, documents, &c., prepared for signature. During my absence the monetary crisis of 1857 swept over the country. The markets were literally at a stand-still. Such a fair chance was not to be let slip by Ezra's creditors. Down they came on him. His farm was in excellent order. His stables and byres well filled, and his barns fully stocked. The propositions they made to him for a delay of a few months were expressly of a nature so onerous, that it rendered them virtually impossible. They saw that by seizing the farm, selling it at once, then buying it in,

and holding on till better times, they would by a fresh sale clear a profit of over a hundred per cent., and they consequently determined to avail themselves of the advantage which the universal tightness of the money market thus gave them. It was in vain that Ezra expostulated; his creditors turned a deaf ear to all his remonstrances, and he now saw the day not very far distant when he should once more have to begin the world again penniless, all the earnings of his hard work during the earlier part of his life swept away, to leave him in his older years to return again to labour, which his increased age rendered him unfit for. It was about this time that he was riding home disconsolately from the market, where he had in vain been endeavouring to dispose of some of his stock, turning over in his mind his unhappy position, and considering that being far away from all his more intimate friends and relations, and his wife being on a visit in New England, he had no one to whom he could confide his property for the time being, and secure it from the rapacity of his creditors, by executing a bill of sale, when a gentleman, well mounted on a high-mettled horse, was riding past him at a hard trot. The road just at the point where he then was takes a sharp turn, then descends down a steep hill, and a mile farther on, about half way up another, but gentler ascent, lies the farm of Ezra Cross. The gentleman having turned the corner was lost to sight, but a slight cry arrested Ezra's attention, so hurrying his horse along with a touch of the spur, he followed, and there he saw the gentleman who had just passed a few yards down the hill getting up from the road, and his horse loose, galloping away. Tying his own horse to a tree, Ezra went up to the gentleman, asked him if he were hurt, and, being informed that he felt a little shaken, offered to take him to his house, which was near at hand, attend to his wants, and send a person to catch his horse. 'Do you live near here?' said the gentleman. 'Yes; that is my house you see there buried in the woods about a mile and a half farther on, and if you feel too pained to walk to it, you can take my horse, and I will walk alongside of you.' 'Oh! thank you,' said the other; 'but the truth is, I am going on urgent business, and have not a moment to spare. Do you know a person hereabouts called Ezra Cross?' 'Yes,' said the farmer, 'very well;' and he was just on the point of saying that he was that person himself, when the old prudent business habits of his former life made him hesitate, so he merely added, 'Pray, may I ask, are you acquainted with him, sir?' 'Oh no, indeed!' said the gentleman; 'and I do not think he would be very desirous of making my acquaintance if he knew who I am.' 'They say he is somewhat embarrassed in his money matters,' said Ezra. 'Why, yes, and it is precisely on that account that I am hurrying out to his farm. Now, if you can assist me in finding it at once, I shall be most happy to reward you amply for your trouble.' 'Pray in what way can I be of use to you?' said Ezra. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'you see there are some two or three persons from whom Ezra borrowed a portion of the money with which he bought his property. Well, these persons, as he cannot pay them now, have sent me, the marshal, to put an execution in it, and the reason I am so pressed for time is, that a friend of his, a Mr. Ridley, arrived in town this morning, and, hearing that execution was about to be put into Ezra's farm, started off at once for it along with Judge Parsons. Now, we learned not only this from Judge Parsons's clerk, but that a mortgage deed had been pre-

pared ready for signature, and that, seeing the turn affairs were taking, the judge, before starting, had altered a bill of sale for the same property that he happened to have by him, at Ezra's suggestion it appeared, filling up the blanks with Mr. Ridley's name. He further told us that Mr. Ridley and the judge intended waiting all night at Ezra's, in the event of their not finding him at home. So now you understand of what importance it is that I should reach the farm before Ezra, who was in town when I left, should come home.' 'Certainly,' said Ezra; 'and it is only a pity we had not foregathered a little sooner, as I might have saved you a considerable distance. You'll have to go back, for you remember where the four roads meet. Well, you ought there to have turned to the left instead of taking this the middle road.' 'Why, they told me the middle road, when I was in town,' said the marshal. 'Of course they did,' replied Ezra, 'because a year or two ago it used to be the middle road, this road branching off from it about a mile down the way, and another road, now closed, that led to Lewis Egleane's farm, being on the extreme left.' 'Oh! many thanks,' said the marshal. 'I understand now quite easily how the mistake must have arisen in the directions that were given to me. Now, if I could only catch my horse, I'd be off at once.' About this moment Ezra's son, a lad of fourteen, came running out of the thicket at the roadside, and said, 'Oh! father, we've been waiting for you all morning, theres——' A wink and a look from Ezra sufficed to make the boy understand that he ought not to speak; but, as Ezra afterwards told me, the big drops of sweat rolled down his forehead when he saw that boy come. 'Yes,' says Ezra, 'I guess you looked for me sooner, the more so as the brindled cow was expected to calve; but I hope I'm all in time.' 'Oh yes, father,' said the boy. 'Now, John, go and catch that gentleman's horse.' 'Oh! that would be difficult,' said John; 'he's cut his knee pretty considerable, I reckon.' 'Well, never mind,' said Ezra; 'bring him here at once,' although all the time Ezra was thanking Heaven in his heart that the marshal's horse being thus lamed, he would be delayed in the ride he had to take, and that he hoped to have the bill of sale completed before he could retrace his steps to the farm.

"With many thanks, the marshal proceeded on his way back, and Ezra no sooner saw that he had turned the corner, than, to the amazement of his son, he plunged the rowels of his spurs in his horse's sides, and started off down the hill at full gallop. In a few minutes he had arrived at his own house, and long before the marshal could retrace his steps and come to it, which he did with all speed, Ezra's farm, stock, cattle, horses, &c., and all that was in his barns, not excepting a single thing, was my property. The marshal was at first inclined to take very ill the trick that had been played him; but he afterwards enjoyed the joke, and, as his horse was very much disabled by its fall, he remained all night at the farm, and drove to the town next day in Ezra's waggon with Ezra, Judge Parsons, and myself. I need not add that Ezra's creditors accepted with pleasure conditions very favourable to Ezra, whom, so soon as they were completed, I put again in possession of his property, nor that since then he has paid me every cent I advanced him, has his farm clear of all debt, and a very handsome balance at his bankers.

"Now, captain, begging your pardon for having stopped you so long, for my story has somehow spun out to an unconscionable length, I trust you will continue your interesting narrative."

"Wall, Mr. Ridley, that is a fust-rate story ov yourn, and I likes it 'cause it wur straight up and down, jüst as wall as 'cute. Now that man, if he hadn't had such a friend as you tu back him up, blowed if he wouldn't ha' been completely ruinationed, and no help neether. Oh ! thar air some mortal cantankrous folks in this here world what don't care no more fur a man's feelins or his life than they du fur the feelins or life ov a tree-bug, seein' on'y and purvidin' they gains money. But a man as has tu du with a New Englander has considerable ov a edge tool tu play with, and gif he expects tu shave him, I calkilate he'd need tu take a lessin frum that book ov Dickens the Artful Dodger's in, and go tu bed bootod and spurred if he wishes tu git up before him. Thar ain't much green about the New Englanders : it's a colour they don't take tu kindly. I often thinks they must be born with spectacles on."

THE HAUNTED HOME.

BALLAD.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THEY told me of a haunted house,
 But they had read, perchance,
 Some dismal tale of ghostly forms
 That filled an old romance ;
 It needed not an idle tale
 To prove such things may be,
 The dear old home where long I've dwelt
 Seems haunted now to me.

Whene'er I pace the silent room,
 I mark the vacant chair,
 And memory fondly pictures still
 The form that rested there ;
 Around our porch the woodbine clings,
 And, when I pass the door,
 I feel 'tis haunted by the form
 That tended it of yore.

I mark at eve the sunset glow
 Steal through the window-pane,
 I almost feel the arm in mine
 That there so oft has lain ;
 I know these are but waking dreams,
 Faint shadows round me cast,
 But who has ever known *a home*
Not haunted by the past ?

CARDINAL POLE:
OR, THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.
 AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*
 BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the fifth.

THE INSURRECTION.

I.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN OSBERT AND CONSTANCE IN THE SACRISTY.

ON the King's departure from the sacristy, as previously narrated, Constance immediately released Osbert from the ambry, and the unhappy lovers, rushing into each other's arms, forgot for a short space the perilous position in which they were placed. At last, Osbert, partially disengaging himself from the mistress of his heart, exclaimed with bitterness,

"What have we done that we should suffer thus severely? Heaven seems never weary of persecuting us. Yet we have committed no fault save that of loving each other."

"Alas!" cried Constance, "it would seem that we are never to be united on earth, since we meet only for a moment, to be torn asunder. We must look for happiness beyond the grave."

"That is but cold comfort, Constance," cried Osbert. "I cling to life and hope. I yet hope to make you my bride, and to spend years in your society—happy, happy years, which shall make amends for all the misery we have undergone."

"It would, indeed, be bliss to dwell together as you say," replied Constance; "but fate opposes us, and to struggle against our destiny would be vain. The trials we experience are given us for our benefit, and ought to be borne cheerfully. At this very moment, within a short distance of us, a martyr is purchasing by a cruel death a crown of glory and a place in heaven. Hark to those cries!" she exclaimed, as shouts were heard without; "perchance he is now bound to the stake. I am thankful to be spared the frightful spectacle, but I can pray for him here."

And she knelt down on the pavement, and prayed aloud.

* *All rights reserved.*

While she was thus engaged, Osbert glanced anxiously around in search of some means of escape, but could discover none. The sacristy was lighted by two lancet-shaped windows, but they were narrow, and barred outside.

"Despair!" he exclaimed, in half-frenzied accents, as his search concluded. "Flight is impossible. We are lost."

But Constance's thoughts were with the martyr in Smithfield, and the appalling scene seemed to be passing before her eyes. Suddenly she shrieked out, "The fire is kindled. I can see the red reflexion of the flames through yonder windows. Oh, it is horrible. Would I were back with the good Cardinal!"

"Would you were!" ejaculated Osbert. "But I fear you will never behold him more. The King will be here presently, and will require an answer. What will you say to him?"

"Say! What shall I say?" cried Constance, bewildered.

"Ask me not," rejoined Osbert, in a sombre voice. "Take this dagger," he added, placing a poniard in her hand. "Conceal it about your person. You may need it."

"This dagger!" she cried, regarding the weapon. "What am I to do with it?"

"Should the worst befall, plunge it in the King's heart, or your own," he rejoined.

"I cannot," she replied, letting the poniard fall upon the pavement. "I will not commit a crime that would doom me to perdition. Were I, in a moment of desperation, to do as you suggest, all hope of our reunion in a better world would be over. Then, indeed, I should be lost to you for ever."

"But this inexorable demon will be here anon," cried Osbert, picking up the dagger. "The thought drives me mad. Would that these strong walls could crack asunder to let us pass, or the floor yawn and swallow us up. Anything to avoid him."

"Fresh shouts! more light against yon windows! They are adding fuel to the fire!" cried Constance. "'Twill be over soon."

"And then the King will come hither," said Osbert. "Are you prepared for him?"

"Fully prepared," she rejoined. "Return to your place of concealment, lest he should appear suddenly."

"No, I will remain here, and brave his anger," said Osbert.

"Oh, do not act thus rashly!" she exclaimed. "You can render me no aid, and will only place yourself in needless peril."

"I have no desire to live. Let the tyrant wreak his utmost vengeance upon me if he will. Ha! he comes," he cried, as the key grated in the lock, and the door opened.

It was not the King, however, but Rodomont Bittern, who entered.

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Rodomont. "Prudence is not to be looked for in a lover. I was certain I should find you

talking to your mistress, and therefore I came to warn you that the King will be here directly. Back to the ambry at once."

"No more hiding for me," returned Osbert. "I shall remain where I am."

"And be sent to the Tower, and have your head chopped off for your pains," observed Rodomont. "What service will that do to Mistress Constance?"

"It will only tend to make me more wretched," she rejoined. "If you love me," she added to Osbert, "you will not expose yourself to this great danger."

"There, you cannot resist that!" cried Rodomont. "Back to the ambry at once," he continued, pushing him towards it. "And as you value your head, do not stir till the coast is clear."

"I cannot answer for myself," remarked Osbert, as he got into the cupboard. "A word from the King will bring me forth."

"Then I'll answer for you," said Rodomont, locking the ambry, and taking away the key. "That's the only chance of keeping him out of harm's way. Be not cast down, fair mistress," he added to Constance. "The Cardinal will protect you."

"Were I with him I should have no fear," she replied. "He would shield me against all wrong; but I am now in the King's power, and he has threatened to deliver me to Bishop Bonner."

"And if his Majesty should so dispose of you, 'twill be but a brief confinement, for the Cardinal will speedily have you back. So be of good cheer. But hist! there is a stir within the church. The dread ceremony is over. I must leave you, or the King will find me here. Keep up your courage, I say."

With this he quitted the chamber, and made fast the door outside.

II.

HOW FATHER ALFONSO INTERPOSED IN CONSTANCE'S BEHALF.

AFTER a brief interval, but which appeared like an age to Constance, the door was again thrown open, and Philip entered the sacristy. To judge by his looks, no one would have supposed that he was fresh from the terrible spectacle he had just witnessed.

"One would think that burning must be pleasant to those tainted with heresy," he observed. "The wretch who has just suffered for his contumacy smiled as the pile was lighted. But it was not to speak of him that I came here, but of yourself, Constance. Have you reflected?"

"I did not need to reflect, sire. My determination was instantly formed, and is unalterable."

"You will regret it, Constance—bitterly regret it. Consider what you sacrifice—life, and all that can render life attractive—for a solitary cell, and a fiery death in Smithfield."

"I require no consideration, sire. I choose the dungeon and the stake."

"Yet a moment," urged Philip. "Bishop Bonner is without, but I am unwilling to summon him."

"Do not hesitate, sire. I have said that my determination is unalterable."

After regarding her steadfastly for a few moments, and perceiving that she manifested no symptoms of relenting, Philip moved slowly towards the door, and, on reaching it, paused, and again looked at her fixedly. But, as she still continued firm, he summoned Bonner, who immediately afterwards entered with Father Alfonso. The bishop's features were flushed with triumph, but the Spanish friar appeared grave and sad, and his cheeks were almost livid in hue.

"Here is another obstinate heretic for you, my lord," said the King, pointing to Constance. "Take her, and see what you can do with her."

"If the Lord Cardinal and your Majesty have failed in bringing her to reason, I shall stand but a poor chance of doing so," replied Bonner. "Nevertheless, I will essay. You must not expect the same gentle treatment from me, mistress," he added, in a harsh voice, to Constance, "that you have lately experienced from the Cardinal."

"I do not expect it, my lord," she rejoined.

"He has been far too indulgent," pursued Bonner. "You have been free to roam about the palace gardens—have had your own attendants and your own chamber, as if you were the Cardinal's guest and not his prisoner—have been exempted from mass, and other privileges, wholly inconsistent with your state. None of these immunities will you enjoy with me. You will have no garden to walk in, but a prison court with high walls—no dainty and luxurious chamber, but a close cell—no better fare than bread-and-water—no attendant save the gaoler—none to converse with except the priest. This is the plan I shall pursue with you. If it fails, and you continue obstinate, you need not be reminded of your doom."

For a moment there was a pause. Constance then addressed herself to the King, and, speaking with a spirit which she had never previously displayed before him, said, "I protest against this course, sire. If I am a prisoner at all, I am the Lord Cardinal's prisoner. I was placed in his Eminence's charge by the Queen's Majesty, and I demand to be taken back to him. If I be not, but be illegally and unjustly detained by the bishop, let his lordship look to it, for assuredly he will have to render a strict account to the Cardinal. I have been brought hither in virtue of a warrant from her Majesty, which compels my attendance at this execution, but the warrant declares that I am to be taken back, and this the bishop engaged to do."

"Is this so?" demanded Philip.

"I cannot deny it," replied Bonner; "but your Majesty can overrule the order."

"The King will not follow such ill counsel," said Constance. "If I be not taken back in accordance with the warrant, both her Majesty and the Cardinal will be sore displeased."

"The damsel speaks boldly yet truthfully, sire," interposed Father Alfonso, "and has right on her side. The bishop admits that she was brought here under her Majesty's warrant, and does not deny that he undertook to take her back to the Cardinal. If this be not done, his Eminence will have just ground of displeasure. Furthermore, since Mistress Constance was placed by the Queen under the Cardinal's charge, her Majesty's consent must be obtained ere she can be removed."

"But the King can set at nought the warrant," cried Bonner, "and can remove the damsel from the Cardinal's charge if he thinks fit."

"Doubtless his Majesty can act as he may deem meet," rejoined Father Alfonso; "but your lordship can scarce expect to escape blame in the affair. The Queen is certain to resent the disrespect shown to her authority, and the Cardinal will be equally indignant at the interference with him. Both will visit their displeasure on your head."

"But you will hold me harmless, sire?" said Bonner.

"Nay, my lord, I care not to quarrel with the Cardinal," rejoined Philip. "You must bear the brunt of his anger."

"And also of the Queen's displeasure," remarked Father Alfonso. "Her Majesty takes great interest in this damsel, and had a special design in placing her under the Cardinal's care. If her plan be thwarted——"

"Enough, good father, enough!" interrupted Bonner. "Un-supported by your Majesty, I dare not act in opposition to the Queen and the Cardinal, and consequently Mistress Constance must go back to Lambeth Palace."

"Thank Heaven I am saved!" exclaimed Constance, clasping her hands fervently.

"Be not too sure of that," muttered Bonner, with the growl of a tiger robbed of his prey.

"Your lordship is right," observed Philip, who for a moment had been buried in thought. "Direct opposition to the Cardinal might be fraught with ill consequences. Let Mistress Constance go back to Lambeth Palace. But ere many days—perchance tomorrow—the Cardinal shall be compelled to yield her up to you. The Queen herself shall give you the order."

"I do not think her Majesty will sign such an order," observed Father Alfonso.

"Be content, my lord, you shall have it," said the King significantly to Bonner.

"There is another prisoner in the Lollards' Tower whom I fain would have, sire," observed the bishop.

"You mean the crazy fanatic, Derrick Carver," rejoined Philip. "He shall be given up to you at the same time as Constance. Come to Whitehall betimes to-morrow, and I will procure you the warrant from her Majesty. Meanwhile, let Constance go back."

"Your injunctions shall be obeyed, sire. Ere long, I hope to offer your Majesty a grand auto-da-fé at Smithfield."

"If his Majesty will be guided by me, he will not attend another such dreadful execution as we have this day witnessed," observed Father Alfonso.

"Why so, father?" demanded the King.

"Because you will infallibly lose your popularity with the nation, sire," said Father Alfonso. "The odium of these executions will attach to you, instead of to their authors."

"There is something in this," observed Philip, thoughtfully. "We will talk of it anon. Farewell, my lord. To-morrow morning at Whitehall." And with a glance at Constance he quitted the sacristy, attended by his confessor.

After addressing a few harsh words to Constance, for whom he seemed to have conceived an extraordinary antipathy, Bonner likewise quitted the chamber.

Shortly afterwards, Rodomont entered, and hurrying to the ambry, unlocked it, and set Osbert free.

Again the unhappy lovers rushed into each other's arms, but Rodomont thought it necessary to interpose, saying there was no time for the indulgence of such transports now, but urging them to bid each other farewell.

"You heard what passed just now," remarked Constance to Osbert; "I am to be taken back to the good Cardinal."

"True; but to-morrow he will be compelled to surrender you to Bonner," rejoined Osbert.

"Do not believe it, fair mistress," said Rodomont. "His Eminence will protect you. You have escaped many difficulties, and may be equally fortunate now. You are to return with the procession to Saint Paul's, after which you will be taken to Lambeth Palace."

"Farewell, Constance," said Osbert, straining her to his breast.

"Make haste!" cried Rodomont, impatiently, "or we shall have the guard here, and then there will be a fresh entanglement. Methinks I hear their footsteps. Quick! quick!"

"I come," rejoined Constance.

And tearing herself from her lover, she followed him out of the sacristy. The door being left open, Osbert allowed a brief interval to elapse, and then issued forth into the church, which by this time was well-nigh deserted.

III.

HOW OSBERT WAS INDUCED TO JOIN A CONSPIRACY.

AMONGST those who witnessed the burning of Rogers was the French ambassador. On quitting Smithfield, he repaired to the court adjoining the conventual church, and was watching the religious procession set out on its return to Saint Paul's, when he noticed Osbert Clinton, whose eyes were following the retreating figure of Constance. Approaching him, De Noailles said, in a low voice, "I am sorry to see poor Constance Tyrrell among those recusants. Has she been delivered over to Bonner's *chambre ardente*?"

"Not as yet," rejoined Osbert, in a troubled tone.

"I trust she never may be," said De Noailles, "for Bonner has no pity for a heretic. Youth and beauty weigh very little with him. 'Tis enough to drive one mad to think that so lovely a creature should be his victim!"

"She never shall be!" exclaimed Osbert, moodily.

"How will you hinder it?" said De Noailles. "Can you snatch her from his grasp if he once secures her? Can you unlock the prison in which she will be immured? Dare you even approach her now? How, then, will you be able to free her, when she is led to the stake, escorted by a guard as strong as that which accompanied the poor wretch who has just been sacrificed?"

"Torture me not thus!" cried Osbert. "I feel as though I could sell myself to perdition to accomplish her deliverance."

"You shall not need to do that," observed De Noailles, perceiving that Osbert was in the right frame of mind for his purpose. "Now listen to me. A plot is hatching, having for its object the overthrow of Philip, the deposition of Mary, and the restoration of the Protestant faith, as a guarantee for which the Princess Elizabeth is to be proclaimed Queen. With this movement all the heads of the Protestant party are connected, and only await a favourable moment for an outbreak. That moment is at hand. The execution which has just taken place is but the prelude to others equally dreadful. In a few days Bishop Hooper will be burnt at Gloucester, Saunders at Coventry, and Taylor at Hadley; and, ere the month be out, others will swell the fearful catalogue. Thoroughly alarmed, the Protestants feel that, if they do not offer prompt and effectual resistance, they will be exterminated. It is certain, therefore, that they will all rise when called upon, and, if well managed, the scheme cannot fail of success."

"What has this plot to do with Constance Tyrrell?" demanded Osbert.

"Much," replied the other. "Join us, and I will engage to procure her liberation."

"On those terms I will join you," said Osbert. "What would you have me do?"

"I cannot explain our plans now. But meet me to-morrow, at midnight, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and I will introduce you to the chief conspirators."

"I will be there at the hour appointed," said Osbert. "Till then, farewell!"

And moving away, he followed the procession to Saint Paul's, leaving De Noailles well satisfied with his manoeuvre.

IV.

WHAT PHILIP HEARD WHILE CONCEALED BEHIND THE ARRAS.

NEXT day, in the forenoon, Bishop Bonner repaired to Whitehall Palace, and found the King in a cabinet communicating with the great gallery. Philip was seated at a table covered with despatches, and near him stood Rodomont Bittern, with whom he was conversing.

"I am glad you are come, my lord," said the King to Bonner, as the latter entered the cabinet. "This gentleman is the bearer of a letter from the Lord Cardinal to her Majesty, in which his Eminence solicits an audience of her on a matter of importance. The Cardinal will be here at noon, and the important matter on which he comes relates to the delivery of Constance Tyrrell to your lordship. Is it not so, sir?" he added to Rodomont.

"It is, my liege," replied the other. "His Eminence is unwilling to give up the maiden, and desires to ascertain the Queen's pleasure on the subject. As I have already told your Majesty, the Cardinal was much troubled on learning from Mistress Constance what had befallen her, and he declared that unless he had the Queen's positive commands to that effect he would not surrender her to the ecclesiastical commissioners. I do not think I ever saw him more moved."

"I make no doubt that his Eminence blamed me, sir?" remarked Bonner.

"To speak truth, my lord, he did," replied Rodomont; "and he said plainly to Lord Priuli that you should not have the damsel."

"Your Majesty hears that?" cried Bonner. "This proud Cardinal defies your authority."

"Nay, there was no defiance on his Eminence's part of the King's Highness," observed Rodomont, "but only of your lordship. The representative of his Holiness, he said, should not be insulted with impunity, and he added some words which I care not to repeat, but they spoke of reprimands, censures, and possible privation of dignity."

"His Eminence takes up the matter with great warmth," observed Bonner, uneasily.

"I have never known him so put out before," said Rodomont. "He paced to and fro within his chamber for an hour, and the Lord Priuli could scarce pacify him. This morning, after an interview with Mistress Constance, his anger broke out afresh, and he despatched me with a letter to her Majesty, craving an audience at noon. This is all I have to state. I have thought it right to warn your lordship that if you think fit to persist in the matter, you may know what to expect."

"Enough, sir," observed the King. "You may withdraw."

Rodomont bowed and retired, laughing in his sleeve at the fright he had given Bonner. "Heaven forgive me for making a bugbear of the good Cardinal," he muttered; "but the trick seems to have succeeded."

"So, the Cardinal is determined to try his strength with us," observed Philip, as soon as he and Bonner were left alone.

"I must beg to retire from the contest, sire," replied the bishop. "Whoever wins, I am sure to lose by it."

"Tut! I will bear you harmless," rejoined the King. "But the Cardinal will be here anon. I must prepare the Queen for his arrival."

"I would your Majesty could be prevailed upon to abandon this design," observed Bonner. "It will lead to nothing save trouble and confusion. Ever after I shall have the Cardinal for an enemy."

"You alarm yourself needlessly," rejoined Philip. "That knave purposely exaggerated his master's anger. The Cardinal knows full well that the act is mine, and not your lordship's."

With this, he passed through a side-door, and, accompanied by the bishop, entered a large and magnificently furnished apartment, embellished with portraits of Henry VIII. and his family. No one was within this superb room, and after traversing it, the King and Bonner reached an ante-chamber, in which were assembled a number of pages, esquires, and ushers in the royal livery.

On seeing the King, these personages drew up and bowed reverently as he passed, while two gentleman ushers, each bearing a white wand, marshalled him ceremoniously towards the entrance of the Queen's apartments, before which stood a couple of tall yeomen of the guard with halberds in their hands.

As he approached this door, Sir John Gage came forth, and Philip inquired if the Queen was alone. The Lord Chamberlain replied in the affirmative, but added that Cardinal Pole was momentarily expected, and that he himself had come forth to receive his Eminence.

"It is well," replied Philip. "When the Cardinal comes, do not mention to him that I am with her Majesty. I pray your

lordship to remain here till you are summoned," he added to Bonner.

With this he passed through the door, which was thrown open by the ushers, and entered the Queen's chamber—a spacious apartment, richly furnished, hung with tapestry, and adorned with many noble pictures, chief among which were portraits of the Queen's ill-fated mother by Holbein, and of her royal husband by Sir Antonio More.

Mary was seated at a table placed near a deep bay-window. She occupied a large armed-chair, and was reading a book of devotions. Her attire was of purple velvet, and a coif set with precious stones adorned her head. A smile lighted up her pallid countenance on the King's entrance.

"I give your Majesty good day," she said. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"You expect the Cardinal," rejoined Philip, abruptly and sternly. "Do you know what brings him here?"

"I do not," she answered. "But I shall be glad to see him, as I desire to consult him as to the restitution of the Church property vested in the crown during the King my father's reign."

"Reserve that for another occasion, madam," said Philip. "The Cardinal's errand relates to Constance Tyrrell."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mary, startled. "What has he to say concerning her?"

"That you will learn on his arrival," rejoined Philip. "But it is my pleasure that she be removed from his custody and delivered to Bishop Bonner."

"Then his Eminence has failed to reclaim her?"

"Signally. Nothing remains but to try extreme rigour, and if that will not effect her conversion, the laws she has offended must deal with her."

"I pity this unhappy maiden, albeit she continues obstinate," said Mary. "Be not angry if I tell you that I designed to marry her to your secretary, Osbert Clinton, to whom she is betrothed."

"She shall never wed him," said Philip, harshly. "Why should you meddle in the matter? Has Osbert Clinton dared to prefer this request to you?"

"No, on my soul," replied Mary. "But I know the girl loves him tenderly, and, had she recanted, it was my design to reward her with the husband of her choice."

"But she does not recant, I tell you, madam," cried Philip, "so it is idle to speculate on what might have been. It is my will that she be delivered up to Bonner. But the order must proceed from yourself, not from me. Thus, when the Cardinal comes, you will be prepared with an answer to him."

"But let me first hear what he has to urge," objected the Queen.

"No matter what he urges," rejoined Philip. "Lay your com-

hands upon him, as I have intimated. Nay, I will be obeyed," he added, authoritatively.

Mary sighed, but made no further remonstrance.

"The Cardinal must be at hand," continued Philip. "By your leave, I will be an unseen witness of the interview."

And he stepped behind the arras, near which the Queen was seated.

"He distrusts me," murmured Mary; "and, in sooth, he has imposed a most painful task upon me."

Shortly afterwards, the Cardinal was announced, and, greeting him kindly, the Queen begged him to take a seat by her side.

"If your Majesty has heard what occurred yesterday in Saint Bartholomew's Church at Smithfield," premised Pole, "you will guess the object of my visit. Constance Tyrrell, whom you confided to my charge, and whom I yet hope to reclaim, is to be wrested from me. But I shall refuse to deliver her up."

"Your Eminence must needs comply with my order," said Mary.

"True, madam," replied the Cardinal. "But I do not believe you will give any such order, when I say that in surrendering her I shall only be consigning her to infamy and dishonour."

"I pray your Eminence to explain yourself," said Mary.

"It is painful to me to speak out," replied Pole, "but I cannot allow this unhappy maiden to be sacrificed. She has opened her heart to me, and has confessed all. Blinded by an insane and wicked passion for her, the King, since his first accidental meeting with her at Southampton, has never ceased to persecute her with his dishonourable solicitations. Yesterday, during that dread ceremonial, when, terrified and fainting, she was borne into the sanctuary of Saint Bartholomew's Church, he renewed his unholy suit, and bade her choose between his love and deliverance up to Bishop Bonner. I doubt not that she would sustain this trial, as she has sustained others. I do not think that imprisonment or torture would shake her. But why should she be exposed to such treatment? Madam, this is not the case of an heretical offender. Constance Tyrrell is to be imprisoned, is to be tortured, is perhaps to suffer a fiery death, not on account of her religious opinions, but because she has virtue enough to resist the King. Madam, such wrong shall not be, while I can raise my voice against it."

"It shall not be," said Mary. "Is Bonner a party to this foul transaction? If so, as I live, I will strip him of his priestly robes."

"No, madam," replied Pole. "I must acquit Bonner of any complicity in the affair. He merely looks for a victim."

"He shall not find one in Constance Tyrrell," said Mary. "My heart bleeds for her."

"Well it may, madam," replied Pole. "A sad fatality has rested upon her ever since the King's arrival in Southampton, when her marvellous beauty attracted his attention, and excited a passion which nothing apparently can subdue."

"He saw her before! he beheld me, and loved her better than he loved me!" cried Mary, bitterly. "Something of this I suspected, but I thought I had removed her from his influence by taking her with me to Winchester."

"Ay, but the King contrived to obtain a secret interview with the damsel before your departure," said Pole, "and this is the only part of her conduct that deserves censure. Moved by his passionate words and captivating manner, which few could resist, she listened to him, and at last owned she loved him, or thought she loved him."

"Oh! I know his power!" cried Mary. "He exercised the same fascination over me."

"But withdrawn from his baneful influence, poor Constance bitterly repented of the error into which she had been led, and, by the advice of Father Jerome, the good priest of Saint Catherine's Chapel at Winchester, to whom she confessed her fault, she left with him a tablet of gold, enriched with precious stones, which had been given her by the King as a gage of love. By Father Jerome's advice, also, she quitted Winchester and returned to her father at Southampton, the good priest dreading lest, if she remained with your Majesty, she might be exposed to further temptation."

"Father Jerome did right," said Mary; "and, perchance, he saved her from dishonour."

"Up to this time, Constance had been a zealous Catholic," pursued Pole; "but, while attending Derrick Carver at the Hospital of the Domus Dei at Southampton, she imbibed his pernicious doctrines, and embraced the Reformed faith. This deplorable change, I fear, is attributable to the King."

"Methinks your Eminence is unjust there," observed Mary.

"My grounds for the opinion are these," replied Pole. "Constance's nature is devout and impressionable. Full of grief and remorse, she was thrown into the way of Carver, who took advantage of her troubled state of mind to accomplish her conversion. Had I met her at that time she would not have been lost to us, and I still trust she may be recovered. With the rest of her history your Majesty is acquainted. It is a series of misfortunes; neither does it seem likely she will ever be wedded to him she loves. Happy had it been for her that she had never excited the King's love! happy had it been for her that her faith had not been unsettled, and that she had been able to pass her life in holy and tranquil retirement. But her destiny was otherwise. She has abjured her religion—she has lost her father's affection—she has

endured imprisonment—but, though sorely tempted, she has not sinned. Be it yours, gracious madam, to preserve her from further suffering—from further temptation.”

“What can I do?” cried Mary. “I have promised the King an order for her removal from your Eminence, and deliverance up to Bonner.”

“Madam, if that order be given and acted upon, I shall resist it,” replied Pole.

“Heaven aid me!” exclaimed the Queen. “I am sorely perplexed, and know not how to act for the best.”

“Consult the King, your husband, madam,” rejoined the Cardinal. “Tell him what I have told you, and of my resolution.”

“I shall not need to be told,” said Philip, coming from behind the arras. “I have heard all that has passed between you and her Majesty.”

“I shrink from nothing I have uttered, sire,” rejoined Pole. “I should have spoken with equal freedom had you stood before me. But I beseech you pursue not this matter further. Consequences you may not foresee will flow from it. You will array against you a force stronger than you can resist. I may be compelled to yield, but my voice will be heard, and its echoes may shake your throne to its foundations.”

“Your Eminence menaces me,” cried Philip, sternly.

“No, sire, I warn you,” rejoined the Cardinal, with dignity. “You are on a perilous path, from which it were wise to turn back.”

“Your Eminence seems to have forgotten your former experiences, and how you fared in your struggle with her Majesty’s royal father,” observed Philip. “In those days the priesthood received a lesson from the crown which it would be well if they remembered. The proudest of them, Wolsey, was hurled from his high place. I warn you, therefore, of your danger before you enter upon a conflict with me. What Henry VIII. accomplished may be done again. If the priesthood wax insolent they may be crushed. The Papal authority has been just restored, but it can be easily shaken off again. Your Eminence has but recently returned from a long exile, and you may have to endure a second banishment.”

“I shall do my duty without fear, sire,” replied Pole, firmly. “I well know what my resistance to the will of King Henry cost me. Because he could not reach me he struck at those most dear to me—at my sainted mother, the Countess of Salisbury, at my beloved brother, the Lord Montague, at my friends the Marquis of Exeter and Sir Edward Nevil, and at the young and gallant Earl of Surrey. On all these he wreaked the vengeance which ought to have alighted on my head. But I shall not fly now. I shall stay to answer for my acts in person.”

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Philip, changing his tone. "Your Eminence takes the matter too seriously. I desire no quarrel with you, or with the Church. It would be idle to do so on an affair so trifling as the present."

"The affair is not trifling, sire," rejoined Pole. "The liberty, the honour, the life of a poor damsel are at stake."

"That is your Eminence's version of the business," said Philip. "You are simply protecting a heretic. I counsel you to give up the girl peaceably. 'Twill be best."

"I have already stated my determination, sire," rejoined Pole. "Madam, I take my leave."

"Stop, my Lord Cardinal," cried Mary. "Depart not thus, I beseech you. For my sake, tarry a few minutes longer. Perchance his Majesty may relent."

"I would tarry till midnight if I thought so," replied Pole. "Oh, sire," he added to Philip, "let me make a final appeal to the latent generosity and goodness of your nature. You have many high and noble qualities, inherited from your august father. Let them sway you now. Be not governed by wild and unhallowed passions, the gratification of which will endanger your eternal welfare. If you sin, you must not hope to escape chastisement; and as your sin will be great, so will your chastisement be severe. Wrongs, such as you would inflict upon her Majesty, are visited with Heaven's direst wrath, and years of prayer and penance will not procure you pardon. Cast off these delusions and snares. You are fortunately united to a Queen as eminent for virtue as for rank, whose heart is entirely given to you, and who has just proved that she will obey you in all things. In every respect she is worthy of your love. She is your equal in birth, devout and pure, a loving wife, and a great Queen. To sacrifice her true and holy affection for lighter love would be unpardonable ingratitude. In all the highest qualifications of a woman, as purity, piety, judgment, discretion, dignity, none can surpass your consort, and you must be insensible indeed not to estimate her merits aright."

"I do estimate them—estimate them at their true worth," cried Philip. "Your Eminence has roused the better nature in me, and made me sensible of my faults, and ashamed of them. Forgive me, madam," he added to Mary.

And as he spoke he approached the Queen, who threw her arms fondly about his neck, exclaiming, "Oh, my good Lord Cardinal, I owe this happiness to you."

"I am equally beholden to his Eminence," said Philip. "He has spoken the truth to me, and awakened me to a sense of my folly."

"I have called your Majesty's good feelings into play, that is all," rejoined Pole. "Henceforth, I trust that nothing will dis-

with the good understanding that ought to subsist between you and your royal consort. Pardon me if I press you further, sire. Your heart being opened to kindly emotions, you will not refuse to listen to me. It is in your power to make ample amends to poor Constance Tyrrell for the misery she has endured, by giving your consent to her marriage with Osbert Clinton."

"I will add my entreaties to those of the Cardinal," said the Queen. "Let it be so, I pray you."

"If your Eminence will reclaim her from heresy I will not refuse my consent," replied Philip.

"I ask no more," rejoined Pole; "and I trust their nuptials will not long be delayed."

"They shall never take place," mentally ejaculated Philip. "Your Majesty may desire some private converse with his Eminence," he added to the Queen. "I will go and dismiss Bonner, who is waiting without. He will not trouble your Eminence further."

And he quitted the chamber.

V.

HOW THE QUEEN CONSULTED WITH THE CARDINAL.

PRAYING the Cardinal to resume his seat by her, Mary said, "There is a matter on which I desire to consult your Eminence. I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to retain the revenues arising from the Church lands, which were unlawfully vested in the crown during the late schism; but the Lord Chancellor, to whom I have spoken on the subject, seeks to dissuade me from my purpose, and declares that if I part with these large revenues, which amount to well-nigh a hundred thousand pounds a year, I shall not be able to maintain my dignity. To this objection, I replied in all sincerity, that I value my salvation more than ten crowns like that of England, and that I would not endanger my heavenly inheritance for all the wealth the world can offer. Still Gardiner opposes me, and says that the giving up of my revenues will be taken ill by those who are in possession of the abbey lands and other property of the Church, possession of which has been secured to them by the papal bull sent to your Eminence. But I see not why I should not set the holders of these ill-gotten treasures a good example. Peradventure some of them may follow it."

"I trust so, madam," replied Pole; "and I applaud your resolution, for though you may impoverish your exchequer, yet you will lay up a far greater treasure for future enjoyment in heaven. The bull to which you refer was sent by the Pope at the solicitation of Gardiner, to prevent the opposition of certain nobles to reconciliation with the See of Rome, but his Holiness's real senti-

ments may be judged by another bull which he has just sent into Germany, excommunicating all who may keep any abbey or church lands, and placing under the like ban all princes, prelates, and magistrates, who shall refuse to assist in the execution of the bull. Though the bull is addressed to Germany, it undoubtedly applies to this country as well, since his Holiness can never regard those with favour who have enriched themselves with the spoils of the Church. Moreover, the Church is poor, and some provision must be made for its wants."

"Provision *shall* be made for it," replied Mary. "I feel with horror that I myself may be excommunicated. But the load shall be removed from my soul. All the crown revenues, derived from the source I have mentioned, shall be relinquished, and placed at the disposal of your Eminence, to be applied in such manner as you may deem fit, for the benefit of the clergy, and the augmentation of small livings."

"Your Majesty will do a great and disinterested act, which will for ever redound to your credit, and secure you the prayers of the whole Church," said Pole. "I will take care that the revenues entrusted to me are properly applied."

"I would I could go still further," observed Mary, "and procure an act to compel the restoration of Church property, in whatever hands it may be. Think you it could be done?"

"I do not believe such an act could be procured, madam," replied Pole. "Certain I am that it would not be prudent to attempt to obtain it at this juncture. Let us wait to see the effect of your own great action."

"I yield to your judgment," said Mary. "It is my intention to re-establish three monasteries dissolved by the King, my father—namely, the Grey Friars at Greenwich, the Carthusians at Sheen, and the Briggittines at Sion."

"Heaven has stirred your heart to much good work, madam," said the Cardinal. "The Church will have cause to bless your name."

"Yet another matter," observed the Queen. "I desire to have masses said for the repose of my father's soul, and would fain endow a church for that especial purpose."

"Alas! madam, I cannot aid you there," replied Pole. "His Holiness will never permit the endowment of a church for the benefit of the soul of so determined a foe to the See of Rome as Henry VIII. No priest will pray for him."

"But I can pray for him, and do so daily," rejoined Mary. "I trust his heavily-laden soul is not beyond the reach of intercession. Since I may not endow a church to say masses for him, I will augment the revenues of the college he re-founded at Cambridge, in the hope that those who are taught there may pray for the soul of their benefactor."

"A pious act, madam," said Pole, "and I trust it may be profitable to your father's soul."

"All these things I do, my Lord Cardinal," pursued Mary, "in preparation for my hour of travail, when I may be called away suddenly from this transitory life. If I should be, you will religiously fulfil my designs."

"By Heaven's grace, madam, I will accomplish the work you confide to me," said the Cardinal. "The goods of the Church shall be restored to holy uses, and all other things done as you have appointed."

"One question more, and I have done," said Mary. "I am about to make my will, and propose to settle the crown on the King my husband, after my decease."

"Is his Majesty aware of your intention, madam?" inquired the Cardinal.

"It is his wish that I should do so," replied Mary.

"So I suspected," said Pole. "Madam, as your kinsman and faithful counsellor, as your loyal and loving subject, I implore you not to make the will you propose. Englishmen will never accept a Spaniard as their sovereign, and if you bequeath your kingdom to your husband, your will will assuredly be set aside."

"But the King has caused the will to be prepared," said Mary.

"Ha! has it gone so far as that?" cried Pole.

"It will be brought to me this very day for my signature," replied Mary.

"Have you consulted the Lord Chancellor and the council, madam?" demanded Pole.

"I have consulted no one," she replied. "The King enjoined me not to do so. But I could not help confiding the matter to your Eminence, knowing your affection for me."

"By that affection, of which you know the depth and sincerity, I charge you not to execute that will, madam," said Pole. "Your ministers, if consulted, will agree with me. This is no light question. The welfare of your kingdom is at stake."

At this moment a side-door opened, and Father Alfonso appeared at it, with a packet in his hand. On seeing the Cardinal, he would have retired, but the Queen signed to him to come forward, and he was compelled to obey.

"It is the will," she observed, in an under tone, to Pole.

"It is providential that I am here," he replied.

Meanwhile, Father Alfonso advanced, and, bowing reverently to the Queen and the Cardinal, laid the packet on the table.

"Here is the document for your Majesty's signature," he said.

"The witnesses await your summons without."

"The scheme is carefully planned, but I will thwart it," mentally ejaculated Pole. "The witnesses may be dismissed. The Queen will not sign this document," he added, aloud.

"What do I hear, madam?" cried Father Alfonso. "His Majesty expects——"

"I say the Queen will not sign it," interrupted Pole, taking up the will, "nor any other document to the like effect."

Making a profound obeisance to the Queen, he quitted the room, taking the packet with him.

VI.

OF THE MIDNIGHT MEETING IN THE CRYPT BENEATH THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

IT WAS ON the stroke of midnight that Osbert Clinton, muffled in a long black cloak, and armed with rapier and dagger, arrived at the place of rendezvous appointed by De Neailles. The night was bright and beautiful, and the moon, nearly at the full, and hanging above the north side of the noble Gothic fane, silvered its hoary battlements and buttresses, and glittered upon the tinted panes of the great pointed windows.

Passing through an arched doorway he entered the cloisters, and marched slowly along the south ambulatory. No one was there. Having thus tracked one side of the square, and glanced down the alley on the left, he stood still and listened, but no sound reached his ears, until shortly afterwards the deep bell of the abbey tolled forth the hour of midnight. Then all again relapsed into solemn silence, and had there been even a light foot-fall on the pavement Osbert must have heard it.

Again he moved slowly on. His thoughts were too much occupied with the business he had on hand, or he might have noted the vaulted and richly-ornamented ceiling overhead, or the pillared openings at the side, through which the moonlight streamed upon the pavement, but though he was not wholly unconscious of these architectural beauties, they produced little effect upon him, neither did the serene loveliness of the night, or the hushed tranquillity of the spot, soothe his perturbed spirits.

He had reached another angle of the cloisters, and was proceeding along the alley, which was here plunged in gloom, when he fancied he discerned a dark figure advancing towards him, upon which he quickened his steps, and soon reached the person, who, on seeing him, remained stationary. It was De Neailles. Like Osbert he was muffled in a cloak, and his broad-leaved hat was pulled over his brows.

"You have not changed your mind, I perceive," observed De Neailles, "but are resolved to go on with the enterprise."

"I am," replied Osbert.

"Follow me, then," rejoined the French ambassador, "and I will introduce you to those in league with us."

Marching quickly but noiselessly along, he conducted Osbert

towards the chapter-house. On reaching it, they descended a flight of stone steps which seemed to lead to a vault, but farther progress was arrested by a door, against which De Noailles tapped gently. At this summons the door was cautiously opened by a man, who appeared to be well armed, and they were admitted into a large subterranean chamber.

This crypt, for such it was, was dimly illumined by an iron lamp fixed to a pillar standing in the centre of the vault. The stone walls were of great solidity, in order to sustain the weight of the chapter-house, and the roof, which likewise formed the floor of the superstructure, was of stone, ribbed, and groined, and supported by the pillar to which the lamp was fixed.

In this crypt were assembled some eight or nine young men, all of good condition; judging from their attire and deportment. As De Noailles and Osbert entered the vault, a tall, richly-dressed man detached himself from the group with whom he was conversing, and advanced to meet them. As he advanced, Osbert instantly knew him to be Thomas Stafford, second son to Lord Stafford, and grandson of the Duke of Buckingham, a disaffected personage, who had been engaged in Wyatt's rebellion, but had escaped owing to want of proof of his complicity in the affair.

"Your excellency is welcome," said Stafford to the ambassador. "I am glad to find you bring us a recruit. What! Osbert Clinton, is it you?" he added, as the young man unmuffled his countenance. "You are, indeed, an important accession to our ranks. But you must take the oath of fidelity. Our object is to deliver our country from the tyranny of Spain, to depose Mary, to place Elizabeth on the throne and wed her to Courtenay, and to restore the Protestant faith."

"I will be true to you to the death," replied Osbert, emphatically; "and will aid you to the utmost of my power—this I solemnly swear."

"Enough," replied Stafford; "and now I will present you to my associates in this great and holy cause. Some of them you know."

"I know Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton," replied Osbert, saluting the three persons he named; "but the rest are strangers to me."

"This is honest Master Udal, and this bold Master Staunton, both good Protestants, and hearty haters of the Spaniard and Popish idolatry," said Sir Henry Dudley. And after salutations had passed by Osbert and the persons indicated, he went on: "These gentlemen," bringing forward two others, "are Masters Peckham and Werne. You have heard of them, I make no doubt?"

"Ay, marry have I, oftentimes," replied Osbert. "They are officers to the Princess Elizabeth. I am glad to see them here."

"They bring us messages from the Princess approving of our design," said Dudley. "Her Highness will not write, after the danger she incurred from her intercepted correspondence with Wyatt."

"Her Grace is very favourable to your cause, as I have already stated, Sir Henry," observed Peckham, "and wishes it all possible success."

"She has need to do," said Sir Anthony Kingston. "If we succeed, we shall place the crown upon her head."

"There is yet another gentleman whom you have not made known to me, Sir Henry," said Osbert, indicating a dark, sinister-looking personage, in a philemot-coloured mantle and doublet, who stood aloof from the others.

"Ha! this is a very useful person," replied Dudley. "This is M. de Freitville, a secret agent of the King of France, who promises to aid our enterprise with men and money."

"I hope he will fulfil his promises better than those made by him to Wyatt," remarked Osbert, regarding Freitville distrustfully.

"Had Wyatt held out a few days longer, he would not have lacked support," rejoined Freitville. "My royal master afforded an asylum and gave pensions to all those implicated in the rebellion who fled to France. His Excellency M. de Noailles will tell you that his Majesty has ever been hostile to this Spanish alliance, and that, failing in preventing it, he is now determined to drive the Queen and her husband from the throne, and set up the Princess Elizabeth in their stead."

"Has he no other views?" said Osbert.

"None adverse to this country," said De Noailles, "that I can declare emphatically. It would be idle to assert that my royal master is influenced by the same motives that you are; but the end is the same. You both seek the dissolution of this marriage and the overthrow of Philip—he as the avowed enemy of Spain, you as suffering from the tyranny of Philip, and anxious to restore the Reformed religion. Our interests, therefore, are identical, and we make common cause together against the foe. For my own part, I have a personal antipathy to Philip. He has done me a grievous injury, and I will never rest till I requite him. Some day or other his life will be in my hands, and then he shall feel my vengeance."

"My wrongs are greater than yours," cried Osbert. "I have thrown off all allegiance to him, and am henceforth his deadly foe. He has stepped between me and her whom I love dearer than life, and has sought to sacrifice her to his unhallowed desires. He is unworthy to be the Queen's consort—unworthy to govern Englishmen. I will shed my heart's blood in the attempt to drive him from the throne."

"Why not plunge a dagger in his breast," said Freitville, "and so rid the country of a tyrant?"

"I am no assassin," replied Osbert. "Deeply as I hate him, I would not slay him save in fair fight. No, we must rouse our countrymen to a sense of their danger, and rise in arms against him, and put him justly to death, or drive him from the country."

"His design is to subjugate England, and reduce us to the condition of Flanders and Burgundy," cried Stafford. "If he is allowed to remain on the throne for another year, he will become absolute master of our liberties. The twelve strongest fortresses in England—the Tower itself included—are to be delivered up to him by the misguided and unworthy Queen, and garrisoned by twenty thousand Spaniards."

"I can scarce think the Queen would be thus false to her country," said Osbert.

"It is so, sir, and I will tell you more," pursued Stafford. "Alva is to be governor of the Tower, and ere he has been there many months more noble English blood will drench the scaffold than ever dyed it in King Harry's days. The Inquisition, also, is to be established."

"It is already established among us," cried Sir Henry Dudley. "We had our *auto-da-fé* in Smithfield yesterday."

"The Queen is so infatuated by her love for the King," pursued Stafford, "that she can deny him nothing. You, sir," he added to Osbert, "who have been in attendance upon him, must know how shamefully he abuses her regard, and the scandalous infidelities he practises."

"It is true," replied Osbert. "It is true, also, that her Majesty can refuse him nothing. He has incited her to settle her crown upon him by her will in the event of her decease during her time of travail."

"Can she be so blind as not to perceive that by making such a will she ensures her own death by poison?" observed De Noailles. "But her senseless passion deprives her of all judgment."

"Now is the time to strike," cried Stafford. "Men's minds are so excited that a single spark will set the whole city of London in a flame. All the Protestants are ripe for outbreak. Let us raise the standard of revolt in Smithfield on the very spot where Rogers was martyred, proclaim the Princess Elizabeth Queen, the deposition of Philip and Mary, and the restoration of the Reformed religion. We can only number a handful of men at first, but what matters that? Thousands will soon rally round us, and ere night we shall be masters of the City."

"The enterprise is desperate," said Osbert, "but the moment is propitious. I am with you."

"So are we all," cried the others.

"Our cry shall be, 'Down with Philip and Mary! Down with

the mass and idolatry! Long live Queen Elizabeth, the head and defender of the Protestant Church!" said Stafford. "Every Protestant will respond to the call."

"If we fail, we throw away our lives in a righteous cause," rejoined Osbert.

"We shall not fail," cried Sir Henry Drury. "I was at Smithfield yesterday, and spoke with hundreds, who are ready for an outbreak."

"So did I," added Sir Anthony Kingston. "I can vouch for the detestation with which the King is regarded. Let not the attempt be delayed."

"It shall be made to-morrow," said Stafford. "I can muster fifty well-armed men."

"And I half that number," said Dudley.

"And I twenty," said Kingston.

"I can bring no one with me," said Osbert. "But I will gain a thousand followers before the day is over."

"At what hour shall we meet to-morrow?" said Dudley.

"At noon," replied Stafford. "Give me your hand upon it, Osbert Clinton."

"Readily," rejoined the other, grasping the hand stretched out to him.

At this moment the lamp was suddenly thrown down, and the crypt plunged in darkness.

"Traitors, before to-morrow you shall be all clapped in the Tower!" cried a voice.

"'Tis the King!" mentally ejaculated Osbert Clinton. And he sprang towards the door.

"Perdition! we have a spy among us," cried Stafford. "Seize him and put him to death!"

And, as he spoke, swords were drawn by the conspirators.

"Let no one go forth, but let each man answer for himself. Where is Osbert Clinton?"

"Here," he replied, from the door.

"Where is Sir Henry Dudley?"

"Here," answered the person designated.

While Stafford was pursuing these inquiries, Osbert heard some one approaching, and stepped a little aside. It was well he did so, as otherwise a rapier would have transfixed him. As it was, the point of the weapon merely pierced the side of his doublet, without doing him any injury. But at the same moment Osbert seized the arm that had dealt the blow. After vainly struggling to free himself from the iron grasp in which he was held, the King (for it was he) whispered, "Release me, sir, I command you."

"Your commands are of no weight here, sire," replied Osbert. "But I will not see you assassinated. Save yourself!"

And letting go his hold as he spoke, the King instantly passed through the door, and made good his retreat.

At the noise occasioned by his exit, all was confusion and alarm among the conspirators. Amid fierce shouts and exclamations a general rush was made to the door, and had they not reached it quickly, the whole party would have been made prisoners without the possibility of escape, for some one was trying to lock them in.

Made aware of their approach by the noise, this person fled, without having accomplished his purpose, but, while hastily mounting the steps, he became entangled in his gown—for his garments were those of a monk—and fell. The first of the conspirators to issue from the crypt were Stafford and Dudley, and on catching sight of the monk, who was getting up as quickly as he could, they recognised Father Alfonso de Castro.

"By Heaven! it is the King's confessor who has been playing the spy upon us," exclaimed Stafford.

"He shall not escape to tell the tale," roared Dudley. "My sword shall stop his preaching in future."

And they dashed up the steps. Ere they could reach him, however, Father Alfonso had regained his feet, and speeded across the court, shouting lustily for help.

His object was to gain a small tower, then standing near the cloisters, on the summit of which tower, under a wooden penthouse, hung the alarm-bell. As Father Alfonso was aware, the door of this building was always left open, and if he could only reach it, he would be safe. Fear lent him wings, and he had passed through the door, shut it, and barred it inside, before his pursuers came up.

While they were venting their disappointment in maledictions, he ran up a narrow spiral stone staircase, and, reaching a small chamber, seized a rope that dangled from a hole in the ceiling, and began to ring the alarm-bell.

VII.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OUTBREAK COMMENCED.

MEANTIME, all the conspirators had come forth from the crypt, and were gathered together in the court, considering what should be done under the circumstances. The sudden and violent ringing of the alarm-bell seemed to leave them no alternative but flight.

"We must separate and beat a retreat," cried Stafford. "The meeting must not take place as appointed to-morrow at Smithfield, but must be deferred to some other opportunity. That cursed Spanish friar has overheard our plans, and will reveal them. You

will all best consult your safety by keeping out of the way for the present. The great enterprise has been thwarted for the moment, but it will not be abandoned."

"Assuredly not," cried Dudley. "Would there were some means of silencing that infernal clatter."

"If it goes on it will rouse up half the town," cried Sir Anthony Kingston.

"Why should it not serve as the signal for the rising?" cried Osbert, who felt the necessity of immediate action. "Why should we not commence the great enterprise now? To-morrow we shall all be proscribed, and a price set upon our heads. Let us act to-night. That bell will spread alarm through all this quarter of the town, and the people will soon come flocking hither to learn its import. Let us tell them that a rising takes place this night against the Spanish domination."

"Agreed!" exclaimed several voices.

"I approve of the plan," said De Noailles, who was evidently much alarmed; "but I cannot be seen in the matter. You know where to find me, gentlemen. Success attend you!"

And he hastily retired with Freitville.

Meanwhile, the alarm-bell continued to ring violently, and it was evident, from the shouts and noises heard without, that the people were roused, and were flocking towards the spot.

"I hear them. They are coming now," cried Stafford. "Let us forth to meet them. Ring that bell as loudly as thou canst, thou pestilent friar! It shall bring those together who shall aid us to dethrone thy master."

And, as if in compliance with the request, the alarm-bell was rung more violently than ever.

The conspirators then marched, sword in hand, into the Dean's-yard, where some of that dignitary's servants were collected, but on seeing them these persons immediately retreated. But the next moment there burst through the gateway a troop of citizens, hastily and imperfectly attired, and armed with various weapons, swords, pikes, and arquebuses.

"What ho, my masters!" shouted the foremost of these. "Why rings the alarm-bell?"

"It rings to call you to arms," replied Osbert, "in defence of your liberties and religion. A rising is about to take place to depose Philip and Mary, place the Princess Elizabeth on the throne, and restore the Reformed religion, as established by King Edward the Sixth, of blessed memory."

"Hear you that, my masters?" cried the man. "The mass is to be put down, and the Protestant faith restored."

It so chanced that the whole of the persons addressed were Protestants, so they cheered lustily, and shouted, "Down with the mass!"

Meanwhile, the bell never for a moment ceased its clamour, and

numbers of other persons, armed like those who had first appeared, answered the summons. Many of these joined in the cries against Popery, but others being Romanists, retorted furiously, and struggles immediately began to take place between the opposing sects. As the crowd was continually on the increase, the hubbub and disturbance grew louder and louder, and a general engagement was threatened.

Just then, a party of twenty-five or thirty men, armed with pikes and carrying lanterns, came up, shouting, "Down with the mass! Down with Antichrist!" Thus reinforced, the Protestants laid about them stoutly, and soon drove off their opponents.

This victory gained, they began to shout lustily, and called out for a leader, whereupon Osbert Clinton leaped upon a stone bench, and waving his sword above his head, cried out in a loud voice, so as to be heard by all, "I am ready to lead you, and if you will stand firmly by me and my associates, we will deliver you from Spanish tyranny and oppression, and re-establish your religion. No more inquisitorial practices—no more ecclesiastical commissions—no more burnings at Smithfield. We will release all those imprisoned for heresy."

"We will release our preachers and pastors," cried Stafford, leaping upon the bench, "and punish their judges. We will hang Gardiner and Bonner."

Shouts and terrific yells responded to this proposition.

"Here come the arquebusiers!" shouted several voices, as the trampling of horses and the clanking of arms were heard.

"Close up, and stand firm!" cried Osbert, springing from the bench and making his way towards the head of the crowd, which now, in obedience to his commands, had formed itself into a compact mass.

The next moment a troop of arquebusiers galloped up, with their swords drawn, and drew up in front of the mob.

After commanding a halt, their captain rode up to the front ranks of the crowd, and called out, "In the Queen's name, as good and loyal subjects of her Majesty, I command you to disperse, and go peaceably to your homes."

A general refusal was the response.

"You had best not be obstinate," retorted the captain of the guard. "Mark what I say. You have got amongst you several traitors, who are conspiring against their Majesties and against the safety of the realm."

"We are all traitors and conspirators," cried several voices. "We have thrown off our allegiance to the Queen and the Pope. We will have no Spaniard for King."

"Hear me," shouted the officer. "If you do not instantly deliver to us Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Thomas Stafford, Osbert Clinton, and other traitors and conspirators whom ye have among you, we will cut you to pieces, and take them."

"Make good your threat, sir," rejoined Osbert. "I am one of those you have named. Advance and take me if you can."

The officer instantly pushed forward his horse, but at that moment a bullet from an arquebuse, fired behind Osbert, crashed into his brain, and he fell heavily to the ground.

On seeing their leader fall, the arquebusiers instantly charged the mob, cutting at them with their swords, and hewing down a considerable number. Still, as the sturdy citizens, encouraged by their leaders, stood firm, and received their assailants on their pikes, less mischief was done them than might have been expected.

A dreadful *mêlée* now took place, which endured for nearly a quarter of an hour; and while it was going on fresh parties, both of Protestants and Romanists, arrived at the scene of strife, and at once engaged in the conflict.

At first, it seemed as if the insurgents must be speedily routed; but though the arquebusiers did great damage in the early part of the fray, they were completely discomfited in the end, most of their horses being killed under them.

During this fight all the leaders of the outbreak distinguished themselves by their bravery. Osbert Clinton threw himself into the thickest of the fight, encouraged his followers by word and deed, struck down three of the horsemen, and mainly contributed to the victory eventually gained by the insurgents. In little more than a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the conflict the arquebusiers were dismounted and discomfited, and the Romanists driven off.

The alarm-bell, which had ceased during the raging of the conflict, began to ring again more violently than ever.

A brief consultation was then held among the leaders of the outbreak as to the course that should next be pursued, when it was agreed that they should march on past Charing-cross and along the Strand, and if they received sufficient accession to their forces, should break down Temple-bar, enter the City, liberate the prisoners for religion from Newgate and the Marshalsea, and march on to the Tower.

"I will lead on this party," said Stafford.

"I will set free the prisoners from the Gate House here at Westminster," said Sir Henry Dudley.

"I crave to be allowed to pass over to Lambeth Palace," said Osbert, "and set free Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver. This done, I will cross London-bridge and join you. Let me have fifty men for the enterprise."

"Take double that number," said Stafford. "We shall find plenty of others as we march along. Harkye, my masters!" he called out to the crowd. "I want a hundred men to go to Lambeth Palace."

"What to do?" demanded a burly citizen. "Not to harm

Cardinal Pole. He is a just man, and against persecution. We will hang Bonner, and Gardiner, and the rest of the Romish prelates, but we won't hurt a hair of the good Cardinal's head."

"Right, Master Rufford, we won't hurt Cardinal Pole," cried a man near him.

"I would not have him harmed," replied Osbert. "My sole object is to liberate two Protestant prisoners—Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver."

"Derrick Carver is confined in the 'Lollards' Tower," said Rufford; "it was he who spoke to me of the Cardinal's goodness. If it be merely to free him and Constance Tyrrell, we are with you."

"Ay, any of us will go with you on that errand," cried several voices.

"I also will go with you," said Udal.

A hundred men were then told quickly off, all of whom were armed with pikes and other weapons.

"How are we to get across the river?" demanded Rufford.

"We will make the best of our way to the Horseferry, where we shall find boats enow," replied Osbert.

"Ay, to the Horseferry! to the Horseferry!" cried several voices.

"We shall meet again ere daybreak, if all go well," said Osbert to Stafford and the others.

Then, putting himself at the head of his party, he led them at a quick pace round the south-west precincts of the abbey, and, quickly gaining the banks of the river, proceeded to the Horseferry.

Up to this time they had been unopposed. The occupants of the scattered habitations on the road opened their windows to watch them pass, but none came forth to join them. As Osbert expected, they found the large ferry-boat, two barges, and sufficient smaller craft to transport them across the river, and the whole party having embarked in these boats, they pushed off and began to row towards Lambeth.

Scarcely, however, had they got a bow-shot from the shore, when a band of mounted archers rode up to the ferry station, and finding they were too late, and that all the boats had been taken away by the insurgents, they fired a volley at them, but without doing them any injury. Without trying the effect of a second volley, the horsemen rode back to Westminster, probably to find boats to enable them to cross the river.

VIII.

HOW THE INSURGENTS PROCEEDED TO LAMBETH PALACE.

MEANTIME, Osbert and his party were more than half across the Thames.

Before them rose the stately palace of Lambeth, with its towers and gateway, looking like a black mass relieved against the clear sky. The serene beauty of night, which contrasted forcibly with the agitating events that were taking place, was not without effect upon Osbert. As he stood at the prow of the barge, leaning upon his sword and contemplating the scene, its holy calmness insensibly softened him, and he began to feel compunction for what he had done. But it was now too late to recede. The step was taken, and he must go on. He must either perish as a traitor, or live as the liberator of his country. Stifling all remorseful feelings, he tried to fix his thoughts on the latter contingency.

As the insurgents approached Lambeth Palace, it was evident from the lights gleaming from the windows, and the sounds heard from the courts, that its inmates were alarmed and astir.

In another moment the little squadron reached the wharf. Osbert was the first to land, and leaped ashore sword in hand. Udal and Rufford followed him, but such expedition was used that only a few minutes elapsed before the whole party had disembarked.

Meantime, their movements were watched from the battlements of the gateway by Rodomont Bittern and his two lieutenants. As soon as the insurgents had landed, and were drawn up, Osbert marched at their head towards the gateway, but before he reached it, Rodomont called out, in a loud voice:

"Who are ye, sirs, and what seek ye, that ye approach the palace of the Lord Cardinal in this hostile fashion? State your business without parleying, that I may report it to his Eminence. But I warn you that you can have no admittance at this hour."

"We will obtain admittance for ourselves if our request be refused," replied Osbert. "We require Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver, both detained within the palace, to be delivered up to us."

"By whose warrant do you make this demand?" inquired Rodomont.

"By mine own," replied the other, "which, thus backed, shall answer as well as any other, were it even the Queen's."

"None but her Majesty's own order will procure their liberation," rejoined Rodomont; "and since you possess not that, you are likely to go away empty-handed. Though I would fain disbelieve it, methinks it is Master Osbert Clinton who speaks to me."

"I am he you suppose," replied Osbert. "Use despatch, good Rodomont, and convey my message to the Lord Cardinal."

"If you are turned rebel, as I suspect from the tone you adopt, and the armed rout at your heels," rejoined Rodomont, "I must pray you to cease all familiarity with me. But I will make your demand known to the Lord Cardinal."

"Fail not to add, that if they be not delivered up we will enter the palace and take them," said Osbert.

"I will communicate your exact words," rejoined Rodomont, "but I warn you, that if you make the attempt you will assuredly be hanged."

With this he quitted the battlements.

While he was gone, Osbert employed the time in explaining to the insurgents what must be done in the event of the Cardinal's refusal.

After a brief delay, a wicket in the gate was opened, and Rodomont Bittern came forth.

"What answer bring you from the Lord Cardinal?" demanded Osbert, on seeing him.

"His Eminence will answer you in person," said Rodomont. "But if you will take the advice of one who was once your friend, and is still your well-wisher, you will pursue this matter no further."

"A truce to this," cried Osbert, sternly. "I must have the Cardinal's answer without delay, or I shall proceed to action. I have no time to waste."

"You are peremptory, sir," observed Rodomont, dryly.

"So peremptory, that I *will* have the prisoners," rejoined Osbert, fiercely.

"You must discuss that point with the Lord Cardinal himself," rejoined Rodomont.

As he spoke, the falling of heavy bars within side proclaimed that the gates were being unfastened, and in another moment the ponderous valves swung aside and disclosed the Cardinal standing beneath the archway.

Close behind him stood Priuli with Constance Tyrrell, habited in black, and looking deathly pale, and a little farther removed was Derrick Carver with Mallet, the keeper of the Lollards' Tower.

No guard was near the Cardinal; the only persons with him besides Simnel and Holiday being some half-dozen attendants bearing torches. Pole's features wore a grave and somewhat severe expression. He manifested no apprehension whatever, but fixed a searching though somewhat sorrowful glance upon Osbert and the insurgent crew drawn up behind him.

Seen by the light of the torches, which gleamed upon the Cardinal's majestic figure, upon Constance's pallid but lovely features, upon Priuli's noble countenance, and Derrick Carver's rugged physiognomy—upon Osbert, who, sword in hand, confronted the Cardinal, and upon the insurgents with their pikes—the whole picture was exceedingly striking.

The conference was opened by Pole, who, eyeing Osbert severely, and speaking in a stern tone, said, "I have caused my gates to be thrown open to you, sir, in order to show you that I have no fear. By what authority do you demand the liberation of the persons committed to my charge?"

"I have no authority for the demand I make," replied Osbert, "but I have the power to enforce compliance, and that must suffice. You have done well in throwing open your gates to us, Lord Cardinal, for we design you no injury. Let Constance Tyrrell and Derrick Carver, both of whom I see with you, be delivered up to us, and we will trouble you no further."

"And what will you do if I refuse?" said the Cardinal, sternly.

"We will take them," rejoined Osbert. "But I beseech your Eminence not to compel us to have recourse to violence."

"Hear me, misguided man," said Pole; "and hear me all of ye," he continued, addressing the insurgents in a louder tone, "I will not affect to misunderstand the character in which you come. You are rebels and traitors to the Queen, and have risen in arms against her."

"None would be more loyal and devoted subjects of her Majesty than we, were our rights and liberties respected," said Osbert; "but we have thrown off our allegiance because we will not submit to be governed by a Spanish king. We will not suffer our preachers and pastors to be burnt at the stake as heretics and infidels, nor our country to be enslaved. But we have not come hither to make known our grievances to your Eminence, or to ask for redress, which we well know we cannot obtain from you. We have not come hither to do you injury of any sort, for we hold you in profound respect, and wish there were many of your creed like you. Our object is to liberate all prisoners for religion, and we therefore require the release of the two persons in your custody."

"Before you proceed to extremities," rejoined Pole, "let me counsel you to pause and consider what you are about. You are engaged in a rash enterprise, which will in no way benefit your cause, but will infallibly lead to your destruction. By this outbreak you will give your rulers a plea for further oppression. I do not hesitate to say that I am averse to religious persecution, and would gladly see an end put to it; but this is not the plan to pursue. In a few hours your outbreak will be crushed, and then the party you represent will be worse off than ever. To all such as are peaceably disposed among you; whose families are dear to them, and who would avoid bloodshed and ignominious death, I would say disperse quietly, go to your homes, and come not forth again on a like pretext. To you, Osbert Clinton, who have been unwise enough to place yourself at the head of this insurrection, I must hold other language. Your only safety is in flight. A price will be set on your head, and, if taken, you will die the death of a traitor."

"I am aware of it," replied Osbert. "But I have sworn to free my country and my religion, or perish in the attempt. I have no thoughts of flight, neither will my followers desert me. But we have talked long enough. You know our determination. Are we to have the prisoners peaceably, or must we take them by force?"

"I should be loth to provoke you to bloodshed," replied the Cardinal. "Here are the two prisoners, as you see. I will place no restraint upon them. If they choose to go with you, it is well. If not, you will depart without them."

"I readily agree to the terms, and thank your Eminence for saving me the necessity of violence," replied Osbert. "I do not think they will hesitate. Derrick Carver, you have heard what has passed. We wait for you."

But, to Osbert's great surprise, the enthusiast did not move.

"I cannot go unless I am set free by the Cardinal," he said.

"How?" cried Osbert.

"His Eminence suffered me to go forth on my promise to return," replied Carver, "and I will now prove to him that I am to be relied on."

"I cannot prevent your departure," said Pole; "neither can I set you free."

"Then I stay," replied Carver.

"I am not disappointed in you," observed Pole, approvingly.

"If such be your determination when freedom is offered you, you must have taken leave of your senses," said Osbert. "Constance, I call upon you—and shall not, I am sure, call in vain."

"I cannot leave the good Cardinal, who has sheltered and protected me, without his consent, even at your bidding, Osbert," she replied.

"And my consent must be refused," said Pole. "Alas! misguided man," he continued to Osbert. "You little know what you have done. Just as the King has assented to your union with Constance, you yourself raise an insuperable obstacle to it. Now Constance is lost to you for ever."

"It is too true, Osbert!—it is too true," she cried. "Why did you come hither thus?"

"Ah! why?" he cried, striking his head with his clenched hand. "Perdition on my folly!"

"Save yourself by instant flight—that is the best advice I can give you," said the Cardinal.

"Desert my friends—never!" exclaimed Osbert. "The die is cast, and I must stand the issue. Constance, by all the love you profess to bear me, I implore you to come with me."

"Alas! alas! I cannot obey you," she rejoined.

"Then I will carry you off in spite of your resistance," cried Osbert. "Forward, friends, forward!"

Some few advanced at the summons, but the majority, upon

whom the Cardinal's harangue, combined with subsequent circumstances, had produced a powerful impression, held back.

As Osbert stepped forward, Rodomont and his two comrades placed themselves in his way.

"Back, misguided man!" cried the Cardinal. "Another step, and you rush on certain destruction. The sanctity of this asylum shall not be violated with impunity."

Just then loud shouts were heard, and some of the insurgents rushing forth to see what was the matter, immediately returned to say that a large number of the royal guard were landing from boats, and that some of them were already on the wharf.

"What shall we do?" cried several voices.

"Give them battle," rejoined Osbert, in a loud voice. "Farewell, Constance," he added; "if I fall, think that I came to save you. Now, friends, to the wharf!—to the wharf!"

Hereupon, all the insurgents, headed by Osbert, rushed forth simultaneously from the archway, shouting, "Down with King Philip!—down with the Pope!"

As soon as they were gone, the gates were closed by order of the Cardinal.

Some thirty or forty archers had already disembarked from the boats that had brought them, and others were leaping ashore, as Osbert and his partisans appeared on the wharf. Fierce shouts were raised on both sides, and in another instant a desperate conflict commenced. By a sudden dash, Osbert hoped to drive the enemy into the river; but the archers stood their ground well, and being quickly reinforced by their comrades from the boats, they not only repelled the attack made upon them, but forced the insurgents to retire.

It soon became evident to Rodomont and his lieutenants, who had mounted to the summit of the gateway to watch the conflict, that it must speedily terminate in favour of the archers, who were more than a match for their brave but undisciplined opponents. And so it turned out. In less than ten minutes the conflict was over, and the insurgents dispersed or made captive. Osbert fought desperately to the last, but finding it in vain to struggle longer, followed by three or four others, among whom were Udal and Kufford, he leaped into a boat, and, pushing off, was borne swiftly down the river.

Half a dozen other boats, manned by archers, instantly started in pursuit, and frequent shots were fired at the fugitives. Whether any of these took effect could not be ascertained by Rodomont and his comrades, who watched the chase with great interest from the battlements; but, at all events, the flying bark held on its course, and seemed to gain upon the others. At last, pursued and pursuers disappeared from view.

End of the Fifth Book.

SIX WEEKS AT HUNSDON MANOR

PART II.

I.

A LARGE party in a well-managed country-house undoubtedly presents society in one of its pleasantest phases—chiefly so, perhaps, from the reason that its usual formalities are in a measure abrogated by the constant and daily intercourse with the people among whom you are thrown in inevitable propinquity.

If you happen to take a very pleasant girl in to dinner, there is a satisfaction in feeling that her society is not limited to you for the short lease of one evening, and that you will meet at breakfast the next morning the same charming little person, arrayed in all the spotless freshness of a morning toilette.

It may be that the spell partly consists in the vague visions of domestic life which this pleasant kind of social intercourse suggests, and which possesses also the advantage of bringing out in strong relief the lights and shades of character, discovering in some, bright traits that a more superficial acquaintance had failed to elucidate, and revealing, perhaps, in others, certain weaknesses the existence of which had hitherto escaped notice.

Hunsdon offered a very fair specimen of life in a country-house. Perhaps the credit was due in a great measure to the host and hostess, who, in the dispensation of their hospitalities, combined cordiality and ease—two qualities forming essential components in the art of receiving—and which compass the desirable end of making each guest feel thoroughly at home.

Sir Robert Aylmer was a true type of the good old English country gentleman—liberal, courteous, and kind; no greater meed of praise could be awarded to Lady Aylmer, than the acknowledgment that she was in every way worthy to be his wife. Calm and dignified in manner, gentle and good to all, her universal popularity was rendered easily accountable. Their son's engagement to Ethel seemed to have filled up their measure of content.

"Guy could not have chosen better," Lady Aylmer confidentially observed to me one day. "Ethel is all we could wish, dear child."

It is not my intention to enter upon a descriptive category of the guests at Hunsdon. There were the usual amount of dowagers, with daughters to settle, and young matrons who were settled. Those largely endowed with this world's goods, who, coming for the ostensible reason of shooting, likewise ran great risk of being bagged by the wary mothers in question; others, poor but attractive, forming dangerous foils to these species of schemes. Politicians off duty, some with brains and some without them—the latter supplying the deficiency by a surprising amount of verbosity, which, finding no scope in the House of Commons, flowed all the more abundantly in the social circle. Young ladies of the average description, varying from the rather fast London girl to the more retiring country belle, each adding her individual quota to the dominant

attraction this section of the party collectively possessed, harmonising and blending in pleasing variegation of form and feature, mind and manner. Among this fair medley shone conspicuously Ethel Mordaunt and Lady Margaret Vere. To the former, all seemed openly to yield the claim to this pre-eminence (probably because the fair tacticians considered her to be beyond the pale of competition); and it was also perceptible, that to the latter was strongly inclined the favourable bias of the male portion of the party. Her bright joyous temperament and unfailing good humour, added to great fascination of manners, were perhaps her most powerful credentials, and little Lady Margaret pursued the even tenor of her way enjoying her popularity, but never presuming on it—gaining hearts, and disarming all jealousies—by the kindliness of her nature and her habitual self-forgetfulness.

One evening after dinner, the weather being unusually hot, some of the party had adjourned to the terrace, and were sauntering up and down in groups, enjoying the fragrant coolness, pausing occasionally in the midst of lively conversation and merry peals of laughter, to admire the exquisite scenery that presented in its moonlit beauty a subject worthy of the pencil of Claude.

"What a time for a walk down to the Mere!" suddenly suggested Lady Margaret. And the proposition meeting with a ready acquiescence from Ethel and Miss Meredith, Robert Mordaunt was despatched in quest of scarlet cloaks, hoods, and other pretty contrivances, serving in the double capacity of preservatives against the heavy night dew, and of becoming additions to the fresh evening toilettes of the fair wearers.

The majority of the party declined joining the expedition on the plea of damp grass, thereby drawing from Lady Margaret the expostulatory rejoinder:

"One would really think you were a party of centenarians!"

"Well, Margaret, I see Sir Willoughby talking to my father in one of the windows," said Guy, mischievously. "Shall I tell him we are going, as I am sure he would like to join the party?"

"No, no, Guy, don't disturb them, pray! Why can't you let well alone?"

"But perhaps it is not 'well' with Sir Willoughby," returned Guy, pertinaciously.

"Now I am off, good people!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, running down the terrace steps. "*Qui m'aime me suive!*"

"A dangerous challenge, Lady Margaret," I said, overtaking her; "in the acceptance of which numbers might inconvenience you."

"Now that is very prettily said, Mr. Vernon," she answered, with one of her merry laughs, as we turned into the park. "I see you have graduated in the art of flattery. I like everything good of the kind, and though I don't set much value on compliments in general, yet a neatly turned one falls pleasantly on the ear."

"Agreed; but, at the same time, I should not imagine that you were often besieged by them, Lady Margaret?"

"Well, if that speech is not polite, at least it is frank," laughed my companion, turning her bright eyes full upon me. "I suppose, having administered the poison, you are considerably supplying the antidote?"

"Pardon me, neither is necessary. In the first place, I only uttered a

trism, which is not synonymous with compliment in your sense of the latter word ; and, secondly, assuming that your view of the question is correct, and that compliments are simply conventional forms of speech with no real meaning attached to them, I maintain my impression that you are not one on whom would be made the attempt of passing off base coin of the kind, under the delusion that it would meet with either credit or acceptance."

"What a disagreeable sort of person I must be, then," observed Lady Margaret, "going about the world sifting people's motives after that fashion. I don't feel at all proud in the possession of such a quality! But you quite mistake me, Mr. Vernon. I am afraid I swallow the bait as easily as my neighbours do, provided only it is well disguised."

"I should not take you for the original of the strong-minded woman," I returned, amused by her ingenious and wilful misinterpretation of my meaning. "I can believe that there are cases where your credulity may be easily gained ; but then the hook must be baited with the concerns of others, not with your own."

"Take care, Mr. Vernon, lest I prove to you that your discrimination is at fault," said Lady Margaret, laughing. "Now, tell me candidly, if, in all your travels, you have seen anything much prettier than that?" pointing to the Mere, which suddenly broke upon us as we turned an angle in the park ; and certainly, at the moment, I could not recal any particular view striking me more forcibly than did the quiet loveliness of the one stretched before us.

The Mere was a very extensive piece of water, winding round the base of the wooded hill which bounded it on one side. There it lay glistening in the bright moonlight, its calm surface, on which gleamed the white water-lilies on their broad plateaus of leaves, slightly stirred by the faint breeze, that, sighing in soft whispers amongst the reeds and rushes on the bank, finally died lingeringly and mournfully away amidst the old trees. Under these the deer moved restlessly about, every now and then stealthily crossing the bright track of moonlight, and disappearing into long vistas of shade, or standing in startled attitudes listening to the footfalls of the intruders on their sylvan retreat. Here and there the spire or tower of some distant church stood out in massive relief against the quiet sky. The tombstones in the churchyard, distinctly visible, looked white and ghost-like in the moonlight, which touched with pre-Raphaelite clearness the grey outline of the mountain boundary in the far distance—truly the scene was dreamlike in its beauty! The perfect stillness of the night, broken only by the occasional wild cry of a disturbed water-fowl, or the gentle murmur of the ripples as they plashed lazily against the bank, intensified the soothing charm. Life and effect were given to the foreground by the scarlet cloaks and white dresses worn by the fair members of our party, and which, adding considerably to the picturesque character of the tableau, reminded me of one of Cuyyp's warm and lifelike pictures.

We all stood for some moments in mute and admiring contemplation. Even Miss Meredith (ordinarily a babbling brook in the loquacious line) was hushed into involuntary silence. On chancing to look towards the road, which was some little distance from where we were standing, I suddenly noticed a dark figure moving along under the trees, occasionally

stopping and standing motionless, as if in observation of us. The deep shadow thrown by the mass of foliage precluded the possibility of distinguishing the figure; but in its stealthy movements there was a certain peculiarity which struck my attention.

"What can that be, Guy?" I asked.

"Dear me, Mr. Vernon, how you startled me?" exclaimed Miss Meredith, who belonged to the nervous tribe. "I hope you do not see a ghost!"

"I have always understood, Miss Meredith, that ghosts usually prefer the broad moonlight to shade. No, I think it is something more substantial!"

"But where is it, Vernon?" said Guy. "I don't see anything."

"I do!" exclaimed Lady Margaret. "There it is, stopping now close to the paling. It is a man!"

"Goodness!" ejaculated Miss Meredith. "Who can it be? I dare say it is a poacher, and, perhaps, he has a gun. Oh, I hope he won't fire!"

"My dear Constance," said Lady Margaret, "you don't suppose a poacher would tempt his fate in that open manner, do you? No, it is neither a poacher nor a ghost! But stop," she added, as the figure suddenly crossed a narrow track of moonlight, and then struck again into the gloom, "I really believe that it is Tony, Guy!"

As she uttered the name, Ethel Mordaunt visibly started, and a strange look of alarm passed over her face.

"Are you sure, Margaret?" she asked, hurriedly.

"Quite certain; but how terrified you look, Ethel!"

Guy turned quickly round.

"You are not afraid, darling, of poor Tony?" I heard him say, in a low tone.

"Oh, good gracious! I don't like it at all," cried Miss Meredith. "We had better go back, I think."

"What a coward you are, Miss Meredith!" said Robert Mordaunt, who, boy-like, expressed his opinions with more candour than courtesy.

"Well, at all events, he has disappeared, Miss Meredith," I observed, reassuredly. "I cannot see him anywhere."

"Could it have been Tony, do you think, Margaret?" again asked Ethel, nervously.

"I am quite sure of it, for I distinctly saw his face in the moonlight."

"I will soon ascertain the fact," said Guy. And walking quickly towards the wood, he vaulted over the palings and disappeared in the direction that the man had seemingly taken. In a few minutes he returned. "It is very strange," he said; "I thought that it might have been one of the keepers, but as I got over the paling I certainly saw the figure of a man plunge into the wood, and then I called out to him; though he must have heard me, he returned no answer. What could Tony have been doing here at so late an hour?"

"Probably he has some felonious intentions," suggested Miss Meredith, timorously.

"Hardly that," laughed Guy. "If it *was* the poor fellow, I dare say he has been tracking the nest of one of the wild-fowl—his constant occupation, I believe—and he was probably scared by the unusual sight of so

many people where he is accustomed only to meet the keepers, who never interfere with him."

"I think that we had better return now," said Ethel; who, I observed, continued looking uneasily about her. "It is rather damp." And she shivered as she spoke.

Aylmer drew the shawl more closely around her. "Why did you not say you were cold, Ethel, as I see you are? I am to blame for keeping you standing so long on the damp grass."

I looked at Guy curiously whilst he was speaking. Could this be the same man who had once professedly placed himself on an altitude towering seemingly above the sweet charities of life? and now, when he spoke to Ethel, the very tone of his voice was mellowed by an unwonted tenderness. His manner to her was freighted with a solicitude and a devotion telling how truly she was to him the treasure-trove of his existence!

Perhaps a feeling of jealousy arose in my heart with the reflection that my chalice was as yet unfilled, or, possibly, moonlight may have the effect of producing a slightly sentimental tendency, especially in conjunction with the society of an attractive young person with scarlet geraniums in her dark hair—not redder than her bright lips—and with eyes rivalling in brilliancy the glancing moonbeams on the Mere.

I know not, nor did I feel at the time disposed to trace effect to cause—which, by the way, often proves to be a bad philosophy, tending to neutralise the charm of the moment, for, in the process of analysing, more harm is sometimes effected than good gained. Seize the bright illusion as it comes to you, and never care to question its origin, lest in handling too closely the frail butterfly you brush the down from the wing.

"Who is Tony?" I asked of Lady Margaret, as we slowly proceeded homewards. "And why should his name inspire Miss Mordaunt with such apparent dismay?"

"Tony is a poor idiot," she answered; "or rather, he is half-witted—half-saned, as they term it in our country—harmless as a child, with sufficient capacity to understand what is said to him, but yet not enough to take charge of himself. He is the son of the head gardener at Hunsdon, and Tony is a kind of protégé of the family, coming to the house continually. My uncle allows him to feed the water-fowl on the Mere, and the slight employment seems to delight and content the poor creature. He is patronised and pitied by every one, in consideration of his afflicted state. Even the little children in the village are taught to treat him with kindness.

"His devotion to my cousin Guy, who has always taken great notice of him, is excessive. The little rationality that he possesses, and all his powers of attachment, are merged in this one engrossing feeling. Indeed, the sullenness and obstinacy peculiar to imbecility, and which are strongly developed in him, are in a great measure subservient to this sole sentiment of his imperfect nature. Strange to say, he has taken the greatest dislike to Ethel, whose fear of him is almost amusing. His mother, a good, sensible kind of woman, confided to me the other day her impression that it arose from a feeling of jealousy on his part; Ethel being a stranger to him, and not a member of the family, his poor clouded intellects cannot comprehend why she should engross so much of Guy's attention. It

appears that, one day, not very long ago, as they were riding home through the village, Guy, who never passes Tony without a kind word, or notice of some sort, chanced on this occasion not to see him; Tony, who had come to the door as usual, stood looking after them for some moments, and then, without a word, he crept back to his seat in the corner of the fireplace, and there he remained for hours with his head buried in his hands, refusing his food, and never moving from his position. The apparent neglect had almost broken his heart, and he evidently associated Ethel in some vague, confused way with the cause of his grief, for, after a time, he came to his mother and said, 'Mother, who is *she* ?'

"The poor woman endeavoured to make it clear to him that the young lady was some one 'Mr. Guy was very fond of, that she was to be his wife, and that Tony must try and please the young master by being civil and respectful in his manner to her.' In fact, using logic perfectly unintelligible to the grieved, half-witted creature, who could only see and feel through the medium of his affection for Guy; and in the pain of the fancied slight his anger recoiled upon Ethel, with whom he dimly imagined it to have originated. I suppose that where the powers of reasoning are so limited and obscured, a prepossession becomes a monomania, for such appears to be the case with poor Tony. From that day he has become more sullen and silent than formerly, and his avoidance, even of Guy, betrays his remembrance of the unfortunate occurrence. He comes up to the house as formerly, and the housekeeper is very kind to him; but to her, likewise, his manner is altered. Ethel always speaks to him whenever she chances to meet him; but all her overtures are in vain, and I am confident that his apparent dislike rather intimidates her, though she carefully suppresses any feeling of the kind, as, with her usual kindness and consideration, she is anxious to avoid exciting Guy's resentment against Tony, who is really a most inoffensive being."

"I can well understand and sympathise with Miss Mordaunt's feeling of repulsion towards him," I replied. "Now I come to think of it, the recollection occurs to me of Aylmer's having mentioned, years ago, some poor fellow of the sort. I suppose his own people take proper care of him?"

"Yes, his mother is devoted to him. He is more to her, I think, than all her other children combined."

"That proves the existence of a striking attribute of your sex, Lady Margaret. Pity is strongly akin to love in your natures!"

"As regards the relationship between parent and child, yes," replied Lady Margaret. "But——"

"Not in a nearer tie," I interrupted, anticipating her reply. "You mean, for instance, that a husband afflicted with a softening of the brain would not be thereby endeared to you?"

"No! Mr. Vernon, your construction is at fault. I do not think it probable that I should fall in love with any one labouring under so distressing an ailment; but, if the man I had married, or had previously cared for, were to meet with such an affliction, he would unquestionably possess a double claim on my devotion. The meaning I intended to convey was, that though love entails compassion where it is called for, compassion, on the other hand, does not necessarily generate love!"

"But allow me to observe, Lady Margaret, that your doctrine is in

direct antagonism to the theory of ancient establishment—namely, that a claim to woman's pity has also a powerful tenure on her attachment."

"That is an impression drawn from a general inference, without any regard to the different complexions of feeling or sentiment. Compassion, I trust, is a very womanly quality, and sympathy is inseparable from it; but I maintain that both are distinct from a warmer sentiment. Our kindly impressions may be strongly excited by a case of suffering, and, naturally, commiseration will bring into action the desire of alleviating pain or distress; but when the evil has passed away—though the interest engendered in our hearts by the demand on our compassion will remain—I consider that the susceptibility of our nature is strongly exaggerated, when a deeper affection is supposed to accrue as the inevitable result. I do not admit that our temperament is so morbid."

"And yet the very weakness you disclaim, Lady Margaret, appears to me, I confess, in a more lovable light than would the sentiment springing from a cruder and more matter-of-fact source. I could not, myself, fall in love with a person merely because her character and mine were drawn in corresponding lines of geometrical exactness, much less can I imagine a woman doing so whose more subtle and delicate moral organisation renders her more sensitive to impressions than one of a tougher and coarser mould!"

"I did not draw the parallel, Mr. Vernon, and you have arrived at a conclusion which I never dreamed of disputing. I should as soon set about trying to solve a mathematical problem as embark in the futile effort of attempting to throw light on a subject which is, I suppose, learnt by all the world practically, but by none theoretically."

"But since you deny that pity has aught to do with the matter, you assume that in its place some definite feeling has?"

"Each person in the world, I should imagine, held a private and distinct doctrine of their own on the subject, and which, of course, need not be considered binding upon others. My own is, that the old lines beginning 'I do not like you, Dr. Fell,' &c., contain in their inverted sense the pith of the argument, or, as I once read somewhere, '*Je l'aimais parce que c'était lui, parce que c'était moi*,' and which appears to me to be a truer solution than all the logic in the world could supply. Assuming, however, a higher ground for my opinion, 'that pity is not always akin to love,' I believe that a woman naturally requires in a man those higher and firmer qualities which she instinctively feels are requisite as a support and stimulus to her own weaker nature. The man who awakens her pity stands in the inferior situation; she being the giver, and he the recipient, reversing, consequently, their relative positions, and tending considerably to divest the man of that superiority which is the chief cause of his influence and supremacy."

"I fully concur in that opinion, Lady Margaret, though at the same time I still adhere to my original text, that compassion is one of the strongholds of woman's character, which, once gained, becomes a powerful auxiliary in our favour. Else, from what motive arises the long-suffering and leniency which forgives, not seven times seven, but seventy times seven?"

"If you recollect, Mr. Vernon, I did not deny its power; on the contrary, I affirm that though love does not follow pity, as an inevitable

consequence, yet it is most materially strengthened by it when it already exists."

"You appear to be a close reasoner, Lady Margaret, and your knowledge of character proves that you must have made it your study, or that you are rich in the possession of another womanly faculty—that of arriving by intuition at a conclusion which we only reach by longer stages."

"I am afraid that my conclusions are sometimes very wide of the mark!" returned Lady Margaret, smiling. "I am, perhaps, too headstrong, looking at life after a fashion of my own, without deferring sufficiently to older and wiser experience. However, I have counted the cost, and am content to run the risk of paying the penalty."

As she said this, with a strange intermixture of humility and independence, I looked at her admiringly. There was an originality and a piquancy in her line of thought and mode of expression differing widely from the platitudes and rapid style of the average young lady conversationalist.

"If you deem my advice worth taking, Lady Margaret, you will continue to trust to your own perception. I do not think that it will lead you very far astray, and the knowledge coming to you through your own discovery is ten times more valuable than the second-hand commodity, which, after all, you can but take on trust."

"Thank you for that most palatable advice, Mr. Vernon, though probably my friends would inform you that you are ministering to one of my pet failings. I fear that as yet my studies from nature are more original than useful; however, I am really willing to learn, provided only I have common confidence in my teacher."

We proceeded on our way for some minutes in silence. I was idly speculating as to who would one day fill the pleasant office of teacher to so charming a pupil, when my reverie was disagreeably broken upon by the resonant voice of Sir Willoughby Gresham.

"Lady Margaret, I am sent in search of you. Where have you been? Surely it is most imprudent to remain out in the damp night air."

And here the speaker cast an indignant look in my direction, which changed the tenor of my thoughts into the mental soliloquy, "What a bore that man is! and why on earth should he see fit to obtrude his society where it is not desired?"

Perhaps a sympathetic thought also crossed Lady Margaret's mind, for there was a slight impatience in her tone, as she answered:

"I am not afraid of the damp, thank you, Sir Willoughby, and certainly such scruples would not deter me from enjoying such an exquisite night!"

"Ah! like all young ladies, you are rather imprudent; but if you will not take care of yourself, you must allow other people to do so for you."

"Indeed the office would be no sinecure!" said Lady Margaret, laughing, "for I should not wish my worst enemy the onerous task. In the first place, I infinitely prefer performing that duty for myself; and secondly, I really consider myself equal to do so."

"I confess I do not care to see a woman very independent," said Sir Willoughby, a little stiffly; "self-reliance is the last qualification to be either desired or expected from them."

"The ivy clinging to the tree," observed Lady Margaret, mischievously, "giving beauty and gaining support. Well, I don't object to the first part, but I am afraid that I have nothing like that tendency in me; in fact, I rather lean to liberty of action."

"You will think differently sooner or later," said Sir Willoughby, on whose ear Lady Margaret's speech apparently jarred unpleasantly.

"What does that ambiguous term mean, 'sooner or later?'" said Lady Margaret, interrogatively, as we re-entered the drawing-room. But Sir Willoughby was spared the necessity of any further explanation by Miss Meredith, who came towards him with an entreaty for "that charming song she so longed to hear again."

"Do you sing, Sir Willoughby?" asked Ethel, who overheard the request.

"Oh, charmingly!" answered Miss Meredith for him. "I can assure you, Ethel, that I was quite delighted yesterday afternoon with Sir Willoughby's voice.—You really must let us hear that song again," she continued, turning towards him.

I presume it is human nature to pride ourselves on the fancied possession of the very talent in which we are most deficient, for unquestionably the worthy baronet could not lay claim to the one imputed to him in the present case, and having been a listener to the unmusical performance of the day before, I was astonished to hear it dignified by the name of a song!

"I shall be delighted to sing, Miss Meredith, if you will kindly accompany me," said the flattered Sir Willoughby, with all the consciousness and aplomb of a first-rate proficient, as he followed her to the piano.

"What can Constance mean?" asked Lady Margaret, in a tone of astonishment.

Guy smiled cynically. "She is stooping to conquer, my dear Margaret."

"Now, Guy, don't be ill natured," interposed Ethel.

"Certainly, Ethel, you have never yet paid me the compliment of discovering that I had a charming talent for singing."

"No, Guy, it lies beyond my reach. I don't think I shall ever ask you to sing."

"At the same time, I really think I could croak as well as that!" resumed Guy, as Sir Willoughby began a low, monotonous dirge, guiltless of melody and equally indifferent as to time and tune, which Miss Meredith assisted by a running accompaniment, intended, I presume, to convey the idea of flowing water, the burden of the song being, as I was afterwards informed, the love ditty of an Indian boatman; and certainly if his mistress possessed a heart of flesh, her commiseration must have been excited by the doleful, dreary complaint, not differing widely from the moan of a professional mendicant! Sir Willoughby was rewarded at the conclusion of his song by ecstatic applause from Miss Meredith.

"Is it not charming?" she asked of the unwilling victims in the neighbourhood of the piano, and who were thus forced into the dilemma of either perjuring their consciences by a polite falsehood, or giving the denial by an uncivil silence. An expression of slight disgust passed over Lady Margaret's face as Constance Meredith continued to ply Sir

Willoughby with enthusiastic encomiums, and Ethel looked intensely amused.

"She deserves to win," observed Guy. "For my part, I wish her all success. If Miss Meredith were a Roman Catholic, the amount of penances she would have to undergo for that last white lie of hers would absolutely reduce her to a shade of her former self."

"Go and sing, for Heaven's sake, Margaret!" exclaimed Robert Mor-daunt, "if it is only to take the sound of that man's voice out of my ears!"

And certainly the suggestion was worthy of all praise, for, in listening to her exquisite voice, the unpleasing effect of Sir Willoughby's song was forgotten. There was a depth of feeling in Lady Margaret's singing that was irresistibly touching, and to which the perfect training and cultivation of her voice formed a powerful addition. Each note as it fell seemed burdened with the expression of her inner thoughts, impressing you with the idea that song was to her but another form of speech.

Sometimes the gay and rapid Neapolitan airs would almost infect you with the light-heartedness of the careless people to whom they belonged, or she would render the slow, impassioned melody of some simple old ballad with a pathos that could bring the tears to some eyes, and call up, perhaps, in your heart sad but sweet old memories, sunk long ago into the sleep and silence of the past. On this same evening I could not but observe the effect of Lady Margaret's singing on a very shy young curate, who had been one of the dinner guests that evening, and who, having retreated to a distant table of engravings, behind which he had ensconced himself, had remained there without changing his position, evincing no inclination to hold any more sociable communion with any one in the room, resisting even Lady Aylmer's kindly attempts to draw him from his corner of refuge. Sir Willoughby's absurd exhibition had failed to call up the shadow of a smile on his imperturbable countenance, neither did he appear to take the slightest notice of what was passing around him. When Lady Margaret began to sing, the curate looked up suddenly from his seemingly absorbing examination of the engravings, and, with his eyes fixed on her face, he sat as if spell-bound, entranced by the charm of the sweet tones. Presently, when she had ended one song, and under cover of the buzz of conversation, I saw him move from his seat, and, gradually edging his way to the piano, he finally found a resting-place on a chair close to it. "I think I never heard such beautiful singing in my life," he began, getting extremely red and nervous on hearing the unwonted sound of his own voice. Lady Margaret turned round, and comprehending at a glance that he was very shy, with ready tact she answered, in a friendly, cordial tone,

"I am very glad you think so, Mr. Campbell. Are you fond of music?"

"Oh, very," he replied, reassured by her kind manner. "Could you, or rather would you, sing 'Auld lang syne?' I have never heard it since I left Scotland, long ago." And alarmed by his own boldness in making the request, and perhaps by uttering so many more words consecutively than was his custom, he relapsed into a state of scarlet confusion.

"I shall be delighted to sing 'Auld lang syne,'" said Lady Margaret. "It is a great favourite of mine also; but I must ask you to excuse any fault, for I am not a Scotchwoman, you know."

In the pleasure of listening to the familiar old air—sung as he possibly had never heard it sung before—the curate forgot his shyness and the fact that he was in a room full of people. The simple ballad, perhaps, carried him back to the home that he “had left long ago,” for I saw the tears standing in his eyes, and when the song was concluded it was some moments before he could find words to thank Lady Margaret.

“I am very much obliged to you,” he said, after a pause. “I fear I cannot adequately express my sense of your kindness in indulging my wish, but if you only knew what pleasure you have given me, I think you would feel repaid.”

There was a simplicity and a quaintness in the poor fellow’s speech and manner almost touching, and which evidently impressed Lady Margaret, for she continued talking to him for the remainder of the evening, and under the influence of her kind and simple manner the curate’s overwhelming bashfulness perceptibly wore away, which caused Miss Meredith to remark:

“Do look at Margaret, actually flirting with that red-haired Mr. Campbell. What can she be talking to him about?”

The observation did not tend to lessen the cloud that had rested on Sir Willoughby’s features, who, in spite of the flatteries Miss Meredith had been lavishing upon him, occasionally glanced indignantly in the direction of Lady Margaret’s tête-à-tête with the curate.

“You are quite a refuge for the destitute, Margaret,” said Katherine Meredith, as the ladies were receiving their candles in the hall, and were going through the lengthened process of wishing good night. “Really, my dear, it is unfair on that poor Mr. Campbell, who being already minus wits, is now positively bereft of his heart! He will go home and dream that he has been in company with St. Cecilia!”

There was a sneering tone in Katherine Meredith’s voice as she said this, for though more sensible she was less good natured than her sister Constance.

“I don’t think I have in any way disturbed his peace, Katherine; and as to his being deficient in wits, I can assure you, on the contrary, that he is amply provided with them.”

“In that case, Margaret, you must possess the talent of bringing out stupid people. I wish you would give me the secret.”

“No, Miss Meredith,” I said, as I handed to her her candle; “like all patents, Lady Margaret’s gift is not transferable. Selfishly speaking, I regret this, as the advantages resulting from a more general diffusion of it would be great, and we should be considerably the gainers.”

Lady Margaret endeavoured to laugh off the subject, and said: “The fact is, I have a weakness for shy people, probably from the contrast they afford to myself, having, I very much fear, verified the words of my old Irish nurse, who used to say when I was naughty, ‘Ah! Lady Margaret, you’re a bould child, you are!’”

But the heightened colour in Katherine Meredith’s cheek, and the angry look in her eyes, betokened that *she* interpreted truly the meaning of my words, and had scored the fact against me in her memorandum of offences.

“Good night, Mr. Vernon,” she said. “I suppose you have taken a first class in ethics, and I bow to your superior knowledge.”

"Defend me," I returned, laughing, "from the unpardonable presumption, Miss Meredith, of playing the part of instructor where I ought only to be the pupil. I should be 'the bould child' then!"

II.

ONE morning, on coming down rather later than usual to breakfast, I found all the party deep in the discussion of a proposed pic-nic for that day.

"I cannot understand the mania for those kind of expeditions," observed Lord Grantham to me, in an aggrieved tone of voice, as I took possession of a vacant chair next to him. "What possible pleasure can there be in dining on the grass, in the most uncomfortable position imaginable, instead of eating the same dinner with one's legs under a sensible mahogany table?"

"For the sake of variety, discomfort is really quite pleasant sometimes, papa," said Lady Margaret, who had heard her father's remark. "You will enjoy your dinner to-morrow all the more after having been obliged to discuss the one of to-day à la Turque!"

"Thank you, my dear. I don't require any such sauce piquante to my every-day comfort. I presume, Aylmer, you are not going to turn gipsy to-day? How about that touch of rheumatism I heard you grumbling about yesterday, eh?"

"Now, papa, that is too bad of you to remind uncle Robert of his infirmities, when he has been looking quite juvenile at the very idea of a pic-nic."

Sir Robert rubbed his hands and laughed:

"Yes, Margaret's right, I am going, Grantham, and so are you. The carriages will be round by eleven o'clock sharp, for the Black Glen—where it is settled we are to go—is a good twelve miles' drive from here, and hilly roads besides. You must settle it amongst yourselves how you all go. I will drive you, Grantham—the martyr to a good cause!"

But not so easily was the disposal of the rest of the party effected, it being evidently a matter of moment to many how, and with whom, they were to go. Most amusing to watch were the various symptoms of ill-concealed anxiety and concern, as Guy, undertaking the thankless task of endeavouring to arrange the knotty question to the satisfaction of all parties, contrived to do exactly the reverse, which fact becoming clear to his perception, induced him to relinquish the attempt in despair. Robert Mordaunt settled his part in the proceeding more expeditiously with his neighbour, a shy and very pretty young girl, with whom my friend Bob was immensely taken.

"Now you and I are going together, Miss Grey," he said decisively, "recollect that, even if we are reduced to a wheelbarrow."

"For my part," exclaimed Lady Julia Lyster (whose rôle was that expressed by "rather fast, and no nonsense"), "I prefer a dog-cart, with a fast-stepping horse, and any companion amiable enough to allow me to drive."

Lady Julia, besides being good-looking, was also "good fun"—Anglicè, her conversation and manner were of that rattling, off-hand description which, if nothing more can be advanced in its favour, was at least

amusing, and there was no lack of aspirants for the honour of driving, or rather being driven by her.

Constance Meredith's eyes were wandering anxiously in the direction of Sir Willoughby Gresham. Doubtless, having led a high tramp but a few evenings before, in the form of her adroitly bestowed flatteries, she expected no less than that he would return a grateful suit on the present occasion, by offering himself as her companion for the drive. Alas! if such were her hopes they were doomed to be disappointed. In an audible tone the ingrate said:

"Lady Margaret, I hope you will grant me the pleasure of driving you to the Black Glen. I can promise you that my horses will prove quiet."

However foreign to her inclinations this proposal may have been, its direct appeal to Lady Margaret precluded the possibility of a refusal consistent with common courtesy, and forced a compliance therefore, from which necessarily all appearance of reluctance was suppressed.

Miss Meredith was visibly disconcerted, as I could read in the glances interchanged with her sister, and, inconsistently enough, I also felt disposed to quarrel with Lady Margaret's acquiescence, feeling "tant soit peu" sulky and ill used as I proceeded with my breakfast in silence. Perhaps my ruffled frame of mind arose from the fact that it is never otherwise than irritating to be thwarted in any project, however trifling, and I had contemplated driving Lady Margaret myself, when my purpose was effectually forestalled by Sir Willoughby's proposition. I did not choose to consider that she was really the victim of a circumstance over which she had no control, or to observe that she herself looked the reverse of contented with the arrangement. No; in my present unreasonable mood I was willing to attribute to her an unworthy coquetry, and the thought actually crossed my mind of forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Miss Meredith, towards whom I felt unusually indulgent on the score of the contravention of her own plans. I fancied also that Ethel cast somewhat of a commiserating glance at me, which, far from tending to soothe my slightly acerbated temper, impelled me to look across the table at Constance Meredith, on whose pretty face there was a decided pout, and to say, with a degree of empressment not usually characterizing my manner towards the young lady in question,

"Miss Meredith, will you consent to fall to my share in the general distribution that seems going on?"

"Oh, with pleasure," she returned, brightening up—from what cause I could not define—certainly from none flattering to myself; and I was equally incapable of comprehending the rather exultant look she threw at Lady Margaret.

"Did you hear that old fool tell Margaret that his horses were quiet?" I heard Bob say, in a low tone, to Miss Grey. "Why, she could lick his head off in the driving line, and in pluck, too, if it comes to that. What a muff Margaret is to go with him. He drives his old nags at a snail's pace. We shall beat them in a wheelbarrow."

"Doesn't she like to go with him?" asked Miss Grey, innocently, on whose very youthful imagination Sir Willoughby's imposing demeanour had doubtless created some effect. "He does look very grand, to be sure, but still he is very good natured."

"Oh, bang his good nature!" was the unscrupulous Bob's rejoinder.

"We could dispense with that if his conceit would quit in company with it."

"Guy, how is Aunt Aylmer going?" asked Lady Margaret, after breakfast.

"I will go and find out if you wish to know, Margaret. Don't suppose, however, my dear child, that you can make any alteration in *your* plans. You are safely booked, and can't get out of it this time."

"I do not suppose that you have any wish to do so, Lady Margaret," I said, as Aylmer went off in quest of his mother. "I was under the impression that you were thoroughly satisfied with your part in this seemingly difficult business of progression."

Something perhaps in my tone made her look up suddenly.

"How could I have done otherwise?" she asked, simply. "I had no loophole of escape left me."

My jaundiced suspicion was alarmed by her manner, and I answered:

"I fear that I am not an impartial judge, Lady Margaret, Sir Willoughby having possessed himself of the place I had hoped to occupy."

"Well, it cannot be helped now," she remarked, resignedly.

"I believe Miss Meredith is much more to be pitied than yourself. Guy's bays are rather fresh, and I suspect, accordingly, that our way will be enlivened by a series of feminine alarms."

"Perhaps," soliloquised Lady Margaret, "papa was right, after all; and I dare say that before I am half way to the Black Glen, I shall sympathise with his wish 'of dining with his legs under a sensible mahogany table.'"

"Poor Margaret!" said Ethel, compassionately. "Never mind, dear, long drives, like long lives, must have an end."

"Thank you, Ethel, for a maxim worthy of Tupper," returned Lady Margaret, laughing. "Guy had better take care that you do not quote it against him."

"Well, Margaret, if you like we will compare notes on our return."

"My dear Ethel, we can determine that point at once, if you wish to do so. I can give you, beforehand, a précis of Sir Willoughby's conversation."

"Can you, indeed?" I asked, with some curiosity. "I suppose, then, the subject has already been discussed, or there is some deeper meaning attached to Sir Willoughby's request, Lady Margaret, than would be discreet to inquire into?"

"Is that a true bill, Margaret?" asked Ethel.

"Pas si bête ma chère," returned Lady Margaret, carelessly.

"To whom does your last observation apply?" I inquired; "to yourself, or to Sir Willoughby?"

"For asking such a question, Mr. Vernon, I will recommend to your perusal Lord Chesterfield's letters on politeness."

"Pardon me! I only asked for information, not from any undue inquisitiveness."

"Which, in the present case, is a distinction without a difference," returned Lady Margaret, as she left the room.

"Poor Margaret!" again said Ethel, when she was gone. "It is too bad of that man boring her perpetually with his tiresome society."

"Are you quite sure that you speak advisedly, Miss Mordaunt?" I asked, a slight tinge of spleen returning, as the prospect of Miss Meredith's innate conversation, to be endured for the period of a long drive, recurred unpleasantly to me. "It is difficult sometimes rightly to define a young lady's likes and dislikes, which are rather undetermined and kaleidoscopic in their character."

"As men's judgments are at times," returned Ethel, quietly, as she moved away.

By the time appointed for our departure we were nearly all congregated in the hall, undergoing the inevitable bustle and excitement of getting a large party under way. Now, some anxious dowager was enjoining a refractory daughter to put on more wraps, which injunction was by no means well received by that perverse young woman, who naturally preferred incurring the risk of taking cold to the graver one of eclipsing the charms of her pretty light toilette; or, another wary matron, from her point of observation in a close carriage, was rendered desperate by the sight of Mary or Matilda's insubordinate proceedings, as in flagrant defiance of maternal commands she was consigning herself to the chariotiership of "that delightful Mr. Travers," a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, and the youngest of younger sons, whose powers of attraction, whilst they won for him the favour of the young lady, likewise drew upon his devoted head the fierce enmity of the elder one.

Lady Julia Lyster—happy in the fulfilment of her expressed wish—was seated on high in Sir William Wentworth's dog-cart, behind a handsome well-bred chesnut, some sixteen hands high, whose eye and action betokened that mettle was not wanting.

Next came Sir Willoughby Gresham's phaeton, handsome and heavy like himself. Guy was to drive Ethel in Lady Aylmer's pony-carriage, having resigned his bays in my favour; and there they were, that morning, looking particularly fresh, showing off their strong lengthy frames and beautiful proportions by curvetting under the groom's restraining hand—in sporting parlance, "looking all over like going"—which did not promise encouragingly for Miss Meredith's nerves.

Far away in the rear of the other carriages was a fabulously small basket-chair, drawn by a diminutive pony, not much bigger than a tolerably grown calf. There was something especially ludicrous in the ensemble of the little turn-out, which was increased by the eccentric adjunct of an enormous pair of bright blue rosettes, adorning, and almost concealing, the pony's small head. A nearer inspection proved to me that the animal's sturdy legs and strong shoulders did not run parallel with his small size, and I was wondering for whose occupation the quaint little conveyance was destined, when Bob Mordaunt appeared at the entrance in a state of great excitement.

"Halloa! Where's my trap? Oh! there it is. All right! Come along, Miss Grey."

"Are *you* going in that?" I asked, with surprise. "Why, Bob, where do you propose stowing away those long legs of yours?"

"Oh, anywhere; that's instead of the wheelbarrow, you know. The fact is," he continued, lowering his voice confidentially, "I couldn't get anything else, and that trap belongs to old Miss Marston. She is under the impression, poor deluded old soul, that her man is going to drive it,

but I have persuaded the fellow to let me have it, and I want to get off before the old woman comes out, or there'll be the devil to pay! I say, Miss Grey, we won't have those blue things; the pony looks in them the counterpart of Miss Marston herself in that blue helmet she wore at breakfast this morning!"

"Oh no, pray don't take them off," implored Miss Grey, who stood in considerable awe of Miss Marston, whose severe elderly maidenhood looked down upon younger life with a certain degree of austerity. "Pray don't touch them, Mr. Mordaunt! She will be so angry, and they don't signify."

"Well, if you don't mind them, of course it's all the same to me," returned Bob, "so we had better get in and be off."

"But if we start before the others," suggested his timorous little companion, whose bright cheeks were flushing brighter at the very thought, "we shall be seen, I am sure, by Miss Marston."

"No we shan't; I am going round the other way; besides which—— Hang the cross old cat, why shouldn't she lend us her pony? If she attempts to stop us, I will take her place in the close carriage, and force her to go in the pony chair herself, which she won't like, I promise you, for I am sure she has lots of complaints that open air don't agree with; so you see, Miss Grey, I have hedged my position."

"You prefer, I suppose, Bob, even a lowly conveyance holding two to a more exalted one containing more," I remarked, as I placed Miss Grey in the pony-chair.

The lad coloured and laughed, as with his customary bold good humour he answered:

"Well, what if I do? Why not? Other people share the same opinion, perhaps, only it happens to be their misfortune, and not their fault, that, unlike myself, they have hit upon the wrong companion! Now! are you all right and tight, Miss Grey? Good-by, old fellow. Better luck to you next time."

And with this parting benediction he wheeled the pony-chair round, and they trotted off in another direction, in evasion of Miss Marston's dreaded discovery of their appropriation of her property.

I looked after them, thinking they made a pretty picture. The boy, with his fair hair and bright handsome face; the girl, with her shy, sweet expression and innocent beauty. Both in the unrestrained enjoyment of the exuberant spirits and unconcerned happiness of early youth.

Miss Meredith presently made her appearance, arrayed in a somewhat fantastic dress, looped up over a vividly-hued petticoat, and with a great redundancy of gold ornaments about her head and person, contrasting forcibly with the particularly quiet and simple attire worn by Ethel and Lady Margaret, in which nothing was remarkable saving the unexceptionable taste and becoming effect, the true test of that art so purely intuitive—dress.

Sir Willoughby, radiantly contented, handed Lady Margaret into his phaeton, overwhelming her with ponderous attentions on the subject of cloaks and wraps, all of which she put aside with a civil but decided rejection.

"I shall not want them, thank you, Sir Willoughby, as in all proba-

lifty, should the evening be fresh, I shall return in the close carriage with my aunt."

Poor Lady Margaret! She could not have hit upon a more unavailable excuse, her previous assertions of indifference to night air and its effects having not yet escaped Sir Willoughby's retentive memory, and he now recalled them to her, in confutation of her present declaration. My eyes meeting hers at the moment, we both smiled at the fruitlessness of her attempt. It was clear that if no lucky chance intervened in the interim, she was doomed to return as she went, and with Damocles' sword pending in the shape of this anticipation, she was driven from the door.

The bays getting impatient, obliged me to expedite the movements of Miss Meredith, who, in terror, partly natural and partly assumed, was going through a variety of manœuvres and hesitations, to Guy's amusement and my annoyance, though of course I made no outward demonstration of my inward feeling.

"You need be under no alarm, Miss Meredith," said Guy; "the horses are only a little fresh, and I can bear testimony to the fact of Vernon's being a first-rate whip."

"Oh! I am sure he is," returned Miss Meredith, in no wise reassured, however; "but hadn't we better have both the grooms, in case the horses should be restive?"

"Confound her impudence!" was my mental rejoinder; but I only said, with all the mildness I could muster, "I don't think we shall require extra aid, Miss Meredith, but if the grooms inspire you with more confidence, by all means let them come."

Perhaps a gleam of my smothered indignation was manifest to Ethel and to Guy, for they both looked excessively entertained.

"Would you prefer driving with Guy in the pony-carriage, and letting me take your place, Constance?" asked Ethel, who, in her usual good-natured concern for other people's comfort, in the present instance seemed to lose sight of poor Guy's, and his blank looks at this unexpected proposition amused me in my turn. Although Constance Meredith decidedly refused the offered exchange, I consider that Ethel really merited the reproaches that doubtless she received when we had taken our departure.

The bays stepped out pleasantly enough, and we bowled along at a famous pace, overtaking and passing Sir Willoughby and Lady Margaret. The latter looked, I fancied, mischievously inclined, judging from the laughing expression in her eyes, and, on remarking this casually to my companion, she answered, coldly,

"I do not see what Margaret can find to laugh at in Sir Willoughby Graham. It is a bad habit that she has."

"I suppose you never do such a thing, Miss Meredith?"

"No, I never amuse myself at other people's expense," she replied, rather sententiously; "and I do not see the use of making enemies!"

"I should not imagine that Lady Margaret made many, either," I observed, carelessly; "and certainly Sir Willoughby does not appear to be in any way repelled."

"Margaret is a decided flirt," said Miss Meredith, whose wonted good

humour seemed turned to gall by this observation of mine. "I don't believe Sir Willoughby cares for her as you seem to imagine."

"Don't you?" I asked. "Well, I must say, then, that appearances are at variance with the reality in that case. But, then, to be sure, all young ladies are flirts, are they not, Miss Meredith? And breaking hearts is a favourite ambition of theirs!"

"I do not think that Sir Willoughby's heart is in any danger of the kind," returned Miss Meredith, snappishly, "and Margaret is labouring under a mistake if she thinks otherwise."

At this juncture one of the bays saw fit to shy, startled probably by the apparition of the old lady in a white apron who came out from the lodge to open the gates, and which little occurrence set light to the train of Miss Meredith's alarms.

"Gracious goodness, Mr. Vernon! they are going to kick or run away! Shall I call to the woman to stop them?"

This second betrayal of Miss Meredith's utter want of confidence in my powers considerably amused me; the old woman to whom she looked for assistance being, I should have opined, on the shady side of seventy.

"Suppose we take her up behind us, Miss Meredith?" I said, suggestively. "She might sit bodkin between the grooms, and would be at hand if wanted."

"Oh! pray don't laugh, Mr. Vernon, I am so terrified. Do look at the horrid creature pricking his ears!"

"I can assure you, Miss Meredith, *that* is not symptomatic of danger; laying his ears back would be the more natural demonstration of mischief, if he contemplated any."

"Then look at the other horse, Mr. Vernon; his ears are quite flat to his head, and his eyes are so savage-looking!"

How Miss Meredith arrived at this conclusion I am at a loss to understand, seeing that blinkers are not transparent. I endeavoured to quell the current of her fears, but my efforts were unsuccessful.

"But why will they toss their heads in that dreadful way?" she asked, as the bays, appreciating more fully than she did the exhilarating fresh air, trotted out with the free, dancing action of well-bred horses, in whose frames symmetry and strength were equally balanced.

"We are going down such a hill, Mr. Vernon, and I am sure they will run away, and we shall be thrown out, and perhaps killed. Oh! I wish I had not come!"

A glance into my mind at that moment would have shown her how devoutly I concurred in the sentiment, for I deeply repented having wilfully undertaken so heavy a responsibility as the charge of Miss Meredith proved to be. I contemplated, likewise, the possibility of an attempt on her part to jump out—a feat women are wonderfully prone to perform when terrified by the equine race—and which fatal expedient was the only danger to be apprehended under the present circumstances.

Preserve me from the infliction of a silly woman's society! A stupid one is a bore, and an ill-tempered one is a burden; but a silly woman is more insufferable than either, from this fact, that her mind possessing no substratum of intelligence to which you can appeal, there is no tangible point of resistance, and after the fashion of a pony with no mouth, who

lores against your hand, regardless of bit or bridle. She is unconquerable, because unassailable.

Finding that all arguments I could advance were thrown away upon my nervous companion, I resigned myself to the unhappy fate forced upon me, keeping, however, a sharp look-out on her movements, so as to intercept any suicidal measure of springing from the carriage, and consoling myself with the resolve that upon other hands than mine should devolve the honour of driving her home. As Ethel had observed, "Long drives, like long lives, must have an end," and with a feeling of intense relief and satisfaction I hailed the termination of ours.

On nearing the inn where the carriages were to remain we overtook Bob, who, by taking a shorter cut, inaccessible to all larger equipages than his own little trap, had contrived to arrive as soon as the other carriages. We came up in the middle of a fierce dispute between him and the pony, the latter lowering his rebellious little head, and setting at naught all Bob's equally determined endeavours to make him enter the gate, and to which mode of ingress the pony, from some private reasons of his own, evinced a strong objection.

"Let me get out, and I will walk on to the inn," urged little Miss Grey, deeming non-resistance the wiser course to pursue.

"No; certainly not!" objected Bob. "I'm not going to be beaten by a thing no bigger than a cat. Sit still, pray!"

And a violent struggle recommenced between the disputants, the pony backing and swerving to the right and to the left, preferring any course to the middle one of entrance.

In the midst of the contest Lady Aylmer's carriage drove up, and a formidable-looking bonnet was protruded from the window.

"Mr. Mordaunt, what are you doing to my poor little pony?" asked a voice, the stern tones of which sent the colour in crimson tides to poor little Miss Grey's cheeks.

"No harm, Miss Marston," returned the unabashed Bob; "only persuading him to walk in the way he should go."

"There, Mr. Mordaunt!" ejaculated Miss Grey, as the carriage passed on, "I told you she would be so angry."

"Well, never mind! She can't prevent our returning in her pony-carriage, at all events," returned Bob, who seemed only concerned on the question of the possible transfer of his companion and himself to other and perhaps separate conveyances. "Now, sir, will you?" And in answer to a sharp cut, bestowed on his fat little sides, the refractory pony darted through the gate, impetuously tearing up to the door, in open defiance of all precedence. "Don't mind, Miss Marston," said Bob, encouragingly, as he triumphantly landed his little companion; "and remember! you're pledged to go back with me. I'll make it all straight with the old lady, I promise you."

AT THE TOWER WINDOW WITH SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

THE introductory discourse with which M. Guizot, some fifty years since, ushered in his first course of lectures on Modern History, opened with the familiar but always instructive story of a "statesman equally celebrated for his character and misfortunes, Sir Walter Raleigh," who, while confined in the Tower, employed himself in finishing the second part of that History of the World of which he had already published the first. A quarrel arose in one of the courts of the prison (so the story runs); he looked on attentively at the contest, which did not pass off without bloodshedding,—and when he retired from the window, Sir Walter's imagination was strongly impressed by the scene that had passed under his eyes. Next day a friend came to visit him, and related what had occurred. But great was his surprise when this friend, who had been present at, and even engaged in the occurrence of the preceding day, proved to him that this event, in its results as well as in its particulars, was precisely the contrary of what he had believed he saw. Other accounts bring in a variety of independent eye-witnesses, each with a version discrepant from and irreconcilable with the rest. At any rate, the sequel of the affair was, that Raleigh, when left alone, took up his manuscript and threw it in the fire; convinced that as he had been so completely deceived with respect to the details of an incident he had actually witnessed, he could nothing whatever of those he had just described with his pen.

Are we better informed or more fortunate than Sir Walter Raleigh? is M. Guizot's inferential query. And his judgment is, that the most confident historian would hesitate to answer this question directly in the affirmative. For history relates a long series of events, and depicts a vast number of characters; and yet how great the difficulty of thoroughly understanding a single character or a solitary event! It is from an infinity of details, where everything is obscure, and nothing isolated, that history is composed, and man, proud of what he knows, because he forgets to think of how much he is ignorant, believes that he has acquired a full knowledge of history when he has read what some few have told him, who had no better means of understanding the times in which they lived, than we possess of justly estimating our own.*

On that memorable Opera night, in 1814, when the Prince Regent and the Allied Sovereigns appeared together in state at His Majesty's Theatre—the Princess of Wales being there also—a certain Dowager Countess, of party-giving popularity in the great world, had invited a throng of favoured guests to meet Field-Marshal Blücher at her house when the opera should be over. Among the guests was Mrs. Opie, who, being an early arrival, heard from one new comer after another, as they came

* Discours préliminaire de M. Guizot, Dec. 11, 1812.

dropping in from the Opera House, before the entertainments there had closed, contradictory versions of "what was deemed surprising intelligence"—namely, that the Princess of Wales being seated opposite to the Royal box, the Prince had bowed to her—so one set of eye-witnesses affirmed; whereas it was maintained by another set, equally confident in a very natural reliance on ocular demonstration—on their own particular, personal, ocular experience of only an hour ago—that the Prince had bowed, not to the Princess, but to the pit. Her ladyship the hostess, with a view to resolve this vexed question, made a point of asking every new comer, the moment he or she entered the room, "Did the Prince bow to the Princess, or to the pit?" And there were as many who declared that he bowed to the pit, as that he bowed to the Princess: whereupon a discussion of unusual interest was set a-going in that distinguished assembly, as to the philosophic value of testimony, oral, ocular, and traditional.

The circumstance itself was of slight moment, even Mrs. Opie can allow; but she claims some importance for it from the consideration that although not of consequence enough to be mentioned in the pages of History, it would certainly be referred to in those of Biography, and in the memoirs of the day; and among so many conflicting testimonies, how, she asks, was the biographer to know which was the accurate account? "One of the company suggested that he must take that side of the question on which the greatest number of persons agreed; another, that he must write by the evidence of those whom he thought most worthy of credit. However, in one point, every one was of the same opinion, namely, that the writers of History and Biography were much to be pitied; and that poor Sir Walter Raleigh made a wise resolve in determining to burn the history he was writing, when, of a circumstance which he saw happen under the window of his prison in the Tower, he heard the next day several different and even contradictory accounts, and not one of them the true one."*

In his sceptical disquisitions on the Study of History, Lord Bolingbroke illustrates his position, in one signal instance, by the discrepancies observable in two leading Grecian historians, in their narrative memoirs of Cyrus the Great. "Herodotus flourished, I think, little more than half a century, and Xenophon little more than a whole century, after the death of Cyrus; and yet how various and repugnant are the relations made by these two historians, of the birth, life, and death of this prince! If most histories had come down from these ages to ours, the uncertainty and inutility of them all would be but the more manifest. We should find that Acusilaus rejected the traditions of Hesiod, that Hellanicus contradicted Acusilaus, that Ephorus accused Hellanicus, that Timæus accused Ephorus, and all posterior writers Timæus."†

Another noble lord, of the same school as accomplished St. John—if not in politics, at least in politeness, and pyrrhonism—avows his disposition to extend his pyrrhonism, not unfrequently either, to historical facts themselves, at least to most of the circumstances with which they are related; "and every day's experience confirms me," he assures his son, "in this historical incredulity. Do we ever hear the same fact related

* Reminiscences of Mrs. Opie, ch. i.

† Bolingbroke's Letters, Of the Study of History, III.

exactly the same way, by the several people who were at the same time eye-witnesses of it? No; one mistakes, another misrepresents; and others warp it a little to their own turn of mind or private views. A man who has been concerned in a transaction will not write it fairly; and a man who has not, cannot."* Four or five years later, his lordship impresses anew on his son's receptive faculties the same cautionary counsel, in a more practical form: "I would have you see everything with your own eyes, and hear everything with your own ears; for I know, by very long experience, that it is very unsafe to trust to other people's. Vanity and interest cause many misrepresentations; and folly causes many more. Few people have parts enough to relate exactly and judiciously; and those who have, for some reason or other, never fail to sink or to add some circumstances."†

The words with which Frederick the Great opens his *History* are, "*La plupart des histoires que nous avons sont des compilations de mensonges mêlés de quelques vérités.*" Archdeacon Hare, without standing up for the strict justice of this censure, yet quotes it in arguing against the shallow common-place that "history is all true, and poetry is all false,"—quotes it as from an historian of his opponent's own school, an assertor and exposé of the profligacy of mankind. "Thus much too is most certain, that circumstantial accuracy with regard to facts is a very ticklish matter; as will be acknowledged by every one who has tried to investigate an occurrence even of yesterday, and in his own neighbourhood, when interests and passions have been pulling opposite ways."‡ In which sense too might he say, as Raleigh says in a different sense, that "if we follow Truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out our eyes."

Applicable to this view of the question is Prescott's remark, after enforcing the difficulty of arriving at historical truth amidst the conflict of testimony,—and the little reliance to be placed on those writers who pronounce on the mysterious past with what Fontenelle calls "a frightful degree of certainty," a spirit the most opposite to that of the true philosophy of history,—that it must be admitted, however, that the chronicler who records the events of an earlier age has some obvious advantages in the store of manuscript materials at his command—the statements of friends, rivals, and enemies furnishing a wholesale counterpoise to each other; and also, in the general course of events as they actually occurred, affording the best commentary on the true motives of the parties. The actor, he remarks, engaged in the heat of the strife, finds his view bounded by the circle around him, and his vision blinded by the smoke and dust of the conflict; while the spectator, whose eye ranges over the ground from a more distant and elevated point, though the individual objects may lose somewhat of their vividness, takes in at a glance all the operations of the field. "Paradoxical as it may appear, truth founded on contemporary testimony would seem, after all, as likely to be attained by the writers of a later day as by contemporaries themselves."§

Incidentally, in another of his works, Prescott cautions those of his readers who may not themselves have had occasion to pursue historical inquiries, as to the difficulty *they* must have of imagining on what loose

* Lord Chesterfield to his Son, Apr. 26, 1748.

† *Ibid.*, Sept. 22, 1752.

‡ *Guesses at Truth*, First Series.

§ Prescott, Preface to *History of Conquest of Peru*.

grounds the greater part of his narrative is to be built. With the exception of a few leading outlines, he says, there is such a mass of inconsistency and contradiction in the details, "even of contemporaries," that it seems almost as hopeless to seize the true aspect of any particular age as it would be to "transfer to the canvas a faithful likeness of an individual from a description simply of his prominent features."* And again, in another chapter, which describes the celebrated tournament near Trani, in September, 1502, the historian observes, in a foot-note, pertinently prosaic in contrast with the chivalric romance of the text, that this famous tourney, its causes, and all the details of the action, are told in as many different ways as there are narrators; and this, notwithstanding it was fought in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, who had nothing to do but look on, and note what passed before their eyes. The only facts in which all agree, are, that there was a tournament, and that neither party gained the advantage. So much for history!†

Something it is that in something all should agree—near as that minute *aliquid* may be to a mere negative *nescio quid*. Thereby the foundations of history are laid, such as, and shadowy as, they are. There is a sort of substratum obtainable, after all, out of this medley of inter-necine narratives, and thereupon the jaded, eyesore, brainsick historian is fain to set up his rest. It is like the practical conclusion come to by the Venetian Senate, in Shakspeare, when a conflict of statistics bewilders their calculations.

Duke. There is no composition‡ in these news
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd :
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.§

To some such practical deduction, after eliminations wholesale, must the most sceptical of historical critics come, if such a thing as history is to remain *in esse*, or *in posse* even, *in rerum naturâ*. Even Raleigh knew to the last that there had been a scene, of some sort, under his window—though the details of it, like the terms of an equation, had been made to cancel each other, right and left,—and *x* alone remained, a still unknown quantity.

La Bruyère puts the standing difficulty in his best lively way. "Une chose arrive aujourd'hui, et presque sous nos yeux; cent personnes qui l'ont vue la racontent en cent façons différentes; celui-ci, s'il est écouté, la dira encore d'une manière qui n'a pas été dite. Quelle créance donc pourrais-je donner à des faits qui sont anciens et éloignés de nous par plusieurs siècles? Quel fondement dois-je faire sur les plus graves historiens? Que devient l'histoire?"||

* History of Ferd. and Isab., vol. iii. pt. ii. ch. iv.

† Ibid., ch. ii.

‡ Consistency.

§ Othello, Act I. Sc. 3.

|| Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. xvi., Des Esprits forts.

The inevitable oversights and mistakes of history are a common-place with even the most common-place thinkers. All that we know is, nothing can be known, is the despairing ultimatum of many a disgusted inquirer.

Thou know'st, of things perform'd so long ago,
This latter age hears little troth or none,*

Tasso reminds his Muse, when buckling himself to the toil of historicising in immortal verse the Recovery of Jerusalem by Godfrey and his peers. "By coach to my Lord Crewe's," writes Mr. Pepys one day, in his well-kept *diurnal*: "Here I find they are in doubt where the Duke of Buckingham is; which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when, in a business of this moment, and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth."† Mr. Barham rhymes and reasons *con amore* on the pros and cons of this vexed question at large:

I've heard, I confess, with no little surprise,
English history call'd a farrago of lies;

And a certain Divine,
A connexion of mine,

Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,

Is apt to declare,
Leaning back in his chair,

With a sort of a smirking, self-satisfied air,
That "all that's recorded in Hume and elsewhere,

Of our early *Annals*
A trumpery tale is,

Like the Bold Captain Smith's, and the Luckless Miss Bailey's—

That old Roger Hovedon, and Ralph de Diceto,
And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),

Though all holy friars
Were very great liars,

And raised stories faster than Grissell and Peto:

* * * * *

That, in short, all the 'facts' in the *Decem Scriptores*,
Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."‡

The common remark as to the "utility of reading history" being one day made in Johnson's presence, the sage remarked: "We must consider how very little history there is; I mean, real authentic history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history, is conjecture."§ Mr. Arthur Perddennis fancies, for his part, that the speeches attributed in his veracious *Chronicles of a Most Respectable Family*, to Clive Newcome, the Colonel, and the rest, are as authentic as the orations in Sallust or Livy. "You tell the tales as you can, and state the facts as you think they must have been. In this manner, Mr. James, Titus Livius, Professor Alison, Robinson Crusoe, and all historians proceeded. Blunders there must be in the best of these narratives, and more asserted than they can possibly know or vouch for."||

* Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (Fairfax), book iv. st. xix.

† Pepys's *Diary*, March 6, 1666-67.

‡ *Ingoldsby Legends*, Third Series: The House-warming.

§ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, sub anno 1775.

|| The *Newcomes*, ch. xxiv.

Don't read history to me, for that *can't* be true, Sir Robert Walpole is reported to have said; when asked to choose the book he would like to listen to. His son Horace appears to have inherited the paternal pyrrhonism in an almost aggravated form. His letters abound with pungent proofs of this. "We know past times very imperfectly," he writes, in one place, "and how should we, when few know even the present, and they who do, have good reason for not being communicative? I have lived till I think I know nothing at all."* Again, three or four years later: "Whether like the history of darker ages, falsehood will become history, and then distant periods conjecture that we have transmitted very blundered relations. . . . [I know not;] but when I know so little of what has passed before my own eyes,"—he is referring to the riots of 1780,—“I shall not guess how posterity will form their opinions.”† Again: "The multiplicity of lies coined every day only perplexes, not instructs. When I send you falsehoods, at least I think or believe them probable at the time, and correct myself afterwards, when I perceive I have been misled. I, who am in no secrets, trust to facts alone, as far as they come to light. Mercy on future historians, whose duty it will be to sift the ashes of all the tales with which the narratives of the present war have been crammed! Some will remain inexplicable.”‡ To another and reverend correspondent he writes: "I have long said, that if a paragraph in a newspaper contains a word of truth, it is sure to be accompanied with two or three blunders; yet, who will believe that papers published in the face of the whole town should be nothing but magazines of lies, every one of which fifty persons could contradict and disprove? Yet so it certainly is, and future history will probably be ten times false than all preceding.”§ Three years later he is telling Mann of the Westminster riots (1785) at Fox's election, &c., and of a squabble between his neighbour the new Marquis of Buckingham, and two young rioters of rank, of which quite contradictory stories were told: "In short, in such a season of party violence, one cannot learn the truth of what happens in the next street: future historians, however, will know it exactly, and what is more, people will believe them!"|| Four years afterwards he is entertaining Lady Ossory with the rumoured items of the Princess Amelia's Will, and the newspaper assumptions and comments thereupon,—whence this reflection, in the old strain and to the old tune, ensues: "History, I believe, seldom contains much truth; but should our daily lying chronicles exist and be consulted, the annals of these days will deserve as little credit as the 'Arabian Nights.'"¶ To the same Countess, after an interval of five summers, he again expresses his scepticism as to the "study of history" being "useful"—“which I doubt, considering how little real truth it communicates, and how much falsehood it teaches us to believe.”** And once more, for a last example, writing on the chaotic politics of 1794: "I leave to history to collect the mass together, and digest it as well as it can; and then I

* Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, Nov. 24, 1776.

† Ibid., June 14, 1780. ‡ Ibid., Aug. 24, 1780.

§ Walpole to Rev. W. Cole, June 21, 1782.

|| Walpole to Mann, March 9, 1785.

¶ Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Nov. 4, 1786.

** Ibid., Oct. 26, 1791.

should believe it, as I do most ancient histories, composed by men who did not live at the time, and guessed as well as they could at the truth and motives of what had happened, or who, like Voltaire and David Hume, formed a story that would suit their opinions, and raise their characters as ingenious writers.”*

If from those of our fellow-men whom we daily meet, as Mr. Froude has observed, we are divided inwardly by impalpable and mysterious barriers,—how much more difficult to understand a bygone age, the actors being so different from ourselves in motives and habits and feelings. The past he therefore calls a perplexity to the present; “it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy, alike in those who read and those who write.”†

So much for the unravelling of motives. And not so very much better for the elucidation of facts. The date of historical narratives, remarks a National Reviewer,—especially of modern histories—are a heap of confusion: no one can tell where they lie, or where they do not lie; what is in them, or what is not in them. If literature is called the “fragment of fragments,”—so is history “a vestige of vestiges;” so few facts leave any trace of themselves, any witness of their occurrence; while of fewer still is that witness preserved; “a slight track is all anything leaves, and the confusion of life, the tumult of change, sweep even that away in a moment. It is not possible that these data can be very fertile in certainties. Few people would make anything out of them: a memoir is here, a manuscript there—two letters in a magazine—an assertion by a person whose veracity is denied,—these are the sort of evidence out of which a flowing narrative is to be educed.”‡

The recent trial for libel in the case of Lord Cardigan against Major Calthorpe, in respect of the magnificent but not warlike Charge at Balaklava, elicited from the leading journal the following among other comments: “Here is a brilliant feat of arms performed before the eyes of a whole army. Hundreds who took part in it and thousands who watched it with intense anxiety are still living. It has been described again and again in despatches, in journals, in letters, in books, and in conversation; and yet it is with the utmost difficulty that we get at the truth of its most remarkable features. The smoke, the din, the excitement, and the confusion of battle left such impressions on the minds of the actors that we can hardly get from them a consistent story of just those particulars on which an historian would dwell so glibly and dogmatically. With such an example before our eyes, if we do not share Sir Robert Walpole’s scepticism about history in general, we may well receive the minute details of battles and sieges with some little reservation of judgment.”§

Mr. Carlyle follows up his reflections on the imperfectness of that same experience, by which philosophy is to teach, by others on the incompleteness of our understanding of those occurrences which do stand recorded, which, at their origin seemed worthy of record, and the summary of

* Walpole to Lady Ossory, Dec. 8, 1794.

† Froude, *Hist. of Engl.*, vol. iv. pp. 1-2.

‡ Bagchote’s *Estimates*, &c., p. 449.

§ *The Times*, June 11, 1863.

which constitutes what we now call History. "Is it even possible to represent them as they were? The old story of Sir Walter Raleigh's looking from his prison-window, on some street-tumult, which afterwards three witnesses reported in three different ways, himself differing from them all, is still a true lesson for us. Consider how it is that historical documents and records originate; even honest records, where the reporters were unbiased by personal regard; a case which, were nothing more wanted, must ever be among the rarest. The real leading features of a historical Transaction, those movements that essentially characterises it, and alone deserve to be recorded, are nowise the foremost to be noted. At first, among the various witnesses, who are also parties interested, there is only vague wonder, and fear, or hope, and the noise of Rumour's thousand tongues; till, after a season, the conflict of testimonies has subsided into some general issue. . . Suppose, however, that the majority of votes was all wrong; that the real cardinal points lay far deeper; and had been passed over unnoticed, because no Seer, but only mere Onlookers, chanced to be there!"*

But this is carrying us too far afield. Meanwhile it is both pertinent and piquant to note that every modern writer who alludes to Sir Walter's Tower story, utterly differs in details from every other.

GIBSON'S MISCELLANIES.†

MR. WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON is one of our northern worthies. We can picture him to ourselves seated in his study, overlooking the Tyne, with the calm, pleasant dignity of the true philosopher. Those who are eminent in science are not always gifted with literary tastes, and their valuable discoveries are too often made known only through the most matter-of-fact pages of some learned transactions. On the other hand, the mere literary man is too frequently learned in nothing save what wit and fancy can supply him with. Mr. Gibson combines learning with a pleasant mode of conveying facts, and if he is not always amusing, he is at least ever interesting. He brings the stories of wide-spread research—in archæology, in history, in biography, in literature, and in natural history and the physical sciences—to bear upon the descriptions of localities in his own neighbourhood, as well as upon more general topics, and he fashions this various learning to the character of the subject treated of with all the refined taste of a gentleman of a well-stored and highly-cultivated mind.

We have before noticed his "Memoir of Northumberland," of which

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. ii., "On History."

† *Miscellanies*, Historical and Biographical; being a Second Series of Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By William Sidney Gibson, Esq., M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A., F.G.S., &c. &c. Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green.

it is not too much to say that it is a perfect model of what a county monograph ought to be. That ancient seat of worthy prelates—Auckland Castle—the architectural importance of which old historic building cannot be regarded in its present state as at all commensurate with the dignity of its associations, is treated of, as read before the Lord Bishop of Durham himself; that is to say, submitted from the onset to the most close and trying criticism. It is, indeed, a delightful essay, that leaves nothing to be desired, save, perchance, an illustration. Finchale Priory, which has a history earlier than that of Durham itself, and seems to have been a place of some importance in days when the primeval forest still over-spread the hill on which the remains of St. Cuthbert finally rested—

Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear—

is from those very circumstances, if possible, more graphically sketched than Auckland. Literary labours were also carried on within the walls of Finchale, and this wins over to it, and to its toiling monks of old, all the genuine sympathies of its historian. The same remark might be made to apply to the sketch of Newstead Abbey, which is brief but brimful of curious matter. The chief of the baronial castles of Northumberland—Alnwick—is even still more briefly described; whereas what it was in olden times derives all the more interest from its noble owner, stricken down by sickness, devoting all his later years to its renovation and embellishment. "Summer Days in Scotland," and "Scandinavian Travel," lead us to new realms, with the same pleasant accompaniment of quaint and original inquiry. "The Mediterranean" was a more ambitious theme, as was also "Science and Royalty under Highland Skies," the latter a comprehensive view of the labours of the British Association at Aberdeen, followed up by an equally tasteful account of the meeting of the same itinerant body of philosophers on the steeped plain of Oxford.

If the essays on "Mineral Springs" and "Hailstorms" are technical and instructive, that on "Rivers and their Associations" is brilliant and suggestive. It is, indeed, a noble and inspiring theme, worthily treated. The "Impressions of the International Exhibition," and the "Account of the Art-Treasures at Kensington," attest to the varied taste, judgment, and acumen of the writer; as much as the sketch of "Augustus Cæsar: his Court and Companions," the elaborate portraiture of "Canterbury and its Archbishops" during the Saxon and Norman periods, separately treated of, and the essays on the "Eminent Judges of England," do to the scholarship, erudition, and professional capacities of their author. His versatility is equally shown in "Désormais: a Story of Skepton Castle," the sketch of James Howell, the first historiographer royal, the story of Richard Savage, and the feeling tribute to the memory of the gifted, industrious, and amiable Edward Forbes. Some of these essays have appeared before the public previously in the pages of different periodicals, more especially *Bentley's Miscellany*. Nor is there a periodical that would not be benefited by the contributions of so agreeable, so contemplative, and so competent a writer as Mr. William Sidney Gibson, and that ought not to take an honest pride in his co-operation.

COUNT WALA, THE FIRST PRISONER OF CHILLON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF L. VULLIEMIN.

FROM the rock which is now covered by the Castle of Chillon, rose a massive tower, a thousand years ago ; it was bathed on all sides by the waters of the lake, and no drawbridge connected it with the shore. This tower, which was gloomy and of difficult access, served as a political prison. It had no name—at least, it has not left one in history. From its walls the prisoner could only see the sky, the summits of the Pennine Alps, and the clear mirror of Lake Lemán. The road which led to this spot wound round the foot of the Alps, which descend abruptly to the lake from the high ridges of Naie. This Thermopylæ* was so closed in by the lake and the mountains that two horsemen could scarcely advance abreast.

One day, in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, and during the year 830, a troop of armed men advanced towards this pass, evidently endeavouring to conceal their march, and threw a prisoner with all possible secrecy into the lonely tower. Yet the act was not sufficiently shrouded in mystery to prevent the name of the prisoner from soon being whispered from mouth to mouth. It was that of one of the principal personages in the empire, of one who had commanded the armies of Charlemagne, governed Saxony, and who, in the closing years of that prince's life, had occupied one of the first places in his confidence and in his palace. How, then, did it happen that the grandson of Charles Martel, the cousin of Charles the Great, Count Wala, had fallen from the high position which he occupied to the condition of a captive? To make this comprehensible, it will be necessary to review the existing state of society and the relations which the civil and ecclesiastical powers bore to each other in the empire under the Carlovingian kings.

I.

THE Roman empire having fallen into decay had been torn to pieces by the barbarians. In their course they destroyed laws, monuments, institutions, all that remained of the ancient world. One power alone had resisted them. Whilst armies fled, the ministers of Christ, as young at heart as the people of the north—like them, strangers to fear, although their valour sprang from a different source—confronted the conquerors, and placed themselves between the swords of the barbarians and the heads of the subjugated population. The former, amazed, were vanquished in their turn, and bowed before a heroism of a new and unknown description. They bent the knee before the cross of Christ. From that moment two powers sat side by side—one only recognising the sword, the other preaching peace. Thus the modern world began with a union of Church and State. Ere long, the Romans and the barbarians, prompted either

* The strait of Thermopylæ, a narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Socris and Phocis, was famous in Grecian history for a battle fought between Xerxes, King of Persia, and Leonidas, King of Sparta; the latter, with three hundred Spartans, defeating the former, who was at the head of an army of above five million Persians.

by gratitude or by a desire to purchase heaven, hastened to enrich the Church. They laid gold and precious vases before her, and presented considerable lands. In vain the more religious of the bishops sought to persuade the heads of the parishes to refuse the gifts of a faith which was for the most part superstitious; they received the treasures, and became proprietors of a large portion of the soil. Henceforth the Church presented a new aspect. She was a moral power, and now she found herself a civil and political power; she had a religion to preach, and now interests to defend; with one hand she was building the temple of God on earth, and with the other covering her own possessions. She showed herself liberal-minded in her new sphere, for she protected the serfs and agriculturists; from the mere "machines" that they were she made them men. The soil, cultivated by a more intellectual race, became once again productive. Still, the twofold task which the Church had accepted was full of peril; it was impossible for her to engage in the affairs of the age, and not lose the spiritual character which is proper to the empire of Christ. This situation became still more perilous when the kings of France, having distributed all the lands which formed the public domain in rewards to their brave soldiers, were reduced to casting eager eyes on the possessions of the Church for the future remuneration of military services. Charles Martel having conquered the Saracens at Poitiers, knew not how to reward his courageous followers save by giving them bishoprics and monasteries. It was thus that the chiefs of the warrior bands wore the mitre and were transformed into abbots, and soldiers who could scarcely read introduced their rude manners into the Church. Discipline was lost, councils ceased to be held, and the Church was confounded with the camp. At the first sound of the trumpet calling brave men to arms, the prelates, equipped in helmet and coat of mail, hastened to range themselves beneath the flag of battle. The Christian Church was in this condition when Charlemagne mounted the throne of France. Charles's grand figure rides majestically between the ancient and modern world; it alone suffices to fill that period.

He reminds us (at least those amongst us who saw how but one man engrossed the attention of all nations in the opening years of the nineteenth century) how all was summed up in the name of Napoleon, which from one end of Europe to the other was echoed morning, noon, and night. So it was for half a century with the name of Charlemagne.

A revolution was at hand. The Franks were impatient under the laws of one man; in vain had the Merovingians striven to re-establish the ancient state; in vain had they attempted to compose a regular government out of the wreck of the ancient world and the elements of the new; their efforts had roused the pride of the free Germans, who would receive no laws but from themselves.

Always accustomed to have lance or battle-axe in hand, these people only regarded their king as the head of the army. Everything tended towards a separation of power when Charlemagne, succeeding to Charles Martel and Pepin, reunited it in his own person, and by the vigour of his arm retarded the coming of the feudal age. He separated the contending interests, carrying elsewhere those which struggled in the interior of the empire. The Saxons and Slaves agitated the north, the Greeks and Saracens the south. Charles, like Napoleon, made his

presence everywhere felt ; he extended the boundaries of the kingdom of the Franks, to the south as far as the Ebro and Garigliano, to the north as far as the Eider and Vistula. He was tolerant in his dealings with the people of the south, but he fought to extermination the barbarians of the north, who were always menacing, always ready for fresh invasions. It was thus he put an end to the migrations of these people, and prepared the base upon which modern society was built.

Yet Charlemagne could not contemplate his work without sorrow. History, like the world, which is the theatre of history, rests upon two poles, and the social powers are ever revolving from one to the other. The requirements for order contend with the requirements of independence ; the tendency to centralise the strength of a nation, with that to disperse it. At the epoch of which we are speaking men were vigorous and energetic : tempers violent, and wills unruly. The sword of Charles scarcely kept them in obedience. It was necessary for the elements of society to be completely changed ere a new order of things could be brought about.

Charlemagne was aware that his work would not survive him. Vainly did he multiply the machinery of administration ; vainly did he simplify it ; it was his powerful hand alone which kept all in motion. Seeing that his efforts towards civilisation were lost in the clamour of arms, he turned his attention to the Church, as to the only power which could pacify the disturbed spirits of men, and oppose a barrier to the contending interests of individuals. Once again, it was needful, ere the Church could resume her mission of peace, that she should disengage herself from the feudal element with which she was more or less entangled, abandon secular weapons, and adorn herself with the manners becoming a religious institution. Charles therefore strove to restore her to what she had been. One day, whilst holding the May court-leet at Aix, surrounded by the nobles and the prelates of the empire, a petition from the Frank people was laid before him. They demanded that the clergy should be interdicted from serving in the ranks of the army. They reminded him, that whilst Moses prayed with hands raised towards heaven, Israel had been victorious ; but that when he lowered them to earth, Israel lost heart before the enemy. The soldiers declared that the presence of the clergy in their ranks weakened their resolution, for when they saw a bishop's blood flowing, they were discomfited, and general disorder ensued amongst their ranks. The bishops were by no means pleased at hearing such language. They well knew that, in the eyes of the Franks, no honour equalled that gained by arms, and that arms alone could protect the riches of the Church against the encroachments of the laity, whose eyes were ever fixed with envy on the possessions of the clergy. The laity, in their turn, sought to repudiate the motives imputed to them.

"Things dedicated to God, belong to God," they said. "They are the price of sin. It would be sacrilege to touch them ; we would not do so ; we swear this before God, the emperor, and the Frank nation."

The emperor, with his usual caution, formed no hasty resolution ; he consulted the Pope, reasoned with the bishops, and ended by making a statute, "with the consent of all the Franks," conformable to the wishes

expressed in the petition, which he had himself, in fact, caused to be drawn up and laid before him.

Through Charlemagne's correspondence, and by a careful study of his statutes, we learn how after restricting the clergy to their own profession, he consolidated their unity, re-established their councils, restored their discipline, and protected learning. It is necessary, however, to use great caution in making these researches.

His statutes have in general been received (in the form that they have been handed down to us) as a faithful expression of the will of Charlemagne. Confounding what passes in an advanced state of society with that which was done at its cradle, it has been supposed that records were accessible, that there was a regular promulgation of them, and an official collection of laws. We feel some doubts as to the legitimacy of looking upon things in such a light. Our collection of statutes was composed a score of years after the death of Charlemagne. It was the work of an ecclesiastic, and not official. The materials were collected in the episcopal archives. One statute was made complete by what could be gathered from others. Of many years not a single document remains.

Then, again, let us consider by whose hands they were placed in the episcopal archives. Very probably by the bishops themselves, on their return from the court-leets. Whilst the laity went off to the wars, the ecclesiastics either committed the resolutions of the assembly to memory, or noted them down in writing, and so returned to their diocese. Then the question arises, Did they always faithfully record the emperor's meaning? We cannot be certain of it. Did Abbot Adelgise, who collected the statutes, never alter them? We cannot say. He formed his collection in the same place, and about the same time, that the decretals of the Pope were arranged. May not the author of the one have been like that of the other, the instrument of existing politics, and may he not, like him, have mixed the false with the true?

The critic must always have considerable difficulty in convincing himself—and perhaps imperfectly after all his trouble—that the work which bears the name of Charlemagne is indeed the faithful expression of that prince's views. In any case we cannot conclude, with most historians and with Guizot himself, from the number of statutes relative to the Church which have come down to us, that the registration of Charlemagne was greatly influenced by the ecclesiastics. We can only deduce from this fact, that the clergy were almost the only persons who knew how to write at this period, and that they were careful to preserve these documents more than others.

In studying the acts of Charlemagne, we must use the same precaution as in studying his statutes. One example will be sufficient to bring forward, which touches closely on our subject.

The question of the coronation of the king by the Bishop of Rome effected all that was most important in the politics of the age. Upon this question hung the precedence of one or other of the two great powers on which Christian society rested.

King Pepin, persuaded by the missionary Winfried, had received the holy unction. A king by right of arms, he felt the necessity to have his title consecrated by religion. Seeing their chief receive the holy unction

from the hand of the Pope, the people naturally asked each other if he who conferred the unction did not exercise a superiority over the king? They were thus accustomed to look for a representative of God upon earth, a dispenser of terrestrial crowns, a sovereign judge of people and thrones. Charlemagne, in succeeding him, did not think it necessary to follow his example. Thirty years elapsed without his coronation taking place. The day came, however, when he last received the unction, with the imperial crown, from the hand of Pope Leo III. It was the Pope's act. Eginhard assures us Charlemagne did not desire it, and even, adds his secretary and friend, declared, on his return from the temple, that if he had divined all that was to take place, he would not have consented. It is true that a doubt has been raised, if not as to the veracity of Eginhard, at least as to the sincerity of Charles. It has been thought that there was an understanding between the Pope and the king, and that the scene we have just alluded to was but a political show. We hesitate to acquiesce in the judgment of history. Our doubts proceed from two sources: first, from the notion we have formed of Charlemagne's character; and, secondly, from his politics. The more we have thought on the subject, the more does the comedy of which historians have accused him seem foreign to the greatness of his character. The more closely we have examined his politics, the more thoroughly do they seem to us to have been those of a Frank king. Voltaire understood him very little, when he blamed him for not transporting the seat of empire to Rome. Charlemagne's residence was of necessity in the heart of his warlike people, in the centre of those tribes which composed his strength. The title of emperor, far from elevating their master, lessened him in the eyes of these people. The chronicles speak of murmurs which arose amongst the Franks at the news of what was passing in Rome. As to the Romans, Charlemagne needed no new title to ensure their allegiance. That of emperor would in course of time acquire an actual power, but it had none in itself when Charles first received it. Political reasons counselled the Pope to do what he did, but they were such as to dissuade Charles from submitting to an act which lowered the sceptre before the triple crown. He knew what he owed to his sword.

When feeling his end approaching and his strength failing, he called his son Louis le Débonnaire to him, and the nobles of the empire. The crown was before him, and without suffering the intervention of the Pope of Rome, he bade his son place it on his own head. "Take my crown," he said, "God consenting, and receive with it the insignia of power. Son, dear to God, to thy father, and the nation, thou whom God has given me for my comfort, thou seest that my age is great and my life is passing from me. God, who vouchsafed me the honour of being born a Frank, has permitted me to rule with glory over the paternal kingdom. I transmit it to thee in a condition no less flourishing than when I received it."

A short time after, he lay down on his couch, received the Sacrament, and murmured softly, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Then, closing his eyes, his spirit fled.

II.

As soon as the news of Charlemagne's death was spread abroad, the counts, barons, and bishops of all the different countries which composed the empire, set out on the road to Aix-la-Chapelle, each one bringing a numerous retinue with him. These companies questioned each other by look and voice as they met by the way. "Are you going to do homage to Louis le Débonnaire—to submit again to a yoke which you have so long borne with impatience?" They knew not then what they would do. Every one turned to the man whom Charlemagne in the last years of his reign had honoured with his marked confidence. All inquired what Count Wala would do. True, just, prudent, and undeviating in character, they knew that Wala had been the confidant of the great prince, whose friend he was. He tendered homage to Louis le Débonnaire, and all the nobles followed his example without further hesitation. The new King of the Franks, like his father, was tall of stature; his features were well formed and handsome; he was virtuous, but he needed stability. The monks, who had educated him, had not sought to develop firmness of character so much in him as to imbue him with respect for the Church. Thus it may be said that Louis never was a man. He was timid in presence of the nobles, anxious in presence of the bishops. No one could see him without having respect for his person, but his weakness was far from inspiring confidence. His very first actions showed that, being too feeble to bear the sceptre alone in those difficult times, he would suffer himself to become the tool of his councillors, and ere long the puppet of court intrigue. Giving himself up to the men who had the most influence over him, Louis put away his father's ministers. Adelhard, brother to Wala, was exiled to the isle of Noirmoutiers, at the mouth of the Loire. Leydrade and Wala, the friends of Charlemagne, were banished to monasteries. Wala retired to that of Corbie, which had been founded by one of his own family.

The arrival of such an illustrious personage was a great event to the monks, for his renown had reached even to their secluded dwelling. They shook their heads doubtfully, and asked each other what place a man of rank, educated in courts, would take amongst men of labour and austerity such as they were? Whilst discussing the matter, Wala made his appearance, with his easy manners and open brow. He had abandoned the sword and the vestments of court, and he did not hesitate to mix in the ranks of the monks donning the "caracalle," a sort of blouse worn by serfs and monks, and seating himself at the table of the conventual friars, sharing their simple food. There was no distinction made, save that as a novice he showed himself to be one of the most humble and submissive of the brethren. Ere long, nothing was heard but praises of his virtue. He was grave, sedate, severe upon himself, a support to the weaker members, a comforter to all. His seriousness was that of a Christian who, learning to know his own heart, strives to live by hope. His activity was that of a faithful member of the Church, who is conscious of his responsibility in having the care of souls. When the monks knew and understood him, they made him their abbot. He had then scope in the administration of the monastery for the exercise of those talents which had once been ap-

preciated in a far wider sphere, and he was well contented to work in a field where he felt that he could do good. He neglected nothing, did nothing lukewarmly, led the brethren faithfully, taking care to watch over the poor among them. He visited the farms, dependencies of the monastery, and when he did so, rather than put the inhabitants to an inconvenience, he often slept in the fields, a furrow for his bed, and not even a tent to cover him. "Happy the community," said the monks, "whose fate it is to live under the patronage of a man who unites in his person so much simplicity with so much wisdom and virtue!"

Wala's praises were sung beyond the monastery of Corbie, and were echoed in the provinces of the empire.

The tranquillity of this religious life was sorely troubled by the news which reached them from all quarters, and particularly by that which came from the court. Wala was cut to the heart by it, and he confided his sorrow to the brethren, especially to his faithful friend the monk Pascale Radbert. "A reign of cunning and violence," he said, "succeeds to that of wisdom; the foundations of society are uprooted; audacity usurps more and more the place of virtue; the dregs of the people lift their heads above honourable men; folly has taken possession of the empire, and crime raises men to power. I cherished the hope at one time that the nobles, in associating more with the people, and in drawing ranks together, would have opposed a barrier to this invasion of crime, but I have been bitterly deceived." He then related to his friends what the upright intentions of the emperor had been, and how the weakness of the reigning prince had frustrated them; how Louis, having banished from his court the men whose genius he feared, had given himself up by turns to the priests, who had no experience in the affairs of the state, and to perfidious ministers, who made him their tool. Charlemagne loved and revered the Church, but without abasing himself before her. Louis willingly allowed himself to become entangled amid the nets which had skilfully been laid for him. Pope Stephen IV. repaired to France with flattering words, and on approaching the king, he exclaimed, "God be praised for having permitted my eyes to behold a second David!" Louis was easily persuaded that without the Pope's sanction he could have no right to the title of emperor, and kneeling before him he received the holy unction, and recognised the Church's authority to confer civil power. Some imprudent measures sufficed to raise the nobles, who were already ripe for insurrection. They conducted themselves as independent of laws. In vain did the envoys of the prince scour the various counties, as his father's had done but a short time before; they did but represent the weakness of Louis le Débonnaire, whilst the latter had represented Charlemagne. Everything hastened towards anarchy. To avoid falling into this extreme, the nations the farthest removed from the centre, such as the inhabitants of Aquitaine, Italy, and Bavaria, had already demanded of the emperor to give them in the person of his sons kings who might live amongst them and maintain public order.

The news soon reached Corbie that, yielding to the desire of his people, Louis had given Italy to be governed by Lothaire, the eldest of his sons, whilst Louis was to have Germany, and Pepin Aquitaine. By this partition he had passed over the rights of Bernard, his nephew, to whom Charlemagne had willed the government of Italy. Bernard resented

this, but he was tempted to court under false pretences, and there made prisoner, having his eyes put out. Three days later he was found dead in prison. This was all perpetrated without the emperor's knowledge. He was deeply distressed when he learned the outrage which must henceforth stain his reign. His tears flowed, and he even thought of retiring far from men to some solitary place; and then he craved permission to make public confession of a crime that was not his own, on bended knee, covered with sackcloth and in the garb of a penitent. Still, stung by remorse, he bethought him of his father's friends, who had also been those of Bernard. Adéhard and Wala were therefore recalled to his presence. Not anticipating this turn of fortune, the latter had gone to found a second monastery of Corbie in Saxony, which was to become the nursery of northern civilisation.

Louis, although he had removed Wala from his councils, had never ceased to feel a marked respect for him, which seemed to promise ere long to ripen into extreme confidence. He begged him to accompany Lothaire into Italy, and to direct him by his good advice. The Abbot of Corbie thought it his duty to obey.

The dissolution of the empire, which came to pass at the close of the century, appeared imminent. Perhaps it would even then have been accomplished, had the nations acted at once upon the impulses which agitated them. In the absence of unity of action, all was egotism, rivalry, and confusion. Wala set out, resolved to do what he could towards pacifying and relieving the empire.

III.

PASCASE RADBERT, who, in an emphatic and confused style has left us a panegyric rather than a life of Count Wala, his friend, has told us little of what Lothaire did, aided by Wala, to re-establish order beyond the mountains.

The question upon which men's minds were most divided was that of the limits of Church and State. The bishoprics and abbeys were hereditary fiefs which did not die out, and their domains, therefore, had never ceased to increase. There were monasteries which, in less than a century after their foundation, possessed four or five thousand manors or farms. Whilst peace caused these establishments to flourish, the nobles, impoverished by their military obligations, often, too, by disorder and superstition, were accustomed to retake with the sword that of which religious zeal had deprived them. They ransomed, they pillaged the lands of the Church. Many had obtained bishoprics and abbeys through the leniency and weakness of Louis le Débonnaire as in the time of Charles Martel. Louis had offended the clergy by giving them these benefices, just as by indulging the clergy he had provoked the nobles. This wound was still cankering when Wala, wishing to arrest the evil, repaired to court, and presenting himself before the emperor, strove to nerve him to taking a firm resolve.

"The public cause," said Wala, expressing himself in the rough freedom of the language of the time, "cannot support itself alone; it rests with the Church and the military, the emperor should never forget this. A prince mistakes his power when he thinks that he can confer the gifts

of the Holy Spirit on the laity; and he is no less in error when, giving rein to violence, he permits the possessions presented to God to be turned from the use of the clergy and the poor. I am well aware that it is fair for the Church to contribute to the defence of the empire. What she ought to do she will do; beware, however, of seizing by violence what should in justice be a voluntary gift. Cease, sire, from contaminating religious matters with the world by giving Church benefices to your soldiers; be careful to separate religious and secular concerns, and to avert the despoiling of the Church, lest you bring upon you the curse of the holy fathers."

Wala concluded by proposing that a tax should be levied similar to the "none" of Charlemagne, or corresponding with the "gratuitous gifts" which were imposed on the clergy in times more nearly approaching our own. His efforts were fruitless. Like an innocent lamb, Louis allowed himself to be influenced and led by the wolves, who had gained his confidence, and were foremost in skill and violence amongst those who ruled him. Nothing could now prevent the nation from splitting into two factions. When this happens, neither party comprehends the language of the other; the voice of equity is lost, and he who dares to advocate it is repulsed alike by both factions. The emperor had had experience of this at the commencement of his reign when he had tried to act in the manner he was now advised to do. Wala's journey produced no good effects; he had only succeeded in exciting both clergy and nobles against him. The most inveterate amongst them accused him of inflaming the court, and of being the cause of all the ills under which the empire groaned. The ignorant multitude were ready to repeat these accusations, and, ere long, the very man who had once been lauded for his wisdom and justice was looked upon as a man of discord and a public enemy. There was nothing left to him but to return to Corbie and pour out his sorrow to the monks.

IV.

YET the course which events took brought the Abbot of Corbie once more before the political world. These events belong to general history. Every one knows of the marriage of Louis le Débonnaire with Judith of Bavaria, of the birth of a son, known under the name of Charles the Bald, and of the wars which the empress's ambition lighted between the father and his three sons by a former marriage. Louis was urged to secure a throne to the young Prince Charles, and to give him the very core of the empire, namely, the lands by the Rhine, which, from their position, commanded the whole kingdom of the Franks. These pretensions alarmed the kings of Italy, Germany, and Aquitaine. It was reported that Judith's ambition for her son went still further, and that she would not be satisfied until she had made him sole heir to his father. Other reports were current, the empress's virtue was doubted, and the legitimacy of Prince Charles questioned. They went so far as to suspect her of entertaining a plot for getting rid of the emperor, that she might espouse her paramour. These rumours were set about by mistrust, and were augmented by hatred.

The three princes, Lothaire, Louis, and Pepin, joined together, and rose

in arms to protect their rights. Abandoned by all, Louis le Débonnaire fell into their hands. They had gained an easy victory, but they could not agree together after their success, and in this dilemma they turned to Wala.

"Banish from the emperor's councils the men who deceive him," he replied; "banish the adulterous man and woman, and with them the crowd of soothsayers and diviners of dreams, and all who practise arts of iniquity. This done, give up the throne to your father; freed from their yoke, he will be, what he once was, the best of princes."

This advice was as little heeded as that which he had given to the emperor. The princes mistrusted their father no less than each other, and, in the mean time, the empire remained without a head. Disorder spread rapidly in all directions, and discontent broke out into open clamour. Public opinion suddenly changed. The throne was again in Louis's hands, and his sons prostrated at his feet. Wala was exiled to Chillon. The Empress Judith and her minister Bernard dictated the order to Louis, which consigned a man of austere religion, the friend of the King of Italy, and the enemy to their politics, to prison. Most of the emperor's councillors were likewise banished. They would have made them suffer a harder fate had not the kindness of Louis prevailed over their cruelty.

V.

THE country towards which the Abbot of Corbie was borne in no way resembled in the ninth century what it does at present. The chroniclers of the period speak of a distant country remote and shrouded in mists. Cultivation had not then softened the climate of Montreux; no towns and villages clustered along the shore; but few habitations were seen on the mountains of Lavaux. Wild plants grew luxuriantly on the rocks; hermits dwelt in the caverns of the mountains; the monks of Hauterêt had not cultivated the declivities of Désaley. Vevey was only a village of small importance. The memory of past revolutions of nature kept the inhabitants from establishing themselves on the immediate margin of the lake. The story of the disaster of Tauretunum was told with alarm, for the course of the Rhône had been suddenly interrupted, and breaking over its banks, and precipitating itself with fury into the lake, the river had washed away walls, villages, and towns along the shore.

There was only a chapel where now the village of Montreux stands, but some few habitations nestled on a ridge somewhat higher up the Alps. Large oaks and chesnuts descended to Lake Lemman, where now vineyards are planted. Even the rich valley of the Rhône was sparsely inhabited. The devastations of the Lombards and those of the nobles of the country had driven the farmers up to the higher Alpine valleys. Exchanging an agricultural life for a pastoral one, their tribes, of Celtic origin, began to spread out to the sources of the Torneresse and the cliffs of Saxiema, and met with the herds and flocks of German tribes which occupied Gruyère. Travellers rarely took the route through the valley of the Rhône to Italy, for the Simplon was not open, and the pass of St. Bernard was difficult and full of peril. As for the tower of Chillon, it was looked upon as a place of solitude, desolation, and fear.

This was not the impression the first sight of the gloomy tower made

upon the Abbot of Corbie. "Oh, beauty, ancient as the world, yet ever new!" cried St. Augustine, after having communed with himself, "I love you, and I know that I love you. Thou art light, voice, perfume, nutriment to me, which I taste in my innermost soul, where a light burns which has no boundary in space, where I attach myself to an object of infinite goodness without ever being satiated by the delights which the possession of it causes me."

Like St. Augustine, Wala believed in an eternal Word, which is in continual communication with the human soul, and his faith in God, the inexhaustible fountain of all consolation, preserved him from being cast down. Like another prisoner,* seven centuries later, he lived many years shut up within those walls. "He received no visitor," says his biographer, "save the angels, who know how to penetrate into the heart of an upright man wherever he may be."

One day, this same writer, Pascale Radbert, succeeded in passing the prison doors of Chillon. It may be that Louis had suddenly remembered the existence of Count Wala, or perhaps, by his persevering solicitations, Radbert had obtained permission to exchange a few words with his superior. However this may be, he appeared before Wala in his dungeon, and brought a kind message to him from the emperor. It will be best to give the account of this interview in his own words:

"We were together one day," he said. "It was a day of happiness and of sorrow, for we shed many tears both of joy and bitterness. Why should we not have been happy? Our consciences were clear, and we were together. Why should we not have mourned? He, whom I loved, was in prison, and by reason of his very virtues; he was followed, too, by hatred and malice, and was passing his days in the rigours of a long captivity. We conversed together, and consoled and pained each other by turns.

"The emperor," I said, 'wishes to set you free; he only requires you to confess that you were in the wrong, that you erred by an excess of zeal, and to promise that you will in future submit to his most gracious will. One word from you will ensure your pardon.'

"And this word," he said, 'is it you who would encourage me to utter it? You, my friend, who know my opinions, do you doubt my rectitude? I thought that you had come to exhort me to persevere in the combat for justice, but I could never have imagined that you would seek to weaken my resolution, and to make me avow what honour would condemn.'

"No," I replied, 'I have never doubted of your innocence. I only ask you to express your regret and to assent. Your friends are convinced that nothing more would be needed to place you not only at liberty, but in favour with the emperor, and in a position superior to any that you have yet occupied in the state. Once reinstated in the emperor's favour, you will be able to obtain anything you might like to ask for.'

"He smiled and said, in a tone of light irony, 'You think, then, that you have both the prince and those who govern him in your power; but have you propitiated the tribunal of Heaven? How would the Supreme Judge regard it were I to bring a false sentence against myself—were I

* Bonivard.

to abandon the path of justice and truth? Might not the future turn out very differently to what you expect? In trying to fly from the dreariness of my present life, and loading my conscience with falsehood, might I not only be aggravating my dangers, and be exposing myself to a sentence of death? Would it not be so when I had condemned myself with my own mouth? Whatever my chances at the emperor's court, ought I, for the sake of escaping these transitory pains and regaining vain honours—ought I to expose myself to eternal death by the just decree of God? Would you be the man to counsel me to act thus? Believe me, my friend, we should do better to follow the path which the grace of God has pointed out to us, and to maintain our hearts firm in faith and hope, that we may hereafter enter into eternal life!

"I was silent and abashed when I heard Wala speak thus. I plainly saw that, careless as to his own interests, his mind dwelt only on the objects of his ardent affection—God, his country, the Church, and the good of the people. I saw, too, that he had been actuated by the wish in all he had done to wipe away the stain from the imperial house by restoring the sons to their father, preserving unity, and by making the oaths respected which had been tendered to King Lothaire.

"During our conversation, the waves of Lake Leman were breaking against the walls of the prison. Wala gazed at the agitated waters. Accustomed to listen for God's voice in nature, as well as in his own heart, he heard the foaming waves speak to him of his Creator. Their ebb and flow spoke to him of human affairs, of the immovability of the rock upon which Chillon stood, and of the security of the man whom it had pleased God to place beyond the conflict of life. Impressed with these thoughts, a joyful expression beamed from his face, his brow was open, and he said to the excited water:

" ' Thus far shalt thou come, and against these walls shall thy proud waves be stayed.' "

"Like the exile of Patmos, Saint John, the friend of Christ, he looked back on past events, penetrated the veil of futurity, and, nourished by the Divine mysteries, he seemed already to taste the joys of Heaven."

VI.

THE Abbot of Corbie remained at Chillon till the three sons of the emperor entered upon a campaign against their father. Lothaire was the first to rise, and Chillon was then deemed too near to Italy to be a safe retreat for a state prisoner. Count Wala was therefore removed from the walls which had become endeared to him by habit. He was hurried across France, and thrown into a prison recently erected on the island of Noirmoutiers, at the mouth of the Loire. He had scarcely arrived, when the armies of the King of Aquitaine hastened to attempt the liberation of the captive.

Wala was once more made to traverse the empire to the abbey of Fulde, in one of the most remote districts of Germany, but he was not long permitted to rest here. Louis of Bavaria, the emperor's third son, rose in arms, and the enemies of Wala, not knowing where to send him for safety, allowed him to return to the abbey of Corbie, on condition that he would lead the simple life of a monk, in submission to the rules of

the monastery. Here even Wala did not find that tranquillity, which he was destined not again to enjoy on earth. No sooner had he arrived than envoys waited on him from the Pope, the emperor's sons, and from some of the principal nobles. They knew what he had suffered, without any good resulting from his previous efforts, but they besought him not to abandon the sacred cause. Wala rejected their entreaties, but they told him that their orders had been to compel him to repair to Lothaire, should persuasion fail. The court began to fill with armed men, and the monks, not knowing what they intended to do, were petrified with fear. Then the delegates from the Pope threw themselves at Wala's feet, and conjured him by all he held most holy not to reject the petition of the father of the faithful, not to abandon King Lothaire, his friend, in his difficult position, and not to refuse him the support of his valuable counsels.

Wala was over-persuaded. "I submit," he said. "I will not be an example of disobedience to the commands of the Bishop of Rome." Accompanied by his faithful friend Radbert, he went with the envoys, and the journey was not unattended with peril. Armed men were flocking from all parts towards the Rhine, some to range themselves around the emperor, others around the princes. These streams encountered occasionally, and sometimes came to blows. All parties looked to the Pope as a mediator. Arrived on the shores of the Rhine, the Bishop of Rome, accompanied by a large body of ecclesiastics, amongst them Radbert, repaired to the Emperor Louis.

The heads of the Church were divided into two parties: one invoked, the other objected to the pontifical intervention. The first encouraged Louis to reject it, the others proclaimed the Pope as sovereign of sovereigns, the director of princes and nations. This language was remarkable in an age when the bishops of Rome had not yet taken the high position to which the necessity felt by the people for a protector against violence, and a judge in their differences, afterwards raised them. It marks an interesting point in the course of history. Gregory hesitated to accept the distinction which his successors have thought so inseparable from their position as Christ's representatives on earth.

It was not for the Pope on this occasion to unravel the knots tied by existing politics. Whilst he was carrying on his task of persuasion in the royal tent, the work was being accomplished by other hands than his. The camps of the contending factions approached each other. The soldiers, now opposed, had fought in the same ranks under Charlemagne, and they were drawn together, they ate and drank together, and exchanged friendly greetings as brothers in arms. It is said gold had been distributed amongst them; one thing is certain, the two camps amalgamated into one, and when Louis awoke from his dream of security, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of his sons. A small number of faithful friends alone remained near his person. "Go," he said—"go. I would have no one lose a limb, still less his life, for my sake." He followed them ere long, and threw himself upon the mercy of his sons.

History has narrated subsequent events. It has spoken of Louis's calmness, of his persevering refusal to abdicate the throne, of the return of popular feeling to his side, and of the divisions amongst his sons. Wala tried in vain to reconcile the contending factions. Society, plunged again into anarchy, seemed to represent one of those nocturnal scenes

sketch from it, which is far from being the most horrible of those contained in it, and yet we apprehend that this description will arouse sufficient sorrow and horror in every unhardened mind.

The first sunbeams of the 25th illumined one of the most frightful scenes that could be gazed upon. On all sides the battle-field was strewn with the corpses of men and horses: on the roads, in the ditches, streams, and bushes, on the meadows, dead men lay everywhere around, and the neighbourhood of Solferino was overcast with them in the literal sense of the term. The fields were desolated, corn and maize trampled down, the garden and field enclosures destroyed, the meadows ploughed up, and everywhere larger and smaller pools of blood were visible. The villages were deserted, and everywhere displayed traces of musketry, cannon-balls, rockets, and shells: the walls were torn down by balls which opened wide breaches, the houses were gutted, and the walls, shaken in their foundations, revealed wide rents; the inhabitants, who had been concealed for close on twenty hours, were beginning to leave the cellars one after the other in which they had shut themselves up without light and provisions; their dazed appearance proved the terror they had been suffering from. In the neighbourhood of Solferino, and especially in the churchyard of that village, were piles of muskets, cartouche-boxes, gaiters, shakos, foraging-caps, kepis, belts; in a word, every variety of accoutrement, and among them were torn and bloodstained articles of clothing and broken weapons.

The unfortunate men who were picked up during the day were pale, with pinched features, and utterly exhausted: some, and especially those who were badly mutilated, looked on in apparent unconsciousness; they did not understand what was being said to them, their eyes were fixed on their saviours, but still they were not unsusceptible to their pain. Others were restless; their entire nervous system was shaken, and they quivered convulsively. Those with open wounds, in which gangrene had already set in, were raging with pain: they demanded an end to their sufferings by a quick death, and writhed in the last death-struggle with frightfully contracted features.

At other spots lay wretched beings who had not only been struck by bullets and splinters of shells, but whose limbs had also been crushed or cut off by the wheels of the guns that had been driven over them. The conical musket-balls split the bone in every direction, so that the wound caused by them was extremely dangerous, but the fragments of shell produced equally painful fractures and greater internal injuries. Splinters of every description, pieces of bone, bits of clothing, accoutrements or boots, earth and lumps of lead, rendered the wounds more dangerous through the inflammation they caused, and thus heightened the agony of the wounded men.

The man who walked over this extensive theatre of the previous day's action found at every step, and amid an incomparable confusion, inexpressible despair and wretchedness in all its forms.

The want of water constantly became more felt; the ditches were dried up, the troops had at the best only an unhealthy marshy fluid to quench their thirst, and sentries were stationed at every spot where there was a well with loaded muskets, because the water was to be reserved for the wounded. At Cavriana twenty thousand artillery and cavalry horses

were watered for two days at a swamp that contained pestiferous water. Those riderless horses, which ran about the whole night wounded, now dragged themselves up to the groups of other horses, as if they wished to request assistance of them, and they were at times killed with a bullet. One of these noble animals, splendidly caparisoned, came up to a French detachment: the portmanteau, which was still securely fastened to the saddle, contained letters and other articles, proving that the horse belonged to the brave Prince von Isenburg. A search was made among the dead, and the Austrian prince was at length found among the dead bodies, wounded and senseless from loss of blood; but the French surgeons succeeded, after great exertion, in recalling him to life, and he was able to return to his family, when the latter, as they had received no news of him, had already put on mourning.

On the faces of many of the dead soldiers an expression of peace was perceptible; it was with those who fell dead at the first shot; but a great number bore traces of the death-struggle, with their stiff outstretched limbs, bodies covered with lead-coloured spots, their hands dug into the ground, their moustaches standing up like a brush, and a dark smile playing round their lips and clenched teeth.

Three days and three nights were employed in burying the dead who lay on the field of battle;* but on this extensive plain many were hidden in the ditches and furrows, or concealed by bushes and other irregularities of the ground, and could not be found till afterwards, and all these corpses, as well as the dead horses, had impregnated the atmosphere with poisonous exhalations. In the French army a certain number of men per company was told off to seek and bury the dead, and, as a rule, the men of the same corps did so for their comrades in arms: they recorded the number found on the effects of each slain man, and then, with the help of hired Lombardese peasants, laid the body, dressed as it was, in a common pit. Unhappily, it may be assumed that in the haste with which this operation was accomplished, and through the carelessness or callous neglect of these peasants, a living man was now and then interred with the dead. The orders, money, watches, letters, and documents found on the person of the officers were removed from the dead, and eventually sent to their families: but, with such a number of corpses as was buried here, it was not always possible to perform this duty faithfully.

A son, the darling of his parents, whom a tender mother had brought up and fostered through many years, and who had been terrified at his slightest attack of illness; a smart officer, beloved by his family, who had left wife and children at home; a young soldier, who had bidden adieu to his bride at home, and all these men who had a mother, sisters, or aged father at home—here they now lay in the mud, in the dust, and bathed in their blood, their masculine handsome faces not to be recognised, for the enemy's bullets or sabre had not spared them: they suffered and died, and their bodies, so long the object of affectionate care, now blackened, swollen, and mutilated, were thrown just as they were into a hurriedly dug grave, only covered with a few shovelful of lime and earth, and the

* Three weeks after the 24th of June, 1859, dead soldiers belonging to both armies were still found at different spots on the battle-field. The assertion that the 25th of June sufficed to carry away and place under shelter all the wounded, is utterly false.

birds of prey will not spare their hands and feet when they peer out through the washing away of the mould. True, the workmen will come again to pile up the earth or erect a wooden cross, but that will be all !

The French hospital staff continued to have the wounded collected, and they were removed to the field lazarettos on mules, in litters, or on cacolets ; thence they were transferred to the villages or hamlets nearest to the spot where they had fallen or had been found. In these villages temporary field hospitals had been made in the churches and convents, in the houses, on the public squares, in court-yards, in the streets and promenades, in short, at every convenient spot. In this way a great number of wounded were provided for at Carpenedolo, Castel Gefredo, Medoli, Guidizzolo, Volta, and all the surrounding villages, but the great majority was at Castiglione, whither the less severely wounded had already crawled on foot.

Thither proceeded a long train of vehicles belonging to the hospital staff, loaded with soldiers, non-commissioned officers, and officers of every grade, and in a strange medley of cavalry, infantry, and artillery ; they were all blood-stained, exhausted, ragged, and dusty ; then came mules at a smart trot, whose restless movements drew shrieks of pain from the unfortunate sufferers at every step. One had a leg smashed, which seemed almost separated from the body, so that the slightest jolting of the waggon caused him fresh agony ; another had his arm broken, and supported it with the other unbroken one ; the stick of a Congreve rocket had passed through a corporal's arm, he drew it out himself, and using it as a crutch, attempted to crawl to Castiglione. Many of these wounded died on the road, and their corpses were laid by the side of the road, where they were ultimately buried.

From Castiglione the wounded were to be removed to the hospitals of Brescia, Cremona, Bergamo, and Milan, where they would find more regular attention, and amputations would be undertaken. As, however, the Austrians in their retreat had seized all the vehicles belonging to the country people, and the French means of transport were not equal to the number of wounded, they were obliged to wait two or three days before they could be carried to Castiglione, which place was already crowded. This whole town was metamorphosed into one spacious improvised hospital, both for French and Austrians ; during the Friday the headquarters lazaretto was prepared here, the lint cases were opened, and apparatus and surgical instruments were got in readiness ; the inhabitants readily gave up all the blankets, sheets, paillasses, and mattresses they could spare.

During the 25th, 26th, and 27th, the death-struggles and sufferings were awful. The wounds, rendered worse by the heat, dust, and want of water and attention, constantly grew more painful ; mephitic exhalations poisoned the atmosphere, in spite of the laudable exertions of the hospital staff to keep the localities converted into lazarettos in good condition ; the growing want of assistants, nurses, and servants grew every moment more evident, for the baggage-trains arriving at Castiglione brought fresh loads of wounded every quarter of an hour. However great was the activity displayed by a surgeon-major, and two or three other persons, who organised the regular transports to Brescia with carts drawn by oxen ; however praiseworthy the zeal of the inhabitants of Brescia, who came

with vehicles to fetch away the sick and wounded, and to whom the officers were chiefly entrusted, fewer trains left than arrived, and overcrowding was continually augmented.

On the stone floors of the hospitals and convents of Castiglione, people of all nations, French and Arabs, Germans and Slavons, were laid down side by side; many of the persons temporarily placed in the corner of a chapel had not the strength left to move, or could not stir in the confined space. Curses, imprecations, and yells echoed in the sacred buildings. "Ah, sir, how I am suffering!" one of these wretches said to the author. "We are given up, we are left to die in misery, and yet we fought so bravely." In spite of the fatigue they had endured, in spite of sleepless nights, they could not now enjoy rest; in their desperation they appealed for the help of a surgeon, or struck out wildly around, until tetanus and death put an end to their sufferings.

Although every house had become a lodging for the wounded, and every family had quite enough to do in nursing the officers they had taken in, M. Dunant succeeded, on the following Tuesday morning, in collecting a certain number of women, who did their utmost in helping to nurse the patients; amputations and other operations were no longer the sole object; it was necessary to give food and drink to men who would otherwise die of hunger and thirst, bind up their wounds, or wash their bleeding bodies, which were coated with mud and vermin, and all this must be done amid poisonous exhalations, the cries and moans of the sufferers, and in a stifling heat. The nucleus of such a body of volunteers was soon formed, and the Lombardese women hurried to those who yelled the loudest, although they were not always the worst. M. Dunant, for his part, tried as far as was possible to organise the assistance in that quarter of the town where it was most needed, and took special charge of one of the churches of Castiglione, situated on an eminence on the left hand as you come from Brescia, and called the Chiesa Maggiore. Upwards of five hundred soldiers were collected here, and at the least one hundred more lay in front of the church, on straw and under clothes, which had been put up to keep off the sunbeams.

The nurserywomen went about from one to the other with their jugs and pails, filled with clean water to quench thirst or moisten wounds. Some of these improvised hospital attendants were pretty young girls: their gentleness and kindness, their sweet sympathising tear-laden eyes, as well as their attentive care, effected much in, at any rate, raising the moral courage of the patients. The town-boys came and went, carrying to the church pails, jugs, and watering-pots full of water from the nearest well. This was followed by a distribution of broth and soup, large quantities of which the hospital staff had to supply. Enormous bales of lint were set down here and there, so that every man might take what he wanted, but there was a sad want of bandages, linen, and shirts: the resources of the small town, through which the Austrian army had marched, were so reduced that it was impossible to procure the most trifling articles. Still M. Dunant contrived to obtain some few clean sheets by the help of the worthy women, who brought in all their linen, and on the Monday morning he sent off his coachman to Brescia to procure a fresh stock. He returned a few hours later with the entire carriage loaded with sheets, sponges, linen, ribbons, pins, cigars and tobacco,

camomiles, mallows, elder-flowers, oranges, sugar, and lemons, which rendered it possible to give the wounded a much-desired and refreshing glass of lemonade, to wash their wounds with an extract of mallows, to put on warm poultices, and change the bandages more frequently.

During this time the volunteer corps had been reinforced by several recruits. An old naval officer and two English tourists came into the church through curiosity, and were retained there almost per force; two other Englishmen expressed a wish to assist, and distributed cigars principally among the Austrians. In addition to these, an Italian abbé, three or four curious travellers, a journalist of Paris, who eventually undertook the management of a neighbouring church, and, lastly, several officers of the division left in Castiglione, lent a hand in waiting on the patients. One of these officers, however, was soon taken ill through the awful effect of the scenes, and the other volunteers gradually retreated, because they could not endure the sight of these sufferings, which they were so little able to alleviate; the abbé also followed their example, but returned, in order, with a very polite attention, to hold aromatic herbs and smelling-salts under the nose of the workers. A young French tourist, affected by the sight of these human remains, suddenly burst into tears; a merchant from Neuchâtel during two days bandaged the wounded, and wrote the last letters for the dying to their relatives: it was found necessary for his own sake to moderate his zeal, as well as the sympathising excitement of a Belgian, which attained such a pitch that fears were entertained lest he should be attacked by fever, as was the case with a sub-lieutenant who came from Milan to join his corps, and was taken ill in the church.

Several soldiers belonging to the division left in the town also expressed their readiness to attend on their comrades, but they, too, were unable to endure a scene which bowed down their moral courage and so greatly excited their imagination. A corporal of the Engineers, who had been wounded at Magenta, and returned to his corps before he had recovered, having two days of his furlough still left, accompanied M. Dunant to the wounded, and assisted him, although he fainted twice. The purveyor sent to Castiglione at length permitted the convalescent and their Austrian surgeons to wait on the patients. A German surgeon, who had purposely remained on the field of battle in order to bandage his wounded countrymen, offered similar services to the enemy's army, and in recognition of his services he was allowed to rejoin the Austrians at Mantua three days after.

But enough of these horrors. Let us mention in conclusion, however, that the highly respected author adds to his affecting descriptions some very sensible advice as to the better provision for the wounded. We have no space here to enter into this portion of his work, but we confidently recommend it to the attention of all the army and navy surgeons, and trust that the initiative taken by M. Dunant may lead to a fuller investigation of this most important subject. Such information seems to be much needed at the present time in America, if we may believe what we read in the papers about the wounded after the battle of Gettysburg, and which is perhaps only inferior in atrocity to the report given us of the field of Solferino, for which we are indebted to the philanthropy of M. Dunant.

GHOST STORIES.*

For one person that believes, and for two that speak with reserve upon the question of belief in ghosts, there are ten that treat so serious a matter with ridicule, scorn, or contempt. This is not philosophical; but we are not all philosophers, and the world must be taken as it is. A clever French writer—M. Kardec—puts this oft-debated question upon an at once intelligible and fair basis. Concluding that he who believes in God believes in his own soul, and, further, that that soul exists after death, the next question to solve is, can the disembodied spirit communicate with flesh? Why not? says M. Kardec. What is man but an imprisoned soul? Shall not the free spirit talk with the captive, as a free man with a prisoner? Since it is admitted that the soul survives, is it rational to conclude that the affections die? Since the souls are everywhere, is it not natural that the soul that loved us should desire to be near? Since, in life, it directed its own corporal movements, can it not, in harmony with another soul, still united with the body, borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible?

The views here expounded will remind the reader of the "Physical Theory of Another Life," by Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and a writer well known for his remarkable powers of thought, united to great earnestness in the cause of evangelical religion. Mr. Taylor's views admit alike both the power and freedom of action of spiritual existences upon physical principles elaborately evolved, but he does not go so far as to expound the power of language being given to spirits; as to the permanence of the affections in Heaven, that is admitted by the generality of divines as deducible from the evidences of Holy Writ. That the free spirit should be among us, or have the power to visit us, must depend upon a very largely accumulated testimony. Mr. Taylor's theory is in favour of such intercommunication; it is, indeed, more easy to admit the fact than to contradict it. Lastly, that such a disembodied spirit may, when in harmony with another soul still united with the body—that is to say, when a person is in such a condition as is essential to communication with the spirits of the other world—borrow from this living frame the power to render its thoughts intelligible, is not so comprehensible as if it were said that it should, by such a harmony, place the embodied soul in those relations to the disembodied soul, which will enable it to establish a communication between the two—the impression being that that communication is established through the medium of the vocal organs and in the ordinary language of the spiritual and corporeal parties concerned. The necessity for such conditions is the probable reason for the rarity of the phenomenon, and it is a wise arrangement of Providence that it should be so, for the daily affairs of life would be sadly interfered with if exposed to so serious a mental disarrangement as the interference of spiritual existences. Such phenomena are apparently only permissible, or the power is only availed

* Strange Things Among Us. By H. Spicer, Author of "Old Styles's." Chapman and Hall.

of when some object is to be gained; such as decorous burial, the manifestation of affection, the correction of error, falsehood, or dishonesty, the punishment of crime, or for some other wise purpose.

M. Kardec, admitting the facts as above, places his opponents upon the horns of this dilemma: That the being which thinks within us during life cannot think after death. That, if it does, it thinks no more of those it loved. That, if it thinks of them, it does not desire communication. That, though it be everywhere, it cannot be beside us. That, if it be beside us, it cannot communicate its presence. That, owing to its fluid form, it cannot act upon inert substances. That, if it can act upon inert substances, it cannot act upon an intelligible being.

The *modus operandi* of spiritual beings in their communications with embodied spirits has never yet been satisfactorily explained. This is in great part owing to the connexion never having been as yet philosophically studied. Such communications have hitherto generally occurred among those who were unprepared, taken by surprise, alarmed, or even disbelievers. Were persons thoroughly imbued with the idea of the possible communication between spiritual and bodily existences, they would feel no more dismay at the extraordinary incident than they would at any other daily occurrence of life. They would then study the mode and manner in which that communication is established, and great additional light would gradually be thrown upon the most mysterious phenomena in nature.

In the mean time, the adversaries of "spiritualism" tell the believers that it rests with them to prove the reality of the manifestations. They do so both by fact and argument. If, after this, they will admit neither the one nor the other—if they deny what other eyes have beheld, because they themselves have not seen it—it is for them to prove that all accumulated evidence is false, that all reasoning on the subject is illogical, and that the facts adduced are impossible. Those who are prepared to do so are likewise prepared to lay down limits to natural or physical agencies, as well as to the power or sufferance of the Creator.

Mr. Spicer has been sneered at—the inevitable mode of argument adopted in discussing this mysterious topic—for the work now before us; and his introduction of discussions upon many of what have been considered by some as modern or renovated modes of manifestation of spirits, as table-turning, spirit-rapping, spirit-writing, and media of all kinds and descriptions, may, to superficial readers, justify, to a certain extent, such a mode of treatment; but the fact is that Mr. Spicer treats the whole subject in a perfectly philosophical spirit: he is neither dogmatical for, or wilfully opposed to, any possible explanation of incidents; he carefully distinguishes the hallucinations of a diseased brain, the morbid quickening of the senses, the effects of impulse and impression, and the cases that defy analysis, from the better-attested cases of intercommunication with the spirits of the departing or of the departed; and with regard to other less reputable phenomena, he contents himself with pointing out the insufficiency of the modes of explanation hitherto suggested, whilst he neither defends by open argument or by implication the scenes of folly and profanity to which the practices of so-called "modern spiritualism," which has little or no reference to true "spiritualism," have given rise.

His chief labour has been to accumulate instances, selecting those that

are best attested. We will refer at first to examples of intercommunication with departing spirits, of which several remarkable instances are given :

Although (says our author) our ghost-seers, as a rule, are, as has been noted, persons of sensitive and impressionable nature—we have apparent instances to the contrary—and, among the rest, a noticeable one in the person of the gallant Colonel M——, who perished, with a party of his men, in the lamentable burning of a transport, on her way to the Crimea.

M—— (with whom the writer was well acquainted) was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up reading in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed.

One night, Mrs. M—— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home ill, to the charge of her friends, a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was no longer of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the unexpected scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed,—gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face—and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M—— then awoke his wife, and related what had occurred. Together they noted the precise moment of the vision. It proved to be that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name.

Here is another, in which the object of the visitation is more manifest :

Having laid it down, herein-before, as a wholesome rule, not to lay too much stress upon the well-strung nervous system of our heroes and heroines, it shall be simply stated, on authority of many years' acquaintance, that Mrs. D—— possessed a serene, cheerful temper, and a peculiarly calm and steadfast mind.

When, five years since, this lady became a widow, it pleased the brother of her husband to dispute the dispositions of the latter's will—a proceeding the more annoying as the provision made for the widow was already extremely moderate. Ultimately, an appeal was made to Chancery. The suit lasted three years, and caused Mrs. D—— the utmost vexation and anxiety ; when, at length, the law, finding those claims indisputable which should never have been disputed, decided in her favour.

Some short time after this, Mrs. D—— was residing in L—— Place, Brighton. A friend, Miss F——, usually shared her bedroom. Both were lying awake one morning, about eight o'clock, when Mrs. D——, with some surprise, saw her friend rise up suddenly in bed, clasp her hands, and sink back on the pillow, apparently in a profound sleep. Strange as seemed the movement, it was so evident to Mrs. D—— that her friend was really in a tranquil slumber, that she made no effort to disturb her.

A minute had scarcely elapsed, when the door quietly opened, and there seemed to enter a figure which she was convinced was supernatural. She describes her feelings with careful minuteness. Her impressions, as she afterwards remembered them, had not the slightest admixture of fear. She was conscious of a reverential awe, such as might well possess the witness of a revelation so far removed from the accepted laws of nature—united with a feeling of intense curiosity as to the object of the apparition.

Gliding through the subdued light, the figure had all the appearance, gait, and manner of her deceased husband ; until, passing through the room, and sinking down into an arm-chair that stood nearly opposite her bed, turned slightly aside, the figure presented its profile, and Mrs. D—— instantly recognised her connexion, and late opponent, Mr. W. D—— at that time residing in the north. No sooner had the mysterious visitor sat down, than he raised his hands clasped, as if in passionate entreaty—but, though the spectral lips

appeared to move as in harmony with the gesture, no sound was audible. Three times the hands were lifted in the same earnest manner; then the figure rose, and retired as slowly as it came.

Some nervous reaction followed its disappearance, for Mrs. D——'s maid, appearing a minute or two later, found her mistress trembling violently, and much agitated. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her self-possession, and calmly related what she had witnessed both to Miss F—— and the maid; the former being unable to recal anything unusual, and only knowing that she had fallen asleep again, contrary to her own intention.

The succeeding day was cold and stormy, and neither of the friends quitted the house. In the evening some neighbours called. As they were taking leave, one of the party suddenly inquired:

"By-the-by, have you had any recent news from the north? A rumour has reached us, I hardly know how, that Mr. W. D—— is dangerously ill—some say dying, even—but it is only report—dead."

"He is dead," said Mrs. D——, quietly. "He died this morning at eight o'clock."

"You have a telegram?"

"You shall hear."

And Mrs. D—— related her story to her wondering friends.

As quickly as news could reach Brighton, she received intimation of Mr. D——'s death, at the hour of the vision.

A singular and suggestive statement is, that the scene witnessed by Mrs. D—— at Brighton, was being enacted in the death-chamber of Mr. W. D——, hundreds of miles distant. His mind wandered somewhat, as the end drew near, but perpetually returned to the subject of the unhappy litigation. Mistaking his sister for Mrs. D——, he addressed to her the most fervent entreaties for pardon, avowing his bitter regret, condemning his own injustice and covetousness, and declaring that he could not die in peace, without her forgiveness. Three times the dying man had raised his hands in the manner she had noticed, and so expired.

The possibility of spiritual appearances being conceded upon the testimony of a vast body of well-attested facts accumulating from the earliest periods at which records are extant, as well from the logical deductions derived from spiritual existence of any kind, it is open to us to admit that while we can understand such spiritual existences becoming visible and manifest to us under certain circumstances, we cannot at the same time so readily admit the spiritual existence of clothes and garments, or, in other words, of things that never had life in them.* This part of the phenomena in question is utterly beyond our comprehension. We give, however, a story curiously illustrative of the point in question as differing from what is usually presented in instances of the kind, with the author's remarks upon the bearing of these differences. No little additional interest is imparted to this incident from the parties, although only alluded to by initials, being very generally known—personally so to the reviewer:

One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was in bed, at her house in P—— Street. It was daylight, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady C——, concluding it was her

* Since writing the above, we find that the making of so simple a suggestion has been claimed as a discovery by Mr. George Cruikshank and Mr. Hain Friarwell. We hasten at once to grant them all possible precedence. They are both humorous antagonists to belief in ghosts, but their humour is sometimes very grim and not a little dogmatic, when they argue that belief in ghosts may be evil in itself.

maid entering, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fireplace, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady C—— recognised the features of her stepson, Dr. J. C——, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm.

"Good Heavens! Is that *you*, J——, and in that dress?" cried Lady C——, in her first surprise.

The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child; the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady C—— had presented to Mrs. J. C—— on the eve of her departure.

As she gazed, the outlines of the figures became indistinct, invisible; vanishing in the grey light, or blending with the familiar objects in the room.

Lady C—— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay back and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, everybody knows by the sudden change of scenery, by the snapping of the chain of thought, &c. &c., when he has been sleeping.

Very shortly after, Sir J—— returned home. On hearing the story, he immediately looked at the tongue that related such wonders, and likewise felt his lady's pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity, she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time, the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T—— awaited with more than usual interest.

At length they came. Dr. J. C—— informed his father that their child, an only one, had died on such a day (that of the apparition), and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next homeward ship. In due course, it arrived, embalmed, but enclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant, that the intervening space had to be filled up with clothes, &c., while the Indian scarf had been wound, in many folds, around the child's body.

In faithfully quoting incidents of this nature, not usually provocative of merriment, the mention of some absurd feature—such as the appearance of Dr. J. C—— in a costume which was certainly not that in which he walked abroad, has often tended to discourage serious discussion, and that close pursuit of slight clues which might ultimately reveal the positive action of some fixed law. It would, for example, be interesting, and pertinent to the inquiry, to learn by minute comparison, whether, at the precise instant of the vision, the details of appearance, costume, manner, occupation, &c., were perfectly identical. In the majesty of reliable cases, the spectrum is presented under the guise most familiar to the seer—the inference being that the latter's brain had by far the larger share in the production of the image. But in the instance last adduced, this rule did not prevail; the external aspect was *not* familiar. A figure in a night-dress, bearing a poor dead child, might indeed have moved about the house at T——, and no doubt did so, but by something more than imagination and the work of familiar ideas, must Lady C——'s mind have possessed itself of that unlikely image.

It is as though the mind were permitted to project itself for an instant into the actual scene to which it points, and to come back, enriched with direct and true intelligence, yet ignorant of the process by which it had been obtained; a sort of reflex action, in fact, somewhat resembling that described by Sir Charles Bell and others, as existing in the corporal frame, in relation to the independent action of the sensational and motor nerves.

The following is one of that class of ghost-stories which are the least encumbered with incredible or impossible accessories, and it derives additional importance from being narrated by a clear-headed man, a sceptic and a disbeliever. It is, in fact, no doubt owing to the very circumstances of the hard philosophic turn of the attestor's mind that we have the details less encumbered with those absurdities which are often added under the influence of terror, or of an excited imagination:

It appears that, the conversation having taken a psychological turn, the elder gentleman had been plainly asked whether or no he believed that spirits could appear. Instead of replying, as had been confidently expected, with a couple of negative monosyllables and a little sarcasm, he made some hesitating answer, and, moreover, betrayed such unwonted agitation, that the questioner hastened to change the subject. He was, however, stopped.

"Nephew," said the old gentleman, earnestly, "you have touched upon a theme very painful to me—more so than you can well understand; still, I am not altogether unwilling to converse upon it; and perhaps the doing so may somewhat lessen the melancholy impression I have conceived from a circumstance that lately befel me. Yes, I will tell it you; but do not interrupt me with either doubts, suggestions, or queries. All this I have already done for myself.

"You know, well enough, that I am not a man given to fancies. I have a dull habit of regarding things as they *are*, not as they may possibly be. I ignore probabilities, and hate hypotheses. The facts of the world I have found numerous enough to deal with, let alone contingencies. I make this confession, not for the sake of argument, but simply to enable you the better to appreciate what I am going to tell.

"You have been long aware of the estrangement between my brother George and myself. It matters not for the cause. Blame, I am afraid, attached to both of us. It will be sufficient to remind you that we parted, ten years ago, in anger; and that, up to the time of his death, last year, we neither saw each other, nor held intercourse of any kind.

"One night, last December, I had gone to bed, as usual, about eleven o'clock, and had, I imagine, fallen asleep at once; for I remembered nothing after getting into bed, till I was awakened by something that seemed to be lying across my feet at the bottom of the bed. Supposing that it was Brush, my dog, who did sometimes gain surreptitious entrance into my room at night, I called to him, and bade him get down.

"As my speaking produced no effect, I sat up to see what it was that had disturbed me. I do not know if you will understand what I mean by seeing in the dark. Let me explain.

"If you go into a totally dark room, where there happens to be a pure white object, you will, after a time, know in what part of the room it is; and, if you are patient, you will soon be able to distinguish it from the other articles. Again, if you are in the dark, and an object of light colour is near you, however minute, it will in a few moments become visible. You yourself are in darkness, yet you see. The object of your vision sheds no light on other bodies, however near. It is merely self-illuminating. So it was with me. I could not see the posts of my bed, nor the window, nor my own hand; and yet I saw that a man was lying across my feet, with his face turned towards me!

"I have more than once asked myself how it was I did not conclude him to be a robber. No such idea crossed my mind. I was not alarmed. Still, I made no effort to move, or question the intruder; and it was assuredly from no superstitious feeling, for the thought of anything preternatural never occurred to me until the figure raised itself up on one arm, and showed me distinctly the countenance of my brother George. Then, I own, I felt awe-

stricken—as in the presence of something beyond our comprehension. I knew that the spirit of the dead was before me.

"I had not, as I have said, seen George for ten years. The once familiar face was again before my eyes, showing just the change that period must have made. The faint halo which seemed to encircle the figure made perfectly visible the lines on his face, and the hair streaked with grey. I saw him gaze earnestly on me, and noticed his lips move, as though he strove to speak. At the moment I fell back on my pillow, and darkness shut him from my sight.

"After lying a minute or two to collect myself, I rose, noted the hour, and, for greater certainty, knocked at my servant's door and inquired the time. I did so for the sake of securing additional evidence that I had not been in a dream.

"The precaution was scarcely necessary. I awoke, next morning, with a clear remembrance of all that had transpired; and my first act was to write to my brother, asking him if anything had occurred to him, and (filled, too late, with the love I had before felt for him) asked him to forgive my part in our quarrel, and come and see me.

"Alas! he was past earthly reconciliation. He had, indeed, expired on the night his spirit visited me. And, nephew, at ten minutes before the time I had noted down, George had lifted himself faintly from the pillow, and, supporting his head on his hand, asked for his 'dear brother John.' "

It may be as well to add that Mr. "Hare" (the name by which the friend who supplied this incident desires to be known) furnished the most sufficing verifications of the fact related.

Our notice of Mr. Spicer's work would be very incomplete without an instance of intercommunication with departed as well as with departing spirits:

We arrive now at one of those inexplicable occurrences which, examined to their source, afford us no alternative but to believe either that gentlemen of high character and honourable position have united in the invention and dissemination of a gross falsehood, or that something that may fairly be called preternatural has really and truly been presented to our generation.

For several years past, singular rumours have got abroad, from time to time, relative to an old family-seat near F——, Somersetshire, which, however, despite its reputation, has never, up to the present moment, been without occupants. The circumstance most frequently associated with the rumours aforesaid, was that, on almost every night, at twelve o'clock, something that was invisible entered a certain corridor at one end, and passed out at the other. It mattered not to the mysterious intruder *who* might be witnesses of the midnight progress. Almost as regularly as night succeeded day, the strange sound recurred, and was precisely that which would have been occasioned by a lady, wearing the high-heeled shoes of a former period, and a full silk dress, sweeping through the corridor. Nothing was ever *seen*,—and the impression produced by hearing the approach, the passing, and withdrawal of the visitor with perfect distinctness, while the companion-sense was shut, was described as most extraordinary.

It was but a day or two since, that the brother of the writer chanced to meet at dinner one of the more recent ear-witnesses of this certainly most remarkable phenomenon, and, with the sanction of the latter, the adventure shall be given nearly in his own words.

"I was visiting, about two years ago, at a friend's house, a few miles from F——, when my attention was attracted, one day at dinner, to a conversation that was going on, having reference to the haunted character of B—— House, near F——. The subject seemed to interest the speakers so much, that I begged to be informed of the details, and learned that a particular corridor of the mansion in question was, every night, at twelve o'clock, the scene of an occurrence that had hitherto defied all explanation. One of the

party had himself been a visitor at B—— House, and, being sceptical and devoid of fear, requested permission to keep vigil in the haunted gallery. He did so, witnessed the phenomenon, and ‘nothing on earth,’ he frankly owned, ‘would induce me to repeat the experiment.’ He then recounted to me certain circumstances, which agreed so nearly with what I myself subsequently witnessed, that it will be better to narrate them from the direct evidence of my own astonished senses.

“My curiosity being greatly increased by the manifest belief accorded by those present to this gentleman’s story, I obtained an introduction to the family of B—— House, and received from them a ready permission to pass a night, or more, if necessary, in the haunted corridor. I was at full liberty, moreover, to select any companion I chose, for the adventure, and I accordingly invited an old friend, Mr. W. K——, who happened to be shooting in the neighbourhood, to accompany me.

“K——, like myself, was disposed to incredulity in such matters; he had never seen anything of the sort before, and was positively assured either that nothing unusual would occur on the night when two such sentries were on duty, or that we should have no great difficulty in tracing the phenomenon to a fleshly source.

“The family at B—— happened at this period to be from home, but authority having been given us to make any arrangements we pleased, K—— and I proceeded to the mansion, intending, at all events, to devote two nights to the experiment. It will be seen that *this* part of the plan was not strictly carried out!

“We dined early, at five o’clock, and in order to make certain of the clearness of our heads, drank nothing but a little table-beer. We had then six hours before us; but, resolved to lose no chance, we took up our position at once in the haunted corridor. It was of considerable length, with a door at each extremity, and one or two at the side. My friend K—— is a good piquet player, and as our watch was to be a prolonged one, and it was extremely desirable to keep ourselves well on the alert, it was agreed to take some cards with us.

“Combining business with pleasure, we placed our card-table so as completely to barricade the passage; our two chairs exactly filling up the space that remained, so that it would be impossible for any mortal creature to pass through without disturbing us. In addition to this, we placed two lighted candles on the ground near the wall, at two or three feet from the table, on the side from which the mysterious footsteps always came. Finally, we placed two revolvers and two life-preservers on the table.

“These precautions taken, we commenced our game, and played with varying success till about eleven o’clock. At that time, growing a little tired of piquet, we changed the game to *écarté*, and played until the house-clock sounded midnight. Mechanically we dropped our cards, and looked along the dim corridor. No sounds, however, followed, and after pausing a minute or two, we resumed the game, which chanced to be near its conclusion.

“‘I say, it’s nonsense sitting up,’ yawned K——; ‘this thing never comes, you know, after twelve. What do you say? After this game?’

“I looked at my watch, which I had taken the precaution to set by the church clock, as we entered the village. By this it appeared that the house-clock was fast. It wanted yet three minutes of the hour. Pointing out the mistake to K——, I proposed that we should, by all means, wait another ten minutes.

“The words were not fairly out of my mouth, when the door at the end seemed to open and reclose. This time the cards literally dropped from our hands, for, though nothing could be seen, the conviction was growing, on both our minds, that *something* had entered. We were soon more fully convinced of it. The silence was broken by a tapping sound, such as would be caused by a light person, wearing high-heeled shoes, quietly coming towards

us up the gallery, each step, as it approached, sounding more distinct than the last; exactly, in fact, as would be the case under ordinary circumstances. It was a firm and regular tread—light, yet determined—and it was accompanied by a sound between a sweep, a rustle, and a whistle, not comparable to anything but the brushing of a stiff silken dress against the walls!

"How K—— and I looked as the sounds advanced as it were to storm us, I will not pretend to say. I confess I was, for the moment, petrified with amazement, and neither of us, I believe, moved hand or foot. On—on—on—came the tap and rustle; they reached the lighted candles on the floor, passed them, not even disturbing the flame, then the tapping ceased, but the invisible silken robe seemed to brush the wall on both sides, on a level with our heads, then the tapping recommenced on the *other* side the table, and so, receding, made its exit at the other door!!

"As for making any use of our revolvers or life-preservers, the idea never once occurred to either of us. There was not even a shadow at which to strike; it was sound alone.

"I feel that any attempt to explain this strange phenomenon at once to my own satisfaction and that of others, would be perfectly futile. I must of necessity content myself with simply narrating the fact as it occurred, and as it had been, and probably may yet be, witnessed by many others, as little predisposed as my friend K—— and I to be made the dupe of any human artifice.

"I may mention that, on one occasion, it chanced that a nurse in the family had to pass through the corridor about the hour of twelve, carrying, or rather leading, a little girl *who was deaf and dumb*. As the sounds passed, the child appeared to shrink back in the utmost alarm, struggling and moaning to get away, nor could she ever be induced to enter the corridor again, without evincing the same violent terror."

The only slight correction that we would humbly venture to make in this story is, that the rustling of the spiritual body may have been mistaken for that of silken garments, but then the power in such a spiritual essence to tap or produce audible sounds is equally incomprehensible in the present state of the inquiry.

And here we must perforce quit this entertaining volume. Mr. Spicer has added many remarkable instances of the supernatural to those already accumulated, and he has discussed them in a very fair and philosophic spirit, as much opposed to excessive credulity or superstition on the one hand, as it is to superficial denunciation on the other. Much, however, remains to be done ere correct and satisfactory inferences can be drawn from these extraordinary phenomena. It is, in the mean time, something to have taken a step in the right direction.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

BY W. BRODIE.

IV.

CAPTAIN KETTLE AND THE INSURANCE AGENT.

"THE rest ov the journey we had considerable good chances. We wur one ov the fust steamers as had begun tu run the season, so we loaded up bewtiful, and whan we cum tu New Orleans thar wurn't a vessel the whole season arter as had done a better stroke ov bisness on a trip than we'd done that one. But the owner ov that cotton as I spoke about, he didn't turn up at all; wall, we didn't know what tu du, so the captin he jist sell'd ov it, seein' as prices was pretty high, and he puts the money tu bank, and he advertises some three times, but nivir havin' axed the name of the plantashun, we didn't in course know tu tell whar we'd shipped it, and I'd furgot the overseer's name clean.

" 'This trip we ain't done that bad neether, Bill,' says the captin tu me, about a week arter we'd cum to New Orleans; 'but I guess we most du summut better yet afore we leaves this and dars tu go tu home. Now, I've got a plan, a rael New England one, and ye must help me tu put it through.' 'Anythin' in raisin,' says I, 'to sarve *yew* I'll du.' But I was a thinkin' all the time ov sarvin' myself too, if I on'y could. 'That's jist what I expected ov ye, Bill,' says the captin. 'I've bien and 'sured this boat considerable high, so if anybody axes if the boat's a new one, jist ye give 'em a evasive answer, 'cause the decks is new like, and there's no need a tellin' ov 'em as this boat wur made up ov the ingines ov the *Fairy Queen*, and her hull new planked and decked, et cetera, seein' as the builder ain't bien and put it in the ship's papers.' 'Sure,' says I, 'and it ain't supposable as they'd guess the *Prairie Bird* wur made ov her noways, becin', as she is, a'most a half longer, and clean new cabin fittins?' 'Jist so,' said the captin. 'Now, toe-night, arter the 'surance agint's bien aboard—and whan he du cum see ye treat ov him hansum; give him the best of everythin', and *plenty* tu drink, mind that—then ye'll put out a little in the stream. There's a many ships a leavin', and mayhap one on 'em might run intu yer, so look out. *Du ye understand?*' 'Yes,' says I; 'reckin I *du*.' 'Jist so,' says the captin; 'than I'm goin' ashore tu pass the night wi' a friend.' Scarce wur the captin gone afore a man in goold specs cums aboard. 'Is this the *Prairie Bird*?' says he. 'Guess she is,' says I, 'and as uncommon nice a craft as ivir ye seed. Splendid cabins, and a bridal saloon as ud du fur Soliman and the Queen ov Shebar, if they was here; ye couldn't du better nor take a passage in her, I calkilate,' says I, makin' jist as if I think'd he wur a passenger as intended goin' tu some part up river, though I guess'd as 'twur th' 'surance man. 'I don't want no passage,' says he. 'I've come along ov a 'surance, and I on'y wants tu look over yer vessel direck,' says he; 'and I jist want tu speak a wórd with Captin Kettle.' 'Show ye over the vessel I'll du with pleasure,' says I, 'but as

fur seein' the captin, that's onpossible, fur he ain't aboard, bein' as how he went ashore an hour ago tu settle about some cargo, I du believe.' 'I'm rael downright put out tu hear the captin ain't aboard, 'cause I wished tu see him most partikler, tu ask if this boat wur quite new, 'cause he has put a biggish price on her, sartin, and I forgetted tu ask him whan he wur in our office.' 'Ain't the policy all right, than?' says I. 'In course it is,' says he; 'on'y that it should be wrote down in our books if the boat's right new, ingines and all; and if the captin said she wur, and arter we found as she wur'n't, than the policy wouldn't be good fur nothin'; and if she ain't, the captin's is a onconsciinable high price he puts on her, so I'd jist put in a demur agin him, and stop his sailin' till we cum'd tu better tarma.' 'Oh! that's it, is it,' says I; 'and sure I'd like tu see the captin done like, 'cause this berth don't suit me quite, and I calkilate I might better ov myself.' 'Wall,' says the man, 'yeur sure jist as good as the captin, now bein' as yeur in charge, and him away, so ye can tell me, and make yer affidavy jist as well as him.' 'Right,' says I; 'but than I knows nothin' at all ov the matter, 'cept *that* as I've happen'd tu see myself, for I wur'n't with the captin whan he buyed this vessel, and he is so disdainful he scarce ivir crosses a word with his officers.' 'Than ain't thar none ov the other officers or men aboard as I can ask, jist fur informashun?' 'Not one,' says I; 'the captin give all the officers leave, and we've shipped a clean new crew here.' As wur true. 'But come, and let's take a drink and a snack like, and than ye can see the boat all through, and judge fur yerself.' 'I don't mind if I du,' says he. 'I ain't dined yet.' 'Wall, my dinner's jist ready, if ye likes tu jine me,' says I. 'Thankee kindly,' says he. 'So let's jist smile tu git the appytite up, at oncet,' says I.

"The man took quite kinder sort tu the idear ov a smile I seed, so I jist takes one whisky wi' him, and I says, 'Excuse ov me a minnit, till I goes tu hurry up ov our black cook thar, and see all's right fur dinner.' 'Du,' says he. So I goes tu the caboose, and I tells the steward tu put three bottles ov best champagne in ice, and tu draw thar corks, and half fill ov 'em, whan they was frozen, with white brandy, but tu put nigh *me* a bottle as warn't doctored, fur my own drinkin'. And then I brewed a julep as strong as forked lightnin' in one glass fur him, and a weakish one in another fur myself, and I go'd back tu my cabin wi' them two juleps, which we drink'd tugether quite conformable. Arter that drink I seed as all wur right. The medicine had took effect, that wur clar, fur the man he becom'd all ov a sweet, quite friendly like, and tell'd me all the secrets ov his trade, and how he'd shaved a many ov the captins.

"Wall, the dinner wur fust rate, 'cause the captin had a lot ov things aboard on purpose fur this dinner, which he knowed would come off, and the man he eat as if he hadn't a seen a dinner fur a month past, and I guess 'twarn't of'en as he'd a seed like that feed, 'cause I *du* like good feedin', and the livin' at my table at all times ain't none ov the smallest. Now a man what eats pritty considerable he most drink a few jist tu wash his eatin' down, so the champagne as I had ordered came quite handy tu th' 'surance man, and I says tu him, says I, 'Better put another bottle in ice close tu ye, that'll suit yer better, I guesses.' 'Sartin,' says he, 'and many thanks.' So one ov them well-brandied ones wur sot down in a

'pail ov ice, and I took care as it wur renewed reg'lar as fust as he drank ; and all the time the man nivr knowed as it wur bottle arter bottle as he wur a drinkin'. So by the end ov dinner he wur pritty well a sheet or two in the wind, and arter we'd took a cup ov coffee, fur it's French fashin down tu New Orleans tu drink coffee reg'lar arter meals, I says, 'Take a chace coffee?' 'A shass caffy, ye means,' says he. 'Guess I will.' 'Steward, bring ov the very best cogniac and glasses,' says I; and we'd got some rippin' swizzle ov that kind on board—which in' course he done direck. 'That's yer sort,' says the man, whan he tasted ov the cogniac; 'fust rate. It's well we ain't none ov this stuff tu home, else I'm mortal afear'd the office wouldn't see much ov me. I'll trouble ye tu pass me that thar bottle agin.' 'Take as much as ye pleases,' says I; 'we've got plenty on board, and I'll send ye a half a dozen gif ye'll allow me.' 'May I ax yer name?' says he. 'Bill Thompson,' says I. 'Wall, Bill,' says he, 'yew a exceedin' ov a chap tu my taste; but I most be goin', 'cause its gettin' late; it most be well-nigh sundown, I guess.' 'Nivr mind,' says I; 'take one more glass tu keep the cold off the stummick, and then ye can see ov the ship and go.' I knowed, of course, as that wur the time tu show ov it tu him, beecause 'twur clar as than I could flam ov him exactly as I choos'd. 'One glass more be it,' says he; and he wur now a'most up tu his neck in the licker, but I wur quite cool, 'cause when he wur a drinkin' ov his brandied champagne, I'd took on'y a harf a bottle, and made up the rest wi' cider, as look'd fur all the world, wi' its leaded neck'd bottle and creamin' top, like the right thing; and place ov brandy, the steward he'd gived me, by my orders, burnt sugar and water, flavoured wi' a streak ov pure Jamaiky and a squeeze ov limin.

"Whan th' 'surance man had finish'd his glass, I says, 'Now we'll look over the ship if ye please,' says I. 'Ti-morry would be better,' says he; 'I feels ov that drink in my head a few, and I'll jist call in the mornin'.' 'Oh no!' says I—fur that wouldn't have fitted my book at all—the prisint time is ours,' says I, 'and who can reckon fur the futur,' et cetera. And I quoted ov some verses along ov that text, which went tu his head as much a'most as the brandy he'd drunk afore. 'Wall, so be it,' says he. And we visited ov all the ship, and he wur quite content wi' all I tell'd him, and wrote down at my request tu say as he'd found the ship reg'lar A one. Then I jist puts in by way ov a remark, as I didn't like lyin' so close like tu the quey, seein' as she wur a new boat, and the old boats wur mortal jealous ov us I know'd, and as nothin' wur easier nor fur them tu set her afire if by chance they wur so minded; and whan I wur a sayin' ov that to him, I called ov a friend as wur passin' jist to let him hear what the man said, so as I might have a witness all ready; but my friend, in course, he didn't hear my remark, on'y the man's answer. 'Wall,' says the man, hiccupin' a few atwixt his words—'Bill,' says he, 'this boat is—"hiccup"—most eternal near—"hiccup"—the quey—"hiccup." Why don't ye pull out intu the ströem—"hiccup"—yew could a-warp her out along ov that—"hiccup"—buoy—"hiccup"—Number one—"hiccup"—hundred—"hiccup"—and forty-one.' 'All right,' says I, 'but I darn't, 'cept yew chooses fur till order ov it.' 'And that—"hiccup"—says he, 'I does most partickler—"hiccup"—and if ye don't da ov it direck I'll 'vide

yer—"hiccup"—'surance, may I be blowed if I don't,' says he. 'I'd wait whar I war,' says my friend; 'it's considrible dangerous along ov the ships goin' out jist now, out thar in the strêem,' says he. 'Hold yer tongue, ye skunk ye; du ye think I minds what a non-plush likes ov ye says,' says the 'surance man. 'I knows my bissness I guess, and I order ye tu go out inta the strêem wi'——' Hear he hiccupped most dreadful, and I think'd as he war a goin' tu fall along ov it; than he commenced agin: 'Bill, I order ye ta go out inta the middle ov the stream direck wi' this boat.' 'All right,' says I; 'that I will.' And I spoke tu my friend aside, fur I see'd he wur a feelin' fur his bowie, seein' as he wur riled and his dander most a blazin' up, and tell'd him as the man wur a friend ov mine, and I begged him not tu take no notice, but ta go inta my cabin and wait till he wur gone, and that than we'd drink a glass tugithir conformable. Which we did accordin', and the 'surance man left tu go tu home wi' one ov my black stewards a helpin' ov him.

"Now I'd got all I wanted. I war ordered out inta the middle ov the stream, and my friend wur a witness ov that, besides another man as was standin' by a hearin' ov the whole thing from the quey, and who said tu me, 'I guess ye'll have tu go out along ov that darned fule's orders.' 'Guess so,' says I; 'will yew come and take a drink wi' me, mister—but don't know yer name.' Now I said this 'cause I thinks here's another witness come providential like tu my hand, but I must know who he is, and whar tu find him whan I wants him. 'Mr. Nixin's my name,' says he, 'ship chandler; right opposite here a'most is my store.' And wi' that he cum'd aboard, and he and my friend and me we had a drink, and they both pitied ov me tu be ordered fur tu go out inta the middle ov the strêem; but I wur right pleased, and I think as Captin Kettle himself couldn't a worked the oracle better nor I done, though I wur but a fresh hand as it wur.

"The man, as I said, had gone, and thar wurn't but them two friends aboard, as I tell'd ye on, so I thinks now's yer time fur makin' ready fur a start, and that the more so, as I see'd two or three large ships a makin' loose, so I says tu my friends, 'Guess it's 'bout time I war a startin' if I intends goin' this night, fur sun 'ill be down in three minits I du believe, and I don't a like tu be movin' in the dark, noway.'

"'Since that's so,' said they, 'we'll jist be goin'.' So off they go'd.

"Now our crew wur most new men, seein' as we'd paid off the old lot hansum; but the captin, he think'd, and right tu, as 'twur better to hire fresh hands, along ov the old ones knowin' tu much. Wall, the most part ov the men wur ashore, 'ceptin' six or eight and the two black stewards and two stevadores as I'd keep'd aboard. 'So,' says I tu my new men, 'we must be movin',' says L. 'Whar too, on airth?' says they. 'Tu the middle of the strêem.' 'Air yew mad,' says one ov 'em; 'it's downright dang'rous out thar now.' 'Can't a help it,' says I; 'the 'surance man he said as we must.' 'Oh! then,' says he, 'thar's nothin' ta be done; but how du ye calkilate fur tu go?' 'Warp out,' says I; 'and yew jist take the boat and take that hawser along, and mak't fast ta that buoy right out thar.' And I showed him the buoy as the man had named. 'Tell,' says he, 'which ov them kyles aim I tu take the rope from;' fur we had sev'ral lying about, but many ov 'em wur dummies,

rael rotten, put out fur show, 'cause, as I told ye, we wurn't over wall found. 'Darn'd,' says I, 'take that fust one.' Now I know'd that rope wurn't wuth nothin', by bein' reg'lar rottin' all through; but he'd on'y jined that day, so he nivr suspected nothin', and 'twur now so dark as he couldn't see the rope at all. Away, than, he goes and makes fast all right tu the buoy, and comes back with the boat, and he axes ov me if he should cast off from the shore. 'In course,' says I. So he casted off, and the ship wur cumin' up reg'lar sweet tu the buoy. Now thar wur a grit large English ship as wur jist a towin' right up tu her anchorage at the very moment not a hundred yards from us; and when I seed how we wur goin' all right round, I wur reg'lar flummix'd, and I think'd as my plan had failed, when crack goes the hawser, and away we sails down wi' the strêem right broadside on tu the bows ov the steamer as wur a towin' ov the Englishman; but the tug she cuts out ov our way, and I runs up to the steerin' house, whar I ketched a hold ov the wheel; but I made as if I wur quite dumfounder'd, fur I put the helm hard a-port, which, in course, keep'd her head tu the stream, instead of puttin' her starboard tu let us swing round easy and clar the vessel; so bang we goes right mid-ships, a'most 'thwart the bows ov that big heavy-laden ship, and the steamer she most broke in two, and began a settlin' down stiddy. Wall, she jist turned round free ov the ship, took a turn like tuwards the shore, and give a plunge, and in two minits the Mississipie had swallered ov the *Prairie Bird* intire. The men round about, meantime, had sended boats, ov course, tu help the crew away, so we all got tu shore at oncet, and than I made as if I wur agoin' tu kill myself, and my friends as had bien with me in the evenin' they cum'd up, and they tell'd me as 'twur all right, and that they'd a heard th' 'surance man order ov me tu du as I had done, and they said they wur ready tu swear tu it in any court. 'Do then cum with me tu the captin, fur he'll be outrageous mad whan he hears ov this unfortune, and I'm afeard most fur tu go fur tu see him along ov his temper.' 'Sartin,' says they, 'we'll go.' So we all three goes tu the captin direck, and ye should have seen how he stormed and swore, and he made as if he wur about tu kill me outright; but I know'd as he wur right well pleased, and he scarce could help a showin' ov it whan the men tell'd as how th' 'surance man had ordered ov me tu go out intu the middle ov the strêem, which they'd heard with thar own ears; and wurn't he pleased neither whan he seed as I'd made th' 'surance man sign a certificate, a sayin' as he'd found the ship quite up tu the captin's descripshun, which certificate I forgot tu tell ye ov at the time. Wall, the captin purtended tu be somewhat mollified tu me, but he wur still in a awful takin', and he said as how he wur clean outright ruina-shined, till a gentleman at the bar as wur standin' by he axed about the affair, and whan he heard he wur right down sorry fur the captin, and he offer'd tu introduce him tu a friend ov hisn, a judge, which he accordin' did; and the judge he said the whole wur as clear as mud, and that the 'surance company must pay down at oncet. Than he axed ov me whar the ship as wur comin' in wur at the time, and whan I tell'd him he said, 'They hadn't no right tu be thar noways, and you've a right tu damidges frum them tu, and if yew lets me work that, I'll get 'em fur ye too; but ye mustn't let on tu th' 'surance company, or they'd try tu recover off'n

the ship too. Now that's what I intends tu pint out tu the captin ov that ship, and he'll be blessed glad tu settle with you at oncet.' 'Thank'ee, judge,' says our captin, 'fur I'm but a poor man, and I owe most all the price of my vessel as is now gone, and I'll lose a trip and all, so I'm rael grateful as you've took up my cause.' 'Now,' says the judge, 'bisness is bisness, and you jist make ou tan agreement with me, and bind yerself ta give me ten per cent. on all I gits fur ye frum the ship, and five on the same frum th' 'surance, so bein' as they disputes the pint; but in case they don't, which I kalkilate they won't whan they knows as ye've got me fur yer consil, ye'll pay me one hundred and fifty dollars fur my trouble.' Wall, our captin he tried fur tu bargain, but it warn't no use, so he had tu write as the judge desired, and in the course ov a week he'd got his money intire frum the 'surance, and a pritty toleble sum frum the ship, so that he wur able tu go back tu home, pay all his debts, and start with a new ship a'most clar paid up. But I waited tu New Orleans, cause I didn't dar tu go back along ov the marshal bisness as I tell'd ye on, and I had the cotton money ov that man at the plantashun as we couldn't find, ready tu pay him, and some ov my own savins besides. So whan they selled the wreck ov the *Prairie Bird*, which wur down in the bed ov the river, I got a friend tu bid fur it fur me, as I know'd the ingines wur excellent, but I tell'd everybody as they wurn't any great shakes; and the captin, whan he'd got his money frum the 'surance, boasted considerable as the boat he'd lost wurn't a new one, and he'd nivir said she wur, as wur true, though he said she wur worth the price he'd put upon her, which nobody believed. But, anyhow, I got the ingines dirt cheap, and I soon had them up and cleaned and iled. Then I put 'em aboard a boat as wur goin' tu Memphis, and thar I had a cheap old hull fitted up fur them, and I traded with it the end ov the season, and by winter I had made up again the complete sum ov them cotton bales. So I started tu find the planter as they belonged tu, and I took the overseer's commissions and some prisints besides. Wall, I had a most infarnal ov a hard task tu find that man out; but at length I succeeded, and he wur most awful glad tu see me, but he said nivir tu mind any more about the bisness, as his master had gone direck frum his plantashun intendin' tu go aboard ov the steamer, but had been forced tu go on tu New York along ov his family, which wur thar, bein' sick. That he'd laid the mistake about the cotton tu the blame ov that, and that he'd be tarnation pleased tu hear as the price had turn'd up all right and no trouble mad. Whan I heard that, it's better tu be lucky than wise, or honest eether sometimes, thinks I."

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

THE peace of Bretigni, signed May 8, 1360, put an end to the long and bloody wars between England and France, of which the last campaign was decided by the battle of Poitiers. The French king, John, a prisoner to Edward III., was compelled to agree to terms not over-hard for one in his position; and peace was once more restored to his suffering kingdom. King John, dying soon afterwards in England, whither he had gone to adjust some difficulty in the execution of the treaty, was succeeded in his cares and royalties by his son, Charles V., surnamed the Wise.

The obstacles this prince found in the way of recovering France to something like her former prosperity were unusually great. In addition to the necessity he was under of reassuring the cultivators of the soil, so that famine might be averted, of organising defences against foreign foes, and of seeing to the administration of the laws and the internal police of the kingdom, he had to face an evil hitherto unknown—one which had risen out of the war, and been fostered by it.

Edward III. had employed in his army many thousands of mercenary troops, men of all nations in Europe, whose strongest tie to bind them to their general was the pay they received from him, and the booty they acquired under his guidance. These men, on the conclusion of the war, ought by rights to have been withdrawn from France, and it was understood, at least on the French side, that they would be so withdrawn. They were suffered, however, to remain, and being loosed from the slack rein of discipline in which they had been held, they dispersed themselves over the country, seized strongholds, levied contributions on the people, and committed all kinds of excess. Several gentlemen of good family and reputation were not ashamed to take the command of bodies of these marauders, who, under the name of The Free Companies, *Tard-venus*, *Magna Comitiva*, threatened the very existence of the French kingdom.

An anonymous chronicle of the life of the Constable Du Guesclin says, that "on account of the grievous complaints and petitions which daily came to the king, Charles, of great devastations committed by the Grand Companies, who throughout France burned and destroyed, and also cut off the arms and put out the eyes of the poor people, the king sent to Messire Bertrand (Du Guesclin), and others of his princes, to know how best to get rid of them." Du Guesclin said that Edward III. and the Prince of Wales, "who now reigned more proudly than ever did Nebuchadnezzar," had broken their faith given to the late king, John. They had promised to withdraw their troops, but they had "falsely forsworn themselves, as the custom of the English is."

In order to get rid of these scourges of the country, he proposed that the king should give him the command of them, and employ them against the Saracens in Granada and Belle Marine. Charles willingly fell in with the suggestion. Du Guesclin arranged with the captains of near forty thousand of the Companions, and marched them away to the southward; the only condition stipulated for, besides pay, on behalf of the soldiers

being, that they should not be required to serve against their former master, the Prince of Wales.

At the suggestion of the Duke of Anjou, Du Guesclin changed his first intention; and instead of taking his troops to fight the Saracens, he led them to the assistance of Henry, Count of Trastamare, then engaged in civil war with Don Pedro the Cruel, of Castile. Whatever became of them ultimately, France was, for the time, well quit of the majority of her human pests. But there was yet a company, called the White Company, composed entirely of Englishmen, who had remained behind when the English army removed from France after the peace of Bretigni. One of the principal commanders in the White Company was Sir John Hawkwood (the Italians called him *Aguto*, *Aucud*), an Essex man, of Sible Hedingham. He had distinguished himself in the recent wars under Edward III., and had been especially conspicuous at the battle of Poitiers, so that Edward, in consideration of his valiant services, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Being a man of scant means—he was accounted the poorest knight in the army—and possessing a warlike spirit, he recognised in the peace of Bretigni the loss of his livelihood and of the occupation his soul loved. Willingly, therefore, he associated himself with men trained to arms, experienced in war, and bound to their chief by the ties of common interest and common safety; and, so long as he was not required to lift his hand against the king who made him knight, he cared not whom he served so he could gratify his desire for wealth and military glory.

It is said that he was of mean birth, and had pursued the business of a tailor until he was pressed for military service in Edward's wars. Hence it is that Matteo Villani calls him *Gianni della Guglia* (dell' *Aguglia*)—John of the Needle. Hence, too, it comes that his name is put to an absurd book, published in 1687, called "The Honour of the Taylors; or, the famous and renowned History of Sir John Hawkwood, Knight, containing his many rare and singular Adventures, witty Exploits, heroick Atchievements, and noble Performances. Illustrated with Pictures and embellished with Verses and Songs, wonderfully pleasant and delightful."

Villani says: "At this time (1360-1) an English tailor, named Gianni della Guglia (John of the Needle), a man who had proved himself brave and skilful in war, collected a number of English who delighted in mischief, and ravaged the country. The clergy he pillaged, but let the laity go." It seems that even before the peace of Bretigni, in the interval between the battle of Poitiers and the release of King John—a time infamous for the Jacquerie and woful distress to France—Hawkwood had commanded a ravaging expedition through Provence.

About the same time that Du Guesclin was leading his large force of *Tard-venus* into Castile, Hawkwood took a command in the White Company, consisting of five thousand horse and fifteen hundred foot, mostly English, and crossed with it into Lombardy. He and his company were detached from the large body under Du Guesclin when the army had got as far as Avignon. They had put the Papal court under a contribution of two hundred thousand livres, and demanded absolution for all their past offences. The Pope agreed to the second demand, but demurred to the first; whereupon Du Guesclin told his Holiness, "I believe my fellows

may make a shift to do without your absolution, but the money is absolutely necessary ;" and the ransom was accordingly exacted.

From this time the English Company pursued its fortunes apart from the rest. Du Guesclin went off into Castile, and the White Company crossed into Lombardy, under the command of one Albaret, and took service under the Marquis of Montferrat, then at war with the Duke of Milan. Hawkwood entered the Pisan service, and next year, when the marquis, being unable to maintain his English troops, disbanded them, the Pisans engaged them, and gave Hawkwood the command.

It is a singular spectacle, that presented by Italy in the fourteenth century : foreign troops employed by one state to fight against foreign troops employed by another, and an almost total absence of the Italian element in the military affairs of the country. A high degree of civilisation, and the lucrative pursuits of agriculture and commerce, had drawn off the Italian mind from the practice of war. While the citizens were serving in the field, their business at home must be neglected ; and the loss which thus accrued to the state through the individual, more than balanced the value to it of his military services. By employing mercenaries, the citizens of the warrior state were able not only to provide trained soldiers as substitutes for themselves in the field, but were also able to keep up the prosperity and wealth of their city by their exertions in trade and manufactures. In small states like the Italian states, this was a matter of the gravest importance. Their population would neither allow of a serious numerical loss in war, nor of the withdrawal of many of the wealth-getting portion of the community. Thus Azzo Visconti, who died in 1339, dispensed with the personal service of his Milanese subjects. In 1351, the Florentines, in their war with the Visconti, commuted "the useless and mischievous personal service of the inhabitants of the district into a money payment." So early as 1225, Genoa hired the services of the Count of Savoy and two hundred horse. Florence had five hundred French lances in 1282, and many of the Italian cities retained a small number of foreign troops, to serve as a nucleus for an army, before the time of which I am particularly writing. But the "condottieri," or leaders of Free Companies, belong to the fourteenth century. The names of English, German, and French generals are commonly met with in histories of that time. Those who had nothing to lose by war, engaged freely in a pursuit which brought them wealth and power, and were content to risk their lives in the service of those to whom war was indispensable, but who cared not to pursue it in person. But to return to Sir John Hawkwood.

Being in chief command of the Pisan army in 1364, he was sent against the Florentines, under John Malatesta of Rimini, one of the most famous Italian generals of the day. On the 29th of July, 1364, Malatesta defeated him, inflicting a loss of one thousand killed ; a large number, when it is remembered that the cavalry fought in complete armour, and were invulnerable except by pointed swords through the hauberk, or shirt of mail ; for plate armour did not come into fashion till several years after. It is no unusual thing later on, to hear of battles fought with obstinacy and hard fighting for several hours, without ill effects to any of the combatants. Machiavelli, in his history of Florence,

speaks of fights of twenty and twenty-four hours' duration, in which only one man was killed. This of course could only happen when men-at-arms alone were engaged, and without artillery. As yet it was thought a base thing for gentlemen to use such unknighly weapons as guns. Hotspur's "certain lord" spoke the sense of better men than he when he said

—that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly.

Peace between Pisa and Florence resulted from Hawkwood's defeat. His men and the mercenaries on the other side being disbanded, ravaged the country of Sienna, plundering all they could carry, and burning what they could not remove. The Siennese, rendered desperate by these atrocities, gathered all their strength, and drove the invaders to Sarzana, whence they marched to Perugia and Todi. Here they were joined by a number of their own sort, who had come from Hungary; and began to renew their depredations. The Perugians managed to buy off the Hungarians and Germans, and to engage them against the troublesome English. A bloody battle was fought, in which three thousand men were slain: the English also lost sixteen hundred, taken prisoners. Hawkwood, who had fought this battle against great odds, brought off his men so skilfully as to extort the admiration of his opponents.

He turned back again into the Siennese; and was again expelled with difficulty, and by foreign aid.

The country, of course, suffered horribly in these raids of trained and disciplined bandits. Neither life nor property was safe outside the protection of strong walls and guard. Well might Muratori say: "Unhappy country where these greedy locusts settled." Before them was a fine country, with a thriving and contented people; behind them were smoking villages and burning crops, the groans of dying men, the sobs of outraged women, and the curses of fatherless children.

After wandering about from one state to another, secure through the feebleness of his victims, Hawkwood returned once more to the Siennese, in 1367. He then marched against the Perugians and Hungarians, who had come to crush him, and defeated them with a loss of fifteen hundred men, at the bridge of San Gianni.

Allured by the promise of large pay and larger booty, he now took service under Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, and was sent to the relief of San Miniato, which was besieged by the Florentines. Finding the enemy's camp too strong for attack, Hawkwood waited at Casena, a few miles off, in hopes of drawing Malatacca, the Florentine general, out of his entrenchments. As he had expected, his generalship was rewarded by the appearance of a strong body of the enemy in his front; and choosing his own time for the action, he made an impetuous attack upon them, routed them, and threw them back on their camp. Malatacca, doubtful of his safety, hastily raised the siege; and Hawkwood, elated by success, passed his enemy, and pushed on to within four miles of the gates of Florence.

The war continuing, Hawkwood was sent next year to ravage the Bolognese. Some historians say that he suffered a defeat in this campaign, near Arezzo; that he was captured by the Florentines, but released at the request of Pope Urban V., in whose service he entered. However this may be, we find him soon after engaged by Cardinal Bituricense, the Papal legate, to conduct the allied forces of the Pope, Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, against his late employer, the Duke of Milan, whose ambition aspired to the dominion in Italy. He seems to have been very successful for his new masters; to have defeated the Milanese in a series of battles, and to have taken as many as one hundred towns from them. Bernabo Visconti became reconciled with the Pope, and Hawkwood was then sent to recover his revolted cities in the Romagna.

Faenza, Forli, Cesena, and Ravenna, rapidly yielded to him; and the Pope was so sensible of his general's services that he made him governor of five towns, and conferred on him the title of *Gonfaloniere della Chiesa* (Standard-bearer of the Church). These distinctions did not serve, however, to withhold Hawkwood from following whither his own interests seemed to lead.

Within the next five years he changed sides twice. He served Galeazzo Visconti against the Papal States; and then, brought back to fight for Holy Church, defeated his late employer in two pitched battles.

His conduct immediately after this assumed a very suspicious appearance, the effect, perhaps, of long training in the faithless school of self-interest, which taught him to subserve his honour and reputation to the greed of gain and the lust of power. As, however, it is generally to be remarked that the condottieri, while receiving the pay of their temporary master, adhered strictly to that master's service, it is not improbable that Hawkwood, who was certainly no glaring exception to this rule, has been calumniated by his enemies in the account given of him at this period. It is said that the Florentines bought Hawkwood and his men at an enormous price, to command the troops of the Italian league against the intolerable tyranny of the legate, who, in the name of Christ's viceregent, was seeking to acquire absolute dominion over all Italy. That, having accepted the money of the league at the same time that he professed himself to be the Papal general, he betrayed his nominal trust by refusing to obey the legate's orders, and also failed to fulfil his obligations to the leaguers, by withholding assistance from them while he treated with the court of Rome for further gratifications.

The Pope delaying the negotiations, Hawkwood seized Faenza, put it under contribution, and committed the grossest outrages on the inhabitants. This, joined to the fact that Bologna and Perugia had sided with Milan, Florence, and the other cities of the league, caused the Roman court to comply with Hawkwood's demands. In consequence, an army of English and Bretons were let loose on the country. Everywhere their discipline and hardihood prevailed over the opposite qualities in their opponents. Action after action the national cause lost ground, and the fall of Casena at length convinced the leaders of the necessity of winning over the mercenary troops to their side. In pure wantonness, and moved by the demon of war himself, the Papal troops sacked the captured town of Casena, and commenced the diabolical performance of a general mas-

sacre, in which neither women nor children were spared; nor were the exertions of the bishop and of the better sort of officers available to arrest these horrors till between four and five thousand persons had perished.

By dint of enormous bribes the Florentines now induced Hawkwood to join the league for a year, with three thousand lances and five thousand archers; and when the "*fuorusciti*," a name well known in Italian history, and signifying the banished enemies of the dominant party, conspired to bring Carlo da Durazzo, of the Neapolitan blood royal, into Florence, Hawkwood was engaged to defend the city. In order to strengthen the hold the league had upon him, Bernabo Visconti, Lord of Milan, gave him one of his natural daughters in marriage.

Negotiations for a peace with the Pope were nearly matured when Gregory XI. died (April, 1378); but Urban VI. succeeding, a man of benevolent disposition and kindly heart, confirmed and ratified the proposed peace. This was followed by a general agreement of concord among all the princes of Italy; and Hawkwood once more found himself without employment. He therefore renewed his old habits on his own account, and overran the most part of the states of Tuscany till the year 1381.

At that time, Louis of Anjou, brother of the French king, came, in right of the ex-queen, Joanna of Naples, to drive out the usurper, Carlo da Durazzo. He had solicited the assistance of the city of Florence, and Carlo had begged her to be neutral. In order to show a semblance of friendship for both, and to commit herself with neither, Florence lent Sir John Hawkwood to the Pope. The Pope had already declared for Carlo; so that Louis had the disadvantage of seeing the best general of the day against him, through the connivance of his lukewarm friends at Florence. This conduct he resented in the most signal way, for as soon as it was known that Hawkwood, with two thousand two hundred horse, was retained against him, he confiscated all the Florentine property in Provence—no small matter, when it is remembered that the Florentines were the principal bankers as well as merchants in the whole of Europe.

Muratori says that at this time Hawkwood was really discharged from the Florentine service; and this seems not improbable, for in 1386 we find him serving Francis of Carrara against Antonio della Scala, Lord of Verona; and, as usual, pinning victory to the side for which he fought. Next year, according to the same historian, he quitted Carrara and re-entered the Florentine service, having been unable to make terms with Galeazzo Visconti, who had the year before poisoned his uncle Bernabo, and usurped his government.

In 1390, a dispute between Florence and Sienna about the restitution of Arezzo, which seems rightly to have belonged to the former, ended in war. The Siennese were joined by Galeazzo Visconti. Hawkwood was sent against them. With ten thousand men of several nations he ravaged the country for leagues round, pushing on to Reggio, Parma, and Padua. At this last place he crossed the Adige, laid the land waste for many miles, and then returned to Padua. The magnitude of the projected scale of operations induced Florence to agree with the Count Armagnac for twelve thousand French auxiliaries. These were to enter the Milanese

by way of Alessandria, while Hawkwood should advance from Padua upon Milan itself.

Accordingly, the English, "those greedy locusts," laid waste the Bresciano and Bergamese; they sent a detachment to create a diversion towards Reggio and Parma, and gave all possible assistance to favour the count in his proposed invasion.

After unaccountable and fatal delays, the count arrived at Alessandria, where he found a strong garrison secured in the fortifications built years before for the purpose of checking Frederic Barbarossa's attempts on the leagued cities of Lombardy. An engagement ensued, in which the count was not only unsuccessful, but was also mortally wounded and captured.

Hawkwood, disappointed of his supports, deemed it imprudent to remain longer in the heart of the Milanese, and accordingly began the most masterly retreat that had been heard of for a long series of years. He was pressed by forces infinitely superior, commanded by Jacopo del Verme, one of the best generals of the day; he was in an enemy's country, and had to cross several large rivers before he could consider his position a safe one. He crossed the Oglio and the Mincio without much difficulty, but on reaching the Adige he found the dykes broken and the river flooding the plain. From hour to hour this new lake extended, and already threatened the camp of the English general. The Po was to the southward of him, and the Milanese army close behind him.

While in this position, Jacopo del Verme sent a trumpet to him with a caged fox, in order to show his sense of the other's state. Hawkwood showed no sign of disgust, still less of fear, but told the messenger the fox did not look very unhappy, and would doubtless find a way to get out of his cage. In effect, the fox did get out: Hawkwood saved his army. He made it march during a whole day and part of a night across the inundated plain, where it was unceasingly in danger of coming to harm, not so much by the weapons of the enemy as by the ditches and holes in which the shallow lake abounded. By dint of perseverance and the most unflagging energy, he brought his men well through all obstacles, and conducted them safely into the Florentine territory, which he was then called upon to defend against the ducal troops.

He not only did this, but was enabled before the end of the campaign to lead a corps into the Milanese, and to take a rude revenge for his recent straitening, by defeating Jacopo del Verme with tremendous loss, near St. Miniato.

In 1391, Florence concluded a general peace with all her enemies. Her foreign auxiliaries were dismissed, with the exception of Sir John Hawkwood and one thousand men. Hawkwood henceforth remained in her service till his death, which took place on the 6th of March, 1393. He was buried at the public expense, as a valiant servant of the state, in the cathedral church of Santa Reparata, with the following inscription on his tomb, erected in 1436:

JOANNES . ACUTUS . EQUUS . BRITANNICUS . DUX . ÆTATIS .
SUX . CAUTISSIMUS . ET . REI . MILITARIS . PERITISSIMUS .
HABITUS . EST.

PAULI . UCCELLI . OPUS . 1436.

Sir John Hawkwood was not only a successful commander; he was the first of the modern school of generals. Much of his success was undoubtedly owing to the hardihood and courage of his soldiers, but still more to the ability with which he handled them. The disposition he made of his troops on all occasions showed a master's hand. In attacking or defending he ever made the utmost of his means; and if proof were wanted to confirm the assertion of his capacity, it is only necessary to point to his retreat from Milan, and his subsequent victory over Del Verme near St. Miniato.

As he was the first, so he was the last, of the great foreign condottieri. After his death there arose men who had been taught the art of war under him: Francesco Sforza, Niccolo Fortebraccio, Niccolo and Francesco Piccinino, and Alberic de Barbiano. But Hawkwood was pre-eminent above the men of his day for skill, and for tact in the management of men—qualities which form the principal virtues of a good general.

It is scarcely fair to reproach the massacre of Casena to Hawkwood. Besides that such events were not infrequent in the many wars of that time, it does not appear that Sir John in any way countenanced the un-English brutality; and as the ruffians who were perpetrating it were compelled to desist long before the massacre had become universal, it is but fair to suppose that they were restrained as much by the interposition of their general as by the exhortations of an ecclesiastic they despised. Indeed, it is not unlikely that of the two the soldier was the humaner man; the legate had vowed to wash his feet in the blood of Casena, and most probably it was he who instigated the massacre. The bishop, therefore, was not likely to be extraordinarily forward in checking the work set going by his superior; and although his own feelings might have prompted him to stop the effusion of blood, it is reasonable to think that he acted through the general rather than by his own authority.

Hawkwood has, however, a title to be remembered—one which, perhaps, he would rather rest upon than that of conqueror of Italy. He had been poor and a wanderer; he had afterwards acquired riches and an honourable home. Out of his wealth he was rejoiced to afford a sum capable of providing a home and living for the houseless of his nation; and the hospital which he established in Rome for poor English travellers, is a fairer memorial of his worth than is the deserved and elegant eulogy written under his effigy in the cathedral church of Santa Reparata.

FRENCH WET-NURSES.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

WET-NURSES have passed into the state of a national institution in France; they constitute a defined class of the population, and their importance and necessity are so thoroughly recognised, that among the various new excise duties—of which the idea has lately been attributed to the government—nurses have been talked of, with lucifer matches, pianos, and false hair, as taxable articles.

They are employed, more or less, all over the country; they are found in every town, and the majority of the children of the better classes go through their hands. But it is in Paris that they flourish in their full effulgence; it is in the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées that the round Burgundy cap, with its coronet of flying ribbons, fixed on with large-headed pins, and the wide white apron, edged with embroidery or gaufered frills, are found in their most abundant and well-washed development.

All the wet-nurses of France wear the “bonnet Bourguignon;” it is the obligatory uniform of their corps, and is exclusively reserved to them; no other servant ever ventures to assume it. This is because the greater part of them really come from the Burgundy country; and as it is useful to be able to recognise them by their dress, the nurses who arrive from other provinces are always obliged to assume the cap, whether they like it or not. A black or coloured silk crown is worn inside it, to stiffen it out and keep it in shape.

The reason why the mothers of Paris, of almost every rank, excepting of course the labouring population, have adopted the rule of leasing for their infants other milk than their own, is not that they do not love them—on the contrary, no women adore their children more fondly—but solely that the thing has grown into a general habit, and that they are brought up to fancy that they are not strong enough to do the work themselves. They make up their minds beforehand, and when the expected moment arrives they send, as a matter of course, to one of the twelve “Bureaux de Nourrices” of Paris, where a collection of nurses are always kept on show. A flock of some half-dozen ugly peasant women, with howling babes, present themselves in the drawing-room, and each one expatiates, with the exaggeration of eager competition, on the splendid fatness of her child, and on the prodigious virtues of the maternal milk which has produced it. The family doctor verifies the nutritive capacities of the several candidates, the mamma of the lady, who is lying in state in the white muslin-covered bed, examines their physical and moral aptitudes, and the most promising of the lot is chosen to be foster-mother to the blue-and-scarlet visaged infant, which is vainly trying to open its gummy virgin eyes in its embroidered cot. The rest go sulkily and disappointedly away, and always agree, as they go down stairs, that the selected one is the most unworthy of them all.

The first month's wages are paid on the spot to the proprietor of the harem, as his fee, and the hirer also pays a fixed sum of twenty-four shillings for the return journey of the nurse's child, which is sent back to

its village in charge of a miraculous female, whose sole and special trade it is to escort to their homes—some three or four together—the sudden orphans whose mothers have sold their rightful nourishment. The ladies who follow this remarkable occupation are denominated “meneuses,” which literally means “bringers;” and of all the curious professions which the necessities of civilisation have successively created, this one of carrying home four milkless babes at once, all squealing in hungry sorrow on the mutual lap of a temporary professional stepmother, is certainly one of the most incredible. The thing is difficult to realise; its material execution seems too difficult. The kangaroo and the opossum hop about the woods with their family in their pouch, but as Providence has not accorded that appendage to human creatures (unless there is an unknown exception in favour of a Burgundy meneuse), the question as to how the wretched infants are practically transported, in a single pair of arms, remains one of the mysteries of the century. It must be pleasant to travel in the same compartment with such a convoy! These same women serve as recruiting sergeants to the Paris offices, and bring back with them new aspirants to the honourable profession.

After the nurse has had her parting weep over her disappearing progeniture, she is summoned to the bedroom to offer a first repast to Henriette or Gaston. The details of the operation are not ordinarily publishable, nor are they indispensable to the subject; they may therefore be passed over in mute discretion. But, at whatever cost to nervous ears, something must be said about another scene which produces itself soon afterwards, and which is too essentially inherent to the question to be left in silence. A nurse, like everybody else, must go to bed, and as in France she generally sleeps in her mistress's room, it is under her scrutative eye that she innocently undresses. The outer contrast between the coarse clothes and awkward ways of the peasant nurse and the pretty interior of a Paris apartment is always rather a shock to the feminine proprietor of the latter, but the sentiment so created in her mind is carried to utter disgust by the process of going to bed, which forcedly brings out the personal peculiarities of her new domestic. It is a fact worth the attention of so-called students of living colour that certain portions of an arriving nurse invariably present a tint which, though it is evidently a consequence of perennial unwashfulness, is difficult to accept as a credible condition of the human pellicle. A pair of naked Burgundy feet, fresh from their native vine slopes, present to the astonished eyes of the Parisian spectator a shiny metallic mottled dark grey; they look exactly as if they were oxydised. This curious hue, which is supposed in France to be a special personal attribute of the wet-nurse, intended by nature to distinguish her from her fellows, just as her cap distinguishes her garments, disappears the next morning under the dissolving influence of the inevitable bath, into which the terror-stricken woman is remorselessly plunged by her ruthless mistress, who thus wantonly destroys, in a single instant, all trace of her previous filth. From that moment the nurse begins the apprenticeship, which, unless she is an incorrigible brute, transforms her in three months from a gawky village lout into a reasonably smart, intelligent servant. But, even in the event of success, the process is laborious; not only is her physical nature to be thoroughly changed, but, which is more difficult still, her language and habits must alter too. She must

accustom herself to wake up from sleep at her nursling's slightest cry ; she must learn to dress it, which is altogether a special process, as French babies do not wear petticoats, but are bound up with a square piece of thick flannel, called a "lange," into a tight, motionless bundle ; and, above all, she must never call her mistress "you." No servant in a decent family in France is ever allowed to speak to her masters otherwise than in the third person ; instead of saying "do you want me," she must adopt the respectful form, "does madame want me;" nothing shocks more in a servant's mouth than the familiar use of "you." But, difficult as this transition appears, the French are so naturally imitative that even an unlicked cowkeeper often gets through it rapidly, and picks up with surprising facility the external neatness and deferential form of phrase which all good Paris servants possess in so marked a degree.

A large number of these nurses are, however, hopeless monsters, with whom no improvement is possible ; perhaps even the majority of them are in that category. Stupid as turkeys, dirty, idle, and often thieves as well, they remain peasants all over, are impatiently supported during the duration of their nursing, and are joyfully discharged the moment the child is able to be weaned. Some of them quietly cut up damasked napkins to make them into nightcaps, or privately send a monthly hamper home filled with the products of silent depredation. But if the nurse is a good-hearted, honest woman, with a trifling supply of intelligence and sense, she quickly attains a position of comfort in her place. Living in constant intimacy with her mistress, sleeping in her room, going out with her every day, often spending her evenings working with her by the side of the baby's cradle, she generally finishes by acquiring her regard, and when the "nourriture" is finished, and she goes back to her village, the parting is often tearful and sad. In cases like these she grows rich ; in addition to her wages, which vary between the two extremes of 30s. and 4*l.* a month, according to the means of her masters and her own merit and good looks (2*l.* 8s. is the ordinary rate), she receives a quantity of presents. She is entirely dressed at her mistress's expense, and at the christening and the first tooth every member of the family gives her ten or twenty francs. A year's nursing in a good place may put 60*l.* or 70*l.* into her pocket, for she has no outlay for clothes, and then she can satisfy the great longing of a nurse's heart, and buy herself a house when she goes home.

Some of the most successful and prolific members of the profession perform as many as four or five separate nursings, and receive every year a gift from each of their old masters. But the career is not always so productive. In a number of houses, especially amongst the shopkeepers and clerks, they get nothing but their bare wages, and are obliged to do part of the house-work ; the really good places are, of course, rare. And in addition to the uncertainty of the sort of family they may fall in, there are all the risks of accident. Numbers of unlucky women come up to Paris to be hired, and either wait vainly for a place for six or eight weeks at their own expense, or lose their milk, and are discharged almost as soon as they are engaged, in which case they receive absolutely nothing, their first month's wages being absorbed by the office fee.

The nurses of Paris are not exclusively French ; the number of strangers there is so considerable that foreign nurses may be seen as

well. Pasiégas, from the mountains of Santander, with their two long tails of plaited hair swinging in the wind, and with a band of black velvet on their green serge skirts for every child they have suckled; Swiss peasants, with their knot of black ribbon on the top of their heads; Neapolitans, with their yellow satin bodices and their coiffures of heavy gold pins, may all be seen in the Champs Elysées; but though these costumes are pretty and effective, they want the bright cleanliness of the white cap and apron of the Bourguignonne.

In addition to the private offices which have existed in Paris since 1821 for the distribution of nurses, the direction of the hospitals (which is in the hands of the municipality) has a large and well-organised administration for the same purpose. But while nurses for home service can be obtained from this special department, it occupies itself more particularly in placing out children at nurse in the country. The practice of sending babies into the villages is not only employed for foundlings and for the other children who are in the care of the municipal corporations of the various towns of France, but it is also adopted to a considerable extent by the poorer classes, and by mothers who, having out-door occupations of their own, cannot keep their children with them. In order to facilitate the choice of nurses for this large class of infants, the direction of the hospitals of Paris keeps a staff of corresponding doctors in every canton for one hundred miles round the capital, whose duty it is to inspect and select the women who offer themselves as candidates for nurslings, to visit the children confided to them, to attend them in case of illness, and to send in a monthly report on their condition. The nurses and children are also under the surveillance of a special inspector appointed in each sous-préfecture. The cost of this service is paid by the town of Paris; it amounts to about 10,000*l.* a year. But, notwithstanding all this care, real or apparent, the mortality amongst the children is frightful, as all Parisians who have sent their children out to nurse know to their cost.

The women passed by the local doctors are sent up in herds in charge of a matron, who delivers them at the central office, where they are again examined by the medical officers. Those who are definitely admitted are lodged and partly fed gratuitously while waiting for a place or for a child to take home. Their wages, which, for nurslings in the villages, are fixed at a minimum of ten shillings a month, but which ordinarily average about 1*l.*, are guaranteed to them in certain proportions by the town, which also keeps the parents informed of the state of the child. It may interest English mothers to learn that, in addition to the wages, sugar and soap are generally given also.

Nurses may also be engaged at the lying-in hospitals, but, in practice, the better classes in Paris almost invariably address themselves to the private offices, which, though they are dearer than those of the town, and offer less absolute guarantees for the character and health of the women they collect, present the advantage of a large immediate choice, without the restrictions and conditions imposed in the official dépôts.

These details show to what an extent the hiring of human milk is carried in France; the article is one of regular consumption, and its market is organised by the state as if it were gunpowder or tobacco. Like those two products it is possible that it may finally become a monopoly in the hands of the government, and that it may one day appear in

the national budget as an important source of revenue. Nothing is impossible in so administrative a country, and even this fantastic notion of the state directing the baby food of the future soldiers of France may some day, perhaps, be realised.

No means exist of forming an exact idea of the total number of wet-nurses annually employed. In the departments no statistics whatever exist on the subject, excepting as regards foundlings; in Paris, where a monthly report is made to the prefect of police by each Bureau de Nourrices, no account of their operations is communicated to the public. It is, therefore, only by estimation that an approximate notion can be formed on the subject.

The present annual average of enfants trouvés for all France is about 25,000: some 2000 of them die immediately, but the remaining 23,000 may be supposed to be put out to nurse in the country. It is probable that at least 50,000 more are similarly placed by their own relations; indeed, M. Husson states that the capital alone sends 15,000 children to country nurses every year. The total number of babies annually quartered in the villages may, therefore, be taken at a probable minimum of 73,000.

While, however, it is thus possible to form an arbitrary idea of the quantity of women who receive nurslings in their own cottages, no calculation at all can be made of the number of wet-nurses engaged for home service. If it be put at only three per cent. of the total number of births in France (which average about 950,000), it would come out at 28,500; but this is mere guessing. Judging by the immense number of them who are found in Paris alone, it would look as if this figure is materially under the reality. Anyhow, whatever be the true number of mothers who desert their own children to earn money by suckling those of others, there can be no doubt that it is considerable, especially when it is borne in mind that in France, where nobody cares about the morals of his neighbour, and where servants' love affairs are no concern of their masters, very little prejudice exists against the employment of unmarried women as wet-nurses; they are even preferred in some cases, because they are generally cheaper than their married competitors, because they have no husband who may suddenly arrive in a state of affectionate inebriation to embrace his lawful wife, and because, having no home ties, they can be retained afterwards as ordinary maids. As the total annual number of illegitimate births in France is about 70,000, there is here a large field of supply, in addition to the established current from Burgundy. The country girls who take to nursing are as much influenced by the idea that they will grind off their village rust during their year of service, and so become fit to get places as cooks or housemaids afterwards, as by the necessity of escaping from the position of abandonment and difficulty in which a great part of them arrive at the moment of their confinement. In the great nurse-growing provinces many young girls purposely become mothers, without waiting for the superfluous process of matrimony, in order to at once fit themselves for the trade which their mothers, aunts, sisters, and cousins have followed before them. It is curious that the favoured district of the Côte d'Or should simultaneously produce the strongest wine and the most nourishing milk of France: perhaps one helps the other. But it is rather a contradictory fact that,

according to the census just completed, the population of this very department is diminishing.

The moral side of the question is double. It is evident that the abandonment of their own children by the women who go out as nurses is a shameful consequence of the eager thirst after money, which is such a special attribute of the French peasantry: as far as they are concerned the system is vicious to the core. But the mothers who employ them are in no way affected by it; their disobedience to the natural law which obliges all mammalia to suckle their young, does not diminish their affection for their children. The hired milk which feeds them, and the lusty arms which carry them, are simple tools in the hands of the rightful mother, who reserves to herself the thousand joyous cares of watchful maternity, and who seems to love her offspring all the more because she does not offer it the first service of life. And there is one absolute advantage in the system; it enables the weaning to be postponed till the child has got through its first year of existence, and till the woful sorrows of tooth making are somewhat gone by. Furthermore, the habits of domestic life in France are organised on a footing which deprives the wet-nurse of all real charge of the child she feeds, and prevents her being alone with it. As a rule, she is never out of her mistress's sight, at all events until she has thoroughly acquired her confidence by several months of irreproachable service. In some of the most extravagant cases (and really they are not rare), she is sent, with the baby, to sleep at the grandmother's house if her mistress goes to a ball, so that she may not be left, even for a few hours of the night, without a careful eye to watch her movements.

When half a dozen nurses get together, as they often do on the benches of the Champs Elysées, they relate to each other the most astounding stories of the places they have got. There must be something in the occupation which inspires lying, for it is impossible to conceive anything more wildly imaginary than the descriptions which these nourishers of the Gauls of this generation invent about the success which they have attained. According to their own account, their mistresses are all princesses, their wages as high as the salary of a councillor of state, while the presents they receive would fill a daily wheelbarrow. When one has done another begins, and when they go home each one relates with indignation to her mistress what horrid lies "that nurse with the blue ribbons, with a baby in a grey Cashmere cloak" has been recounting to her, blandly forgetting that she herself had lavishly contributed to the stock.

And so they go on till their time is finished, when they return to their cottage homes, to tell even more monstrous legends of their experience of Paris life.

THE NOTARY'S NOSE.*

THE Taliacotian Art, so called from its inventor, but now more correctly known as the "Rhino-plastic operation," by which a nose is restored, where that important feature has been destroyed by disease or accident, is founded upon what surgeons call "the doctrine of adhesion," by which they mean the tendency of cut or newly-divided surfaces to unite together—the "doctrine" being, we should imagine, the science that teaches the surgeon to avail himself of this principle in nature, not the principle itself.

The methods by which this happy result is brought about, by cutting a piece of flesh from a slave, as was done by the ancients, or from another person, or from the patient's own arm, or from his cheek, or by a flap from the forehead, or, as our own surgeon, Liston, has more recently introduced, from the upper lip, are so singular, and the results obtained are so remarkable, that the process has always been attended with great curiosity, and sometimes by not a little incredulity and ridicule.

Dr. Thomas J. Pettigrew, for example, has consigned a paragraph or two to the subject in his interesting opuscle on "Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery," as if it was closely allied to what is superstitious in art, and so it is in reference to what is designated as "sympathetic action," as we shall afterwards have occasion to show at greater length.

Garengot, a celebrated French surgeon, asserts that he had seen a nose, which had been bitten off in a quarrel, thrown upon the ground, allowed to get cool, taken up, fixed to the face, and adhere again; and he records ("Traité des Opérations de Chirurgie," vol. iii.) that M. Galin produced a similar union of a considerable portion of the nose after it had been bitten off and spit out into a dirty gutter. It was well washed, and, upon the return of the soldier, who, having suffered this mutilation, had pursued his adversary, re-applied to his face. Garengot examined the man on the fourth day, and found the wound completely cicatrised. Blegny ("Zodiacus Medico-Gallicus," Mar., 1680) records a similar case of union after a sabre cut; and Mr. Carpue, in his excellent "Account of Two successful Operations for restoring a lost Nose," makes reference to Lombard, Loubet, and others, who have been successful in like cases. Sir Leonard Fioravanti, a Bolognese, states, in his "Rational Secrets and Chirurgery Reviewed," that, when in Africa, he was witness to a dispute between a Spanish gentleman and a military officer, which led to a combat, in which the latter struck off the nose of his adversary, and it fell into the sand. Fioravanti took it up, washed it with warm water, dressed the part with his balsam, bound it up, and left it undisturbed during eight days; at the expiration of which time he examined it, and was surprised to find that the wounded parts had adhered.

Taliacotius, the inventor of one form of operation, relates that, in a fray between some drunken young men, one of the party had his nose cut off by a sword. The assailant fled, and was pursued by his opponent,

* Les Nez d'un Notaire. Par Edmond About.

regardless of his nose, which was left in a gutter. Taliaquotius picked it up, cleaned it, and, upon the return of its owner, adjusted the cut surfaces with particular accuracy, so that complete adhesion followed.

The *Journal Hebdomadaire* records two cases by Dr. Barthelemy, in which union of the nose had taken place after complete separation. One was that of an officer at Lyons, in 1815, who had the end of his nose cut off in a duel by his adversary's sabre. He put the severed portion in his pocket, kept it warm, returned home, and sent for a surgeon, who replaced it, and adhesion was effected. The other case, which is given on the authority of Dr. Regnault, was of a man who, in a fight with another, had part of his nose bitten off. He wrapped it up in his handkerchief, put it into his pocket, and for four or five hours only bewailed his loss. He was at length urged to apply to a surgeon, who steeped it in warm alcohol, placed the divided parts in contact, and in ten days they were re-united.

We have not the work at hand to refer to, but we remember that the celebrated German surgeon, Dieffenbach, relates, in a somewhat lengthy treatise on the rhino-plastic operations, that a German student had his nose maltreated in a duel, and subsequently repaired by the surgeon's art; but it did not make a good nose. The same student, being involved in a second combat, got his nose (always apparently in the way) severed from the face. This gave the operator fairer play than he had previously, and a better nose was in consequence concocted than before.

Novelists have not failed to avail themselves of so curious a circumstance to enliven their pages, and impart a more marked character to certain of their personages. The reader may remember, for example, that Serjeant Scoles, in Mr. Ainsworth's novel of "Saint James," was a nose-restored hero, and the inexhaustible story-teller, M. Edmond About, has just supplied us with a new instance, the authenticity of which we feel in no wise disposed to pledge ourselves to, but of which we may say, with the proverb, "Si non è vero, è ben trovato."

Master Alfred L'Ambert, it appears, then, according to our historian, was one of the most opulent, well-to-do, and fashionable notaries of Paris. Thirty-two years of age, he was a well-made man, with a handsome countenance, an aquiline nose, good forehead, and with an hirsute department everything that it ought to be. His only peculiarity was that he wore a white cravat. The habit had been handed down to him with the business in the Rue de Verneuil, together with the most aristocratic clients of the Faubourg St. Germain, and had passed from father to son for several generations. He had also one little weakness: he was rather short-sighted, and, although so young, was obliged to wear spectacles when at his desk.

Master L'Ambert's wealth and aristocratic connexions had obtained for him admission into the green-room of the Opéra, a favour which is often disputed by the greatest personages of the empire, and has, it is believed (although not generally known), been the cause even of a ministerial break-up. Our handsome young notary had a long time dallied there with impunity, between fair and dark, among the eighty little simple and innocent things who constitute the corps de ballet at the Opéra; but at last he was destined to succumb as well as the rest of mankind, and he allowed himself to be captivated by the blue eyes and pleasant ways of Mademoiselle Victorine Tomain.

Unfortunately, Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain was besieged at the same time by Ayvas Bey, a fat Turk, who was known by the sobriquet of "Tranquille." Madame Tompain tutored her daughter to appear equally favourable to each till one should propose. The Turk was the first to do so, and he became mademoiselle's accepted lover.

Every one was soon aware of this little event except Master L'Ambert, who was burying his uncle in Poitou. When he returned to the Opéra, Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain had a bracelet of diamonds, a necklace of diamonds, and a brooch in brilliants, shining like a lustre. M. L'Ambert was short-sighted, and did not perceive these little matters, no more than did he notice the sly smiles which greeted him on his return. He had just succeeded to his uncle's fortune, and all he thought of was to secure the future of Victorine.

The private entrance to the Opéra is in the passage of the Opéra, two steps from the Rue Drouot. That night Alfred L'Ambert was waiting impatiently in the passage, smoking a cigar. Not ten paces from him was a little round man with a red tarbush, also smoking and waiting. Every now and then a feminine shadow slipped by between the rare gas-lights in black or brown, irrecongnisable except to the eyes of love. At the advent of two, scarcely distinguishable from the rest, two men approached, two cigars met, loud words were exchanged, a blow was given upon the little man's nose, and cards were exchanged. It was Master L'Ambert who had given the blow on the nose, and he returned to his carriage without the fair one, but with a card on which was indited, "Ayvas Bey, Secretary to the Ottoman Embassy, Rue de Grenelle, Saint Germain, 100."

The affair was an awkward one. It might be arranged, but the blow on the nose, he apprehended, would stand in the way. So he drove to his club, "Le Cercle de Chemins de Fer," where he consulted his friends the old Marquis de Villemaurin and the young Henri Steimbourg, a stockbroker, who both declared at once that the blow on the nose spoilt everything.

Ayvas Bey had in the mean time reconducted Mademoiselle Tompain, roaring with anger and vexation of spirit. Thence he proceeded to his friend Ahmed's, to relate his griefs.

"I will cut off his nose to-morrow morning," he declared. "It is written in the Koran: 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, nose for nose!'"

Ahmed endeavoured to argue his friend out of his sanguinary intentions, but in vain. Ayvas held by his idea as the Pope does by his temporal power. So Ahmed had perforce to wait with the first dragoman of the embassy, Osman Bey, upon Master L'Ambert. Luckily his friends were with the notary, and the question could be calmly discussed. Master L'Ambert did not feel at all anxious to compromise his reputation for the sake of a ballet-girl, and with the advice of his friends he proffered an explanation and an apology. The two Turks, men of sense, agreed to refer the matter back to Ayvas. But the terrible Ayvas would accept no terms of conciliation, and got into a perfect Turkish rage.

"What," he said, "accept an apology when my nose bled! when Victorine and her mother witnessed my disgrace! No, I must die, or I will cut off the offender's nose this very day."

It was then four o'clock in the morning. When the red-fisted Turks returned with their hostile message to the notary's, the latter observed

that the Turk was impracticable. It was not enough that he had carried away little *Tompson* from him, but he also insisted upon cutting off his nose! If this affair must be settled, he added, the sooner it was so the better; he would have his horses put to at once, and he would meet his opponent at Parthenay, two leagues from Paris, at ten in the morning.

M. L'Ambert was, like most fashionables in Paris, a practised swordsman. The Turk was supposed to know nothing of the genteel art of assassination, and an easy triumph appeared so certain, that the old Marquis of Villemarin gave him a word or two of advice, which it is a pity is not more generally acted upon.

"Only remember that one must never strike home. The duel is made to correct fools, not to destroy them. It is only the unskilful who kill their man, under the pretence of teaching them how to live."

For striking or pushing home, the French say "*toucher*," or "*tirer à fond*." Upon the occasion of a recent fatal encounter, all the English papers had the literal translation that the heart of the victim was "*touched*." Alas! it was run through—probably transfixed.

The choice of weapons fell by right upon Ayvaz, and the notary and his witness pulled long faces when they heard that he selected cutlasses. They made all kinds of objections, but in vain; Ayvaz insisted, and they were obliged to borrow a couple of soldiers' side-arms at the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay. Ayvaz provided himself on his side with two yataghans of Damascus, that would have cut through a bar of iron.

Arrived at the village, the parties got down from their respective vehicles, and took a pathway across country. The marquis stated that he knew a retired spot where there was no chance of being interrupted. Master L'Ambert, though a practised swordsman, had never been engaged in an actual combat, and his mind was not a little disturbed at the idea of the practical drama in which he was about to play an important part; but even this did not prevent his observing a cat that sat among some gooseberry-bushes apparently making faces at him. So slight a trifle sufficed to discompose him, and he drove the cat away. But they had not gone a hundred paces farther when they saw the same cat waiting for them in a field of coles.

"What! are you following us, vile beast?" exclaimed the notary; and he drove it off again, only, however, to reappear at the entrance of the glade where the combat was to take place. Master L'Ambert picked up a stone, but the cat jumped up a tree and got out of reach of the missile.

The witnesses had in the mean time measured off the ground and drawn lots for weapons. Cutlasses carried the day over yataghans. Ayvaz was indifferent as to weapons, and disembarassing himself of some surplus clothing, and tucking up his sleeves, he took one of the cutlasses in his hand, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon his opponent's nose, just as an angler eyes a fine trout that he has hooked. Then invoking the name of the Prophet, he rushed upon his antagonist, and in an instant the end of his cutlass was covered with blood, a pair of spectacles fell to the ground, and at the same moment a heavy body fell from an adjacent tree. Master L'Ambert was stupified; he put his hands to his face, and ran about with his head bent downwards, like a man suddenly gone mad.

At this crisis M. Triguet, surgeon of Parthenay, to whom a valet had been previously despatched for fear of accidents, made his appearance. The good man was, however, too much terrified to be able to give any immediate assistance. Some moments had elapsed before he proceeded to take steps to stop the hemorrhage.

"Doctor," said Master L'Ambert, lifting up his head, "shall I lose my nose?"

"No, sir, you will not lose it," replied the agitated village surgeon, "you have lost it already." And then recovering himself a little, he added, "But there are means of restoring the agreeable and useful organ that you have lost."

"Doctor, you shall have half my fortune. "I would sooner die than live disfigured. How is it?"

"We must first find the nose," replied the disciple of Esculapius.

Up got Master L'Ambert and rushed to the field of battle. His seconds followed him. The Turks—Ayvas's anger had now completely evaporated—joined in the search. The spectacles were found, but not the nose. But lo! there was the horrible cat with a bloody object in its mouth.

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed the marquis, pointing to the repulsive animal. Every one understood the exclamation and rushed upon the cat. But the latter was not in a humour to be treated so unceremoniously, and lost no time in absconding. Never did the little wood of Parthenay witness such a chase, or is it likely that it will ever witness such a one again. There was a marquis, a stockbroker, three Turks, a village surgeon, a liveried servant, and a notary holding his face in his kerchief, all rushing, regardless of obstacles, after a half-wild cat. Those who have never seen a notary pursuing his nose can form no conception of the ardour that he threw into the chase. Gooseberry-trees and currant-trees, raspberries and strawberries, were all alike trampled under foot. The good people of Parthenay ran out to stare at this avalanche of madmen, who seemed to threaten the place with destruction. They were bathed in perspiration, for they had followed the cat through woods and coppices, through fields, and orchards, and gardens. Victory! the cat is caught. It has fallen into a well. Quick, buckets! Master L'Ambert's nose may still be recovered, if not whole, nearly so. But the well was not like other wells. It was the shaft of an old quarry, with galleries that extended for leagues, and interlaced with the catacombs of Paris. There was no help for it but to return to the Faubourg St. Germain without the nose.

Master L'Ambert's friends did their best under the circumstances to console him on the way, but it was in vain.

"Nothing remains," he groaned, "but to kill myself. I can never go to the Opéra again. I shall be laughed at wherever I go. I am disfigured for life."

"You must not despair of science," his seconds insinuated; "of what use would it be to live in the nineteenth century if every accident was to be, as it was formerly, an irreparable mischief?"

No sooner was his home in the Rue Verneuil, than M. Bernier, surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu, was sent for. Master L'Ambert remained bathed in tears of vexation till he made his appearance. He did not dare to look in a glass.

"It is a misfortune," observed the surgeon, after listening to the notary's narrative, "but it can be set right in a month."

"Really, doctor. I can have my nose again?"

"Certainly; the rhino-plastic art provides for these occurrences. You can choose between the Indian and the Italian methods."

"I should prefer the mildest."

"The Indian plan consists in cutting a piece from the forehead, leaving only an attachment, turning it upon itself, and sewing it up into a presentable nose. The operation is sure of success, but it leaves a cicatrix in the forehead."

"I won't have a cicatrix at any price, doctor. Indians are savages, and their surgery is worthy of them. What of the Italian method?"

"That demands the exercise of much patience. A piece of flesh must be cut out of your arm, leaving an attachment only, and your face must be sewn to it, and remain so for a month."

"A piece out of my arm! The mere idea is horrible, doctor. I have already undergone one operation to-day at the hands of that terrible Turk, and I assure you I feel in no humour for another."

"Well!" said the surgeon, "there still remains a chance for you. If we could get some poor devil to allow us to cut the piece out of his arm."

"Oh! we will find a man," exclaimed Master L'Ambert, delighted; "expense is nothing." And he rang the bell for his valet.

"But I warn you, you will have to remain for a month sewn together."

"No matter, so long as at the end of the month I can go to the Opéra."

A man was found; a young and healthy, but poor Auvergnat, Romagné by name, whose business it was, like most of his countrymen, to carry water. The promise of a handsome reward soon reconciled him to the operation and to its tedious consequences. M. About details at length the trials of these two men, of such different habits, manners, and conversation, thus united by nature for a month; but as these details are neither curious nor instructive, we will pass them over. Suffice it, that both were heartily tired of one another before the happy day of release arrived; and when at length it did come, and M. Bernier separated the two enemies with a cut of his scalpel, Master L'Ambert cast two notes of forty pounds each at his slave, and bade him go, and never let him see him again.

Master L'Ambert was, however, counting without his host. Once more he went into society, and was well received. If he had lost his nose in combat with a Turk, it had also gone abroad that he had fought like a Turk. The ladies—always so charitable to the unfortunate—even declared that he had gained by the exchange, and that the Auvergnat nose was, if anything, handsomer than the Parisian one. A well-known baroness is said, indeed, to have asked a friend of hers, whose nose was not a lovable one, if he would not take his turn with the Turk. As to the green-room, the Hydra with a hundred pretty heads received him in triumph. Even Mademoiselle Victorine Tompain complimented her hero.

Three months had passed away—three months of summer. Master L'Ambert had hired a country place at Maisons-Lafitte. Since his affair with the Turk, his intimacy with M. Steimbourg had greatly increased.

He had been introduced to his family—father and mother and two sisters; the eldest, Irma Steimbouurg, sympathised especially with the notary, and made him tell the strange incident that had befallen him over and over again. The only omission that Master L'Ambert made was the name of his Auvergnat; he could not bear to hear it uttered.

After a mild and brilliant autumn, winter came down like a drop-scene. Master L'Ambert's nose gave proofs upon this occasion of an extraordinary degree of sensibility. It became red, then purple, and then swelled out of all proportion. This was accompanied by an intolerable itching. It was in vain that he made great fires, and nursed his nose in flannel; there was no relief, so M. Bernier was sent for. The surgeon ordered ice and leeches; some relief was obtained, but it did not last. M. Bernier took time to reflect. He had probably heard, in the course of his studies, of the sympathetic cures, concerning which Dr. Pettigrew discourses so learnedly in the work previously quoted, and a belief in which in this country appears to have been more particularly prevalent during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Dryden, in the "Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1, makes Ariel to say, in reference to the wound received by Hippolito from Ferdinand:

He must be dressed again, as I have done it.

Anoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon salve, and
Wrap it close from air, till I have time to visit him again.

But M. Bernier had not to do with anointed swords, or axes—as in the instance of the cure performed by Lord Gilbourne upon a carpenter—but with a piece of flesh living on one man and belonging to another. So he soon came to a conclusion.

"I am inclined to think," he suggested to Master L'Ambert, "that that rascal of an Auvergnat is no stranger to this event."

M. L'Ambert declaimed against the notion. That a vile mercenary could exercise an occult influence upon a ministerial nose! It was an impertinence to fancy such a thing!

M. Bernier, however, insisted, and it was determined that Romagné should be sent for. This was not, however, an easy matter. The Parisian had never seen the Auvergnat since the day they had been separated. His address was unknown, and he was sought for in vain. The assistance of the police was obtained, but with no better success. They found plenty of Romagnés, but not the one wanted.

A fortnight had elapsed. It was the 2nd of February, and the notary was seated sorrowfully by the fire, looking sideways at his purple facial feature, when a noise was heard, and M. Bernier made his appearance, dragging in the real Romagné. But alas! how altered. Dirty, dissipated, livid, and brutalised—he no more resembled the Auvergnat of the previous summer than a boiled lobster does a living one. He was less a man than a living erysipelas.

"The monster!" exclaimed M. Bernier. "This is what he has done with the little fortune we gave him. He has been drunk ever since."

"M. Romagné," interrupted the notary, "why did you not invest your money, instead of spending it in wine and brandy?"

"Because you yourself said the best thing that I could do was to amuse myself; and I amused myself after my fashion."

Master L'Ambert winced, for he remembered that this was one of the spiteful counsels he had given in the irritation of a too close proximity.

"Well," he said, "the question now before us is to know if you will renounce your bad practices and leave off a life of debauchery that is killing me by inches."

"I will drink no more, M. L'Ambert. I have not a sou remaining. If you would only buy me a barrel and two pails, I would be the steadiest Auvergnat in Paris."

"Not a centime," replied the notary. "Providence brought you into this predicament so that my natural appearance should be restored to me. Drink water, eat dry bread, die of hunger if you choose, I shall be all the more benefited by it."

Romagné bowed his head and withdrew, dragging his feet after him, and omitting to make an obeisance. His future prospects were not brilliant.

From that time the notary's nose began to improve, the swelling diminished, the colour faded away, and by the end of a week it was so much better that he was enabled to go into society again. The ladies welcomed him back again into the world, and among these none congratulated with greater earnestness than the eldest sister of his friend Steimbong.

But as spring returned, whilst the generous sap was causing the lilacs to bud, it seemed to Master L'Ambert as if his nose did not participate in the seasonable bounties of nature. His nose faded away with an autumnal tint, just as all around was revivifying in spring verdure. It was in vain that he added a little carmine, that he made his diet more generous, and drank nothing but the best Burgundies and clarets, his nose continued to fall off and become more and more sickly and attenuated. Finding that this feature did not participate in the benefits derived by the other portions of his body from generous living, he studied its own individual interests by giving it baths of milk, of wine, of bouillon, and even of tomato sauce, but all in vain. He was obliged to appeal again to the science of M. Bernier.

M. Bernier shook his head. "It is all wrong," he said; "the Auvergnat must be ill, and it is he who requires medical treatment, not you or your nose."

Master L'Ambert regretted then having treated the man so cruelly, and turned him out of doors without a sou. The question was once more to discover the whereabouts of the water-carrier, and after the loss of a few days, that appeared as so many months to the impatient notary, he was discovered in No. 10, Salle Saint Paul, Hôtel Dieu.

But it was one thing to find M. Romagné and another to cure him. The unfortunate Auvergnat, once a good and innocent young man, had been perverted by the notary's money and his bad example; he had become a dissipated, drunken idler, he had passed from that to poverty, wretchedness, want, and sickness, and he had now become thoroughly disgusted with the vanities of the world. He would not take his food, and only sought to die.

Master L'Ambert, terrified, sought the bedside of his victim, and never did Bossuet or Fénelon, Massillon or Fléchier, exhaust their eloquence as did the notary in endeavouring to recal the water-carrier to

a sense of what was due to himself and to others—to M. L'Ambert in particular.

But all the reply that he could get was, "It is not worth while, Monsieur L'Ambert; there is too much misery in the world."

Master L'Ambert was obliged to push his tactics beyond even what he had at first contemplated. He was obliged to promise that for the future he should not only have no more work to do, but that he should be liberally provided for, before he could get him to promise that he would take food. Nay, in his excitement, he presented to the sick man's eyes the prospect of half his fortune, and a nice little wife and two or three pretty children into the bargain.

With such altered prospects before him, backed by sundry bowls of soup, the Auvergnat improved so rapidly that in three days he was able to be removed to Master L'Ambert's. The notary received him with the greatest kindness, and gave him the room of his own valet de chambre. As he improved, so did the nose, and when Romagné was himself again, so was Master L'Ambert ready to shine once more in society.

Unfortunately, M. Romagné had nothing to do, and having returned under generous diet and a regular life to more than his pristine health, he had sufficient to spare to fall in love with the cook.

The latter was not a fossil cook, and one day that the Auvergnat had ventured to approach his lips to her lustrous cheeks, she said:

"I see what it is, you want to marry me. Well, if you have any prospects before you, let me know, and we may manage it."

"Would half the fortune of Monsieur L'Ambert suffice?" replied the amorous ex-water-carrier.

"Half of monsieur's fortune!" said his Dulcinea, opening her eyes like saucepans.

"Just so; monsieur has told me a hundred times that I should have half his fortune."

"You had better go speak to him about it, then," said the feminine concoctor of ragouts, smacking her lips as if in the act of tasting a stew.

Needless to say, that when the innocent Auvergnat, who had been brought up upon boiled chesnuts, applied to his master to regulate their accounts, that he received a profound lesson in social grammar. He was made to understand that promises and performances were two quite different things in fashionable society, and that nothing was more fashionable than the figure called hyperbole. This done, the notary pointed out to M. Romagné the necessity which there was for his being separated from the too seductive confectioner of bouillon, and he proceeded at once to have a new suit of clothes made for him, and to find him a place, which, after some trouble, he succeeded in doing, at a manufacturer's of looking-glasses.

The Auvergnat spent six months in his new employment without Master L'Ambert experiencing any inconvenience, but one day, as he was deciphering some old parchments, his golden spectacles broke in the centre and fell upon the table. This did not trouble him at first; he had a spare pair in steel, and he sent the gold ones to be mended. They were brought back, and broke in the same place before twenty-four hours had elapsed. This went on till a dozen new pairs of spectacles had been broken. He then told his friend, M. Bernier, that he was bewitched;

his nose consumed every pair of gold spectacles that were placed upon it.

"Let me see a pair," said the doctor.

A pair was brought, and the surgeon examined it with a powerful lens. He at once recognised an amalgam of quicksilver.

"How is this," he said; "do you use quicksilver for anything?"

"No," replied the notary.

"And what is the Auvergnat doing?"

"Romagné!" exclaimed the notary, taken aback. "He is employed at a looking-glass manufacturer's."

"Precisely so," observed M. Bernier, "and he is saturated with quicksilver. You will have to remove him, or you will never be able to wear a pair of spectacles."

There was no alternative, the Auvergnat had to be taken from his business, and it was deemed advisable to assign him a small allowance, and to provide him with a modest home. Whatever work he was put to, the doctor observed, there was danger in it; it was better to allow him a hundred francs a month, and keep a sharp eye upon him, that he did not get into bad company and renew his career of dissipation.

The new plan prospered for a time wonderfully. Romagné was paid by the week and watched by the day. A whole year elapsed without any accidents, and during the whole of that time the beautiful eyes of Mademoiselle Irma Steimbouurg had never ceased to repose with manifest complacency upon the red and white nose of the happy millionaire. At length, encouraged by his friend the old Marquis de Villemaurin, who told him it was his duty to do so, as the connexion was the talk of the town, the notary opened the folding-doors of his heart to the fair Irma. The clever and handsome girl did not keep him in suspense, but stretching forth her hand, English fashion, she said:

"C'est une affaire faite. It is all right. My parents are quite willing, and I will give you my instructions with regard to the corbeille. Let us cut formalities short, so that we can get into Italy before the end of winter."

In the mean time, all had not been going on quite so satisfactorily with Monsieur Romagné. The hardy Auvergnat had never been accustomed to eat, drink, and sleep, and do nothing, and time fell so heavily upon his hands, that he determined at all risks, and no matter at what loss, to emancipate himself. So in the desperation of mere ennui he one fine morning took his departure from his lodgings, and was never heard of again. It is true that Master L'Ambert did not make any very active researches after him. He was quite well, and he saved one hundred francs and the rent by Monsieur Romagné's disappearance.

Master L'Ambert was also at the time solely absorbed, happy man! in the preparations for his nuptials. Love lent wings to make the necessary purchases; he could not even afford time to bargain, and paid down just what was asked. It was decided that the wedding was to take place at Saint Thomas d'Aquin on the 3rd of March, at one o'clock precisely.

Master L'Ambert rose that day at eight in the morning, refulgent with happiness, and smiling at the rays of an early sun, which had the effect, however, his eyes being just opened, of making him sneeze. The result was peculiar, and not understanding it, he seized upon his cambric

kerchief and applied it to where his nose ought to be, but, alas! was not. With one bound he stood before a mirror. His nose was gone! Hurrying back to his bed, he turned over the clothes, but the nose was no more to be found than the Chambers of 1819. He rang the bell and sought assistance, but in vain. M. Bernier must be sent for. What an untoward circumstance. His wedding-day, too!

Monsieur Steimbourg senior was dressed, Madame Steimbourg was dressed, the bride and bridesmaids were all apparelled, M. Henry Steimbourg smoked two or three hurried cigars, but the "dear Alfred" did not come. At length, Henry resolved upon going to see what had become of his friend. It was not according to good manners, but there was no help for it. He found his intended brother-in-law bathed in tears, and groaning with vexation. The worst was, that he could not console him. He felt inclined to laugh and cry at the same time. There was something so annoying, and yet so ridiculous, in the whole affair.

"Oh! dear, dear Irma!" exclaimed the patient, "she will never marry a man without a nose."

Henry shrugged his shoulders, but dare not venture upon an answer. He, however, volunteered to go and obtain one from his sister. This amiable person manifested the greatest heroism upon hearing of the disaster.

"Do you think," she said, "that I took him for his appearance? In that case I should have accepted my cousin Rodrigue, who is really a handsome man, but he is not rich. Let us go to M. L'Ambert; he has wealth, a house, and equipages, and I will take him as he is."

But when she entered into the presence of the mutilated notary, this fine enthusiasm evaporated. She actually fainted, ejaculating: "O dear Rodrigue! I have acted very unjustly towards you."

Master L'Ambert remained a bachelor. He had a silver nose manufactured, he retired from his study and from the world, bought a quiet, pleasant house near the Invalides, selected the best wines from his cellar, and enjoyed himself with a few old friends as he best could. The best vintages of Château-Yquem, and the most glorious years of Clos Vougeot, are at his disposal. He sometimes congratulates himself that he has a privilege over others: that he can imbibe as much as he pleases without having a red nose.

One evening, a few weeks ago, as he was taking a stroll, his cane in his hand, in the Rue Eblé, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. The shade of Romagné, in black velvet, stood before him!

"Romagné!" exclaimed the notary.

The other lifted his eyes, and answered in his dull, quiet, workman-like manner: "Good evening, Monsieur"—or "Mouchu," as the Auvergnat pronounced it—"L'Ambert."

"You speak—you are alive, then?"

"Most certainly I am alive."

"You rascal! what have you done with my nose, then?" And, as he spoke, he had in his irritation seized the Auvergnat by the throat to shake him.

"Leave me alone," said the latter. "You see I cannot defend myself. Don't you see that I have only one arm. When I left your hospitable roof, I got employment where a steam-engine was used, and one day, it was a 2nd or 3rd of March, I believe, it carried the other arm away from the shoulder-joint!"

CARDINAL POLE :
OR, THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Sixth.

THE LEWES MARTYR.

I.

OF THE PARTING BETWEEN DERRICK CARVER AND CONSTANCE.

THE attempt made by the conspirators to cause a general rising proved completely abortive. Stafford and his party received some accessions to their numbers as they marched along, but before they reached Charing-cross they were attacked and dispersed by a troop of mounted arquebusiers, who issued from Whitehall. Several persons were arrested, among whom were the two officers of the Princess Elizabeth's household, Peckham and Werne, but the ringleaders managed to escape. Next day, Stafford, Dudley, Kingston, Udal, Osbert Clinton, and the rest of the party, were publicly proclaimed as outlaws, rebels, traitors, and disturbers of the peace, and a large reward offered for their capture.

Nothing, however, was said about the French ambassador. Only to Gardiner did Philip avow that he had been secretly present with Father de Castro at the meeting in the crypt, and the Chancellor counselled him not to allow this circumstance to transpire publicly, as they had proof enough against the conspirators without it; above all, Gardiner was opposed to any proceedings being taken against De Noailles. Thus the wily ambassador escaped with impunity as on previous occasions. A strict watch, however, was kept upon his movements.

It was confidently anticipated, both by the King and Gardiner, that before many days all the chief conspirators would be arrested, but in this expectation they were disappointed. No traces of any of them could be discovered. Some doubts were entertained as to the fate of Osbert Clinton. Two persons were shot in the boat in which he escaped from Lambeth, and their bodies thrown into

the Thames, and it was thought he was one of them; but this was by no means clear.

While the search for the leaders of the outbreak was thus being actively, though unsuccessfully, prosecuted, Peckham and Werne were taken to the Tower and put to the torture, in order to compel them to accuse the Princess Elizabeth of complicity in the affair, but nothing could be wrung from them, and, with twenty other luckless personages who had been captured at the same time, they were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their heads set upon the north gateway of London-bridge.

Meanwhile, the religious persecution continued with unabated rigour. Bishop Hooper, with two others, had undergone martyrdom at different places, and six more prisoners, excommunicated by Bonner and delivered over to the civil power, were about to perish in the same manner.

Conscious of the odium attaching to these sanguinary measures, Gardiner prudently resigned his post at the ecclesiastical tribunal to Bonner, who thenceforward acted as supreme judge, and was undeterred by scruples of any sort.

A momentary check was, however, given to his severity from an unexpected quarter. From the various manifestations made towards him by the Protestant party, and from other circumstances, Philip could not fail to perceive that if he took any further part in these barbarous proceedings he should raise up a host of determined enemies, so he caused Father Alfonso to preach publicly before him and the court a sermon strongly condemnatory of religious persecution. The plan completely answered the King's expectations, it being felt that such a sermon could not have been preached without his sanction, and it was argued, therefore, that he must disapprove of the course pursued by Bonner.

The effect of this remarkable discourse—remarkable, indeed, as emanating from one who had been designated "The Scourge of Heresy"—was to stay the bitter persecution for a while, but, though momentarily checked, it revived with a greater fury than before. The six unfortunate persons excommunicated by Bonner were consigned to the flames, and urged to greater activity by the Marquis of Winchester and other members of the council, the zealous prelate looked out for fresh victims.

Bonner had long burned to wreak his vengeance upon Derrick Carver, and was at last able to gratify his desire. Having procured a warrant from the Queen for the deliverance up to him of the prisoner, who was still confined in the Lollards' Tower, he immediately acted upon it. Before he was taken away, Carver, by permission of the Cardinal, was allowed to bid farewell to Constance Tyrrell. The interview took place in the Post Room in the Lollards' Tower, and in order that there might be no check upon their freedom of discourse, they were left alone together.

"Daughter," said Carver, who appeared more subdued than usual, "I am about to win the crown of martyrdom for which I have so long striven, and to inscribe my name upon that scroll which shall hereafter be a guide to our Church. In quitting you for a while, I expect you to remain steadfast in the faith. Be not shaken by the arguments of the Cardinal, who, though a good man, has been brought up in superstition and idolatry, and cannot free himself from the errors of his creed."

"Have no fear for me," replied Constance. "I shall soon follow in the same path you are about to tread."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Carver, with an irrepressible shudder. "Oh! Constance, while alone in my cell, I have communed with myself, sounding my breast to its depths, and weighing every thought and action, and I reproach myself that I have led you too far. I have kindled a holy fervour in your breast like that which animates my own, and which incites you to bear witness to your faith by death."

"True. But surely you should rejoice that you have kindled such a flame," she rejoined.

"No; I would quench it," he cried. "Seek not martyrdom. Rush not upon fiery torments—but live—live a godly life."

"These words are strange from you, who have so often painted the glories of martyrdom to me, and urged me to share them with you."

"I repent that I did so," he rejoined. "Were you to suffer with me, your torments would afflict me a thousand times more than my own. 'Twere terrible that a frame so fair as yours should be consumed by fire. It must not be. You are young and beautiful. You love, and are beloved. Live and be happy. Live for Osbert Clinton."

"Alas!" exclaimed Constance, "I know not if Osbert still lives. It is thought he perished on that fatal night when he came here to liberate us. He has not been heard of since. But if he lives, it is as a proscribed rebel, with a price set on his head, and if he be taken, his doom is certain. I have nothing left but to die."

"No, you must live," said Carver, solemnly. "Osbert Clinton is not dead. He did not perish on that disastrous night, as you suppose. I have seen and spoken with him at the window of my cell, which he reached as he did when you, dear daughter, were its occupant. He and his friends are not disheartened by the ill success of their enterprise. It was rash and precipitate, and failed in consequence. But they are planning another insurrection, and I pray Heaven to crown it with success, since it has for its aim the restoration of our religion and the downfall of Philip!"

"I rejoice to hear that Osbert still lives," said Constance; "but I fear these plots will eventually conduct him to the scaffold."

"If he should so perish, then seek for a martyr's crown, if you

will," said Carver; "but while he lives, live for him. Something tells me you will yet be united."

"I dare not hope so," she rejoined.

"If my last prayers will avail to ensure your happiness, you shall have them," said Carver. "And now we must part. Once more I exhort you to continue steadfast in the faith. But be not influenced by the desire of vainglory, which, perchance, may be my own besetting sin. And now receive my blessing!"

And as she bent before him, he spread his arms over her head, and pronounced a solemn benediction.

There was then a deep silence, broken only by Constance's sobs.

"Weep not, dear daughter," he said. "Our parting ought to be joyous rather than sad, seeing that my trials are well-nigh over, and I am about to reap my reward. Farewell!" he added, taking her hand, and pressing his lips to it. "Forget not what I have said to you."

"Fear me not!" she rejoined, sinking upon a bench. "Farewell!"

Carver cast a compassionate look at her, and then striking resolutely towards the door, he called out that he was ready, whereupon Mallet instantly appeared.

Without hazarding another glance at Constance, he then quitted the chamber, and was taken by Mallet to the gate, where he was delivered to the officers sent for him by Bonner.

A barge awaited him, and in this conveyance he was taken to Paul's Wharf. Thence he was escorted to the consistory at Saint Paul's, where Bonner was sitting in judgment with the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and several members of the council.

II.

HOW DERRICK CARVER WAS TAKEN TO LEWES.

WHEN Derrick Carver was brought before the tribunal, Bonner eyed him with a smile of malignant satisfaction, and observed to Sheriff Woodrooffe, who was sitting near him,

"At last I have got this pestilent fellow, whom the Cardinal has so long screened from justice. He shall not escape now. I will deal roundly with him."

On this, he caused the minutes of the prisoner's previous examinations to be read to him by an officer in the court, which being done, Bonner said, in a bitter and derisive tone,

"Such were the detestable and damnable opinions professed by thee, Derrick Carver, when thou wert last interrogated in the Lollards' Tower; but doubtless the exhortations and persuasions

of the Lord Cardinal have wrought a beneficial change, and thou art now willing to confess thine errors, and abjure them."

"My opinions have undergone no change," replied Carver. "But if any Romanist could have converted me, it would be Cardinal Pole."

"Ah! you admit so much," cried Bonner. "Why should Cardinal Pole prevail with you more than others? Hath he more zeal—more devotion—more theological learning than others have?"

"I know not whether he hath more zeal and learning than your lordship, but he has more Christian charity," replied Carver. "He understands the Gospel, and is guided by its precepts, which you are not."

"Belike you deem his Eminence less rigid, less orthodox than I am?" said Bonner.

"My tenets are not *his* tenets," replied Carver; "yet I hold him to be a good man, though, unhappily, blinded to the truth. Your lordship may be the more orthodox Catholic of the two, but you are the worse man."

"I thank thee for the admission, thou foul-mouthed knave," cried Bonner. "You all hear that he charges the Cardinal with unsoundness of opinion," he added to the court.

"I charge thee with attempting to pervert my words," retorted Carver. "I meant to say that Cardinal Pole is the chief living light and glory of the Church of Rome, whereas thou art its shame and reproach. In after times, when this bitter persecution of the faithful is spoken of, Reginald Pole will be remembered for mildness and toleration, while thou wilt be execrated as the 'bloody Bishop Bonner'—a name that shall cling to thee for ever!"

"I would rather have thy censure than thy commendation," rejoined Bonner. "Had the Cardinal treated thee with due severity, thou wouldst never have lauded his virtues. But thou hast said enough to convince us thou art obstinate and impenitent; therefore, I shall not take up the time of the court by questioning thee further. Down on thy knees while sentence of excommunication is pronounced upon thee."

"I kneel only to Heaven," replied the prisoner, firmly.

At a sign from the bishop, two officers seized him, and, in spite of his resistance, forced him upon his knees, detaining him in this posture while the sentence was read to him by Bonner. This done, he was permitted to rise, and the officers left him.

"Thou art now accursed," pursued Bonner, "and henceforward, if any man shall eat with thee, or drink with thee, or otherwise help thee or comfort thee, he will be a partaker in the curse."

"You have put me out of the communion of a church which I have quitted of my own accord for these ten years," said Carver. "As to your anathemas, they affright me not. May they recoil with added strength on your own head."

"Away, thou miserable blasphemer!" cried Bonner, furiously. "I have done with thee for ever."

"No, not for ever, thou unrighteous judge," rejoined Carver. "I summon thee to appear with me before the Judgment Throne of Heaven to answer for the blood thou art about to shed."

So awful was the tone in which these words were uttered, that a profound impression was upon all the hearers, and even Bonner trembled. But he quickly shook off his trepidation, and exclaimed,

"The gates of Heaven will be fast closed to you, unless you repent. You will now be delivered to the sheriffs, and by them will be taken to Newgate, where you will remain until after your trial. If you are condemned, as I nothing doubt you will be, you will be burned at Lewes, from the neighbourhood of which place you come, and where we learn there are many tainted with false doctrines, to whom your death may prove a salutary warning."

"It will strengthen them in their faith, when they see how a believer in the Gospel can die," rejoined Carver.

"Away with him!" cried Bonner, impatiently. "Away with him!"

On this, the prisoner was removed from the court, and conveyed with two others, who had been examined before his arrival at the consistory, to Newgate.

By command of Sheriff Woodrooffe, who accompanied him to the prison, he was placed in a noisome dungeon, and only allowed bread and water. After a few days' confinement, he was brought up for trial, and, as had been foretold by Bonner, condemned to death at the stake.

Orders were then given by Sheriff Woodrooffe that he should be taken to Lewes, under a sufficient guard, for immediate execution, and on the following day the little cavalcade set out on its journey, stopping for the first night at Croydon. The inhabitants of the place flocked forth to see the prisoner, and many of them expressed great commiseration for him, but he was not permitted by the guard to speak to them, or to receive any refreshments offered him.

"Avoid him!" cried Father Josfrid, a Dominican friar by whom he was accompanied; "he is excommunicated, and if ye give him aught, ye will share in the heavy curse under which he labours."

From the exhortations of this zealous monk Carver was never for a moment free, though they produced no other effect upon him than annoyance. The escort was commanded by an officer named Brand, who had been selected for the business by Sheriff Woodrooffe on account of his hatred to the Protestant party. He was a sullen, sour-tempered personage, and showed his ill will to the prisoner both by word and blow. Carver, however, bore this harsh usage without a murmur.

On the second day the party reached East Grinstead, where they passed the night, a cellar with a truss of straw laid on the floor being allotted to Carver; and starting early on the following morning, they reached Ditchling about noon, and, after an hour's halt, commenced the ascent of the downs.

On arriving at Ditchling, the prisoner earnestly besought Captain Brand to take him to Brightelmstone, in order that he might bid farewell to his wife and children and aged mother; but the petition was refused, the officer declaring he would not go half a dozen miles out of his way to pleasure a heretic.

"They can come and see you burned at Lewes to-morrow, if they list," he added, with a savage grin.

Hearing what passed, a young man, mounted on a strong iron-grey horse, who had entered the inn-yard almost immediately after the little cavalcade, inquired the nearest road to Brightelmstone, and instantly galloped off in that direction.

Having mounted the steep hill-side, and passed Ditchling Beacon, the party proceeded along the brow of the downs, whence such magnificent views of the weald of Sussex are obtained, though these now received little attention, until they came to Mount Harry, on whose verdant slopes was fought the great battle between Henry III. and the Barons under Simon de Montfort, when the ancient and picturesque town of Lewes, with its towering castle and ruined priory, its numerous churches, gates, and circling walls, burst upon their view.

"Welcome! thou city of refuge," exclaimed Carver, stretching out his hands towards the town. "Thou art gladsome to mine eyes as was Ramoth Gilead to the fugitives from Jordan. There shall I be at rest."

"There will be a rare bonfire in that old town to-morrow," observed Captain Brand, in a jeering tone, to the prisoner—"a bonfire such as the townsfolk have seldom seen, and which they are likely long to recollect. 'Twill be a grand spectacle to those who look on," he added, with stern significance.

"I had rather be the chief actor in the spectacle than a beholder of it," replied Carver; "and I trust those who witness it will long remember it."

On this Brand rode on, and Father Josfrid resumed the exhortation which he had been obliged for the nonce to suspend.

III.

HOW DERRICK CARVER WAS PLACED IN A VAULT BENEATH THE STAR INN AT LEWES.

At the period of our history, Lewes, as we have just intimated, was surrounded by walls, built of stone, and of considerable strength, though few traces of these fortifications are now left.

At the west gate of the town the party was met by the high sheriff, Sir Richard de Warren, and Master Piddinghoe, the headborough, attended by a large posse of men armed with halberds. Besides these, there were many burgesses and priests, who had come forth to see the prisoner. At this place Derrick Carver was delivered over to the high sheriff by Captain Brand, who at the same time handed to Sir Richard the warrant for the prisoner's execution.

"All shall be ready for the ceremonial to-morrow morning," said De Warren. "We cannot lodge him in the castle, but we will place him in a vault beneath the Star Inn, where he will be perfectly secure."

"I have fulfilled mine office in delivering him into your hands, Sir Richard," replied Brand. "But my orders from Sheriff Woodrooffe are to tarry here till the sentence is carried out."

"You will not be detained beyond to-morrow morning, sir," said De Warren.

On this the party passed through the gate, and began to move slowly down the High-street, which formed a gradual descent towards the centre of the town. On either side the street were habitations of various sizes, but all of quaint and picturesque architecture. As the train advanced, the inhabitants came forth to see the prisoner, to many of whom he was personally known, and these loudly expressed their commiseration, and their abhorrence of his persecutors.

By the time the train had reached the massive Norman gate of the castle, so large a crowd had collected that the progress of the party was impeded, and the high sheriff's attendants had to use the poles of their halberds to effect a passage. In spite, however, of the exertions of the officers and men the throng could not be kept back, but forced themselves up to the prisoner, and catching hold of his garments, and clinging to his horse, besought his blessing.

"Stand back!—touch him not!" cried Father Josfrid. "He is excommunicated."

Little attention, however, was paid to the priest. In vain Carver besought those nearest him to retire—in vain the officers commanded them to stand back—they would not stir. At last, force was employed, they were thrust violently aside, and amid shrieks of terror and groans and yells of indignation, Carver was hurried along, and finally conveyed through a gateway into a large yard at the rear of the Star Inn. As soon as this had been accomplished the gate was shut, and a guard placed in front of it.

This ancient hostel, which still exists, though it has undergone many transformations, was then a large and substantial structure, capable of accommodating a great number of guests, and was managed by Dame Dunster, a buxom widow, whose boast it was that the best mutton in Sussex, the fattest capons, the most

perfectly seasoned venison pasties, the most delicious stewed eels, and the brightest sack and claret were to be had at the Star at Lower. Besides these good things, and many others, those who lodged with Dame Dunster had the luxury of linen white as snow, and fragrant of lavender. Nothing, in short, was wanting at the Star—a comely and good-humoured landlady, young and not ill-favoured handmaidens, and active drawers—these for the guests, while for their steeds there were good stables and good provender.

Beneath the hostel there existed, and indeed still exists, a large vault, wherein, as the high sheriff had intimated to Captain Brand, it was intended to place Derrick Carver for the night. The subterranean chamber was of great strength, the roof high and arched, and the walls of solid stone. It was of great antiquity, and had originally belonged to a monastic edifice. On one side, at a considerable height from the ground, was an unglazed window or aperture, contrived for the admission of air and light. This aperture was placed on a level with the street, and was secured by stout iron bars, fixed horizontally and close together. This singular vault is still much in the same state as we have described it, though it is now used for other purposes than as a place of detention of prisoners, being, in fact, a very cool and commodious cellar.

When Derrick Carver was taken into the inn-yard, as already related, he became so faint that he was obliged to sit down on a horse-block for a few minutes to recover himself. Noticing his feeble condition, Dame Dunster, who had come forth to look at him, kindly sent for a cup of sack, and offered it to him. But Father Josfid again interposed, and bade her take the wine away, if she would not fall under the same ban as the miserable wretch before her. But the kind-hearted hostess persisted, whereupon the priest snatched the cup from her, and dashed its contents on the ground.

"You must have a heart utterly void of compassion, or you could not act thus," cried Dame Dunster to Father Josfid. "You would see the poor man die, and not raise a hand to help him. It would be happy for him, indeed, if he were to die, as in that case he would escape further cruelty."

"I am better now," replied Derrick Carver, raising himself to his feet by a great effort. "I lack not the wine you would have given me to drink, but I thank you heartily for the kind intent, and invoke Heaven's blessings upon your house."

"Thy blessings will prove curses, thou outcast from Heaven," cried the priest.

"Be not troubled by his words, good sister," said Carver. "Be mindful of what I say to you. Avoid idolatry and superstition. Place your faith in the Gospel, and you shall live. Pray for me, sister, and I will pray for you."

Dame Dunster and her maidens turned away weeping, while Carver descended a flight of stone steps leading to the vault, the door of which being unlocked, he was rudely thrust into the subterranean chamber. A few trusses of straw for a couch, with bread-and-water for sustenance, being supplied him, he was left alone, and the door locked outside.

After glancing round the vault, noting its size, and the solidity of its walls, Carver turned his attention to the barred opening, already described as being on a level with the street. Through this opening noises reached his ears, but no one was allowed to approach and hold converse with him, a guard being placed outside the inn.

Carver took a few turns in the vault, and then sitting down upon a wooden bench, which constituted its sole furniture, took out his Bible, which had been happily spared him, and began to read it. He had been occupied in this manner for some time, when the strokes of a pickaxe dealt upon the stones in the street disturbed him, and he raised his head to listen. By-and-by the clatter of a shovel was heard—then there was a great noise as if several men were carrying a heavy mass, which appeared to be plunged into a hole that had just been digged; and then there was a dull, dead, thumping sound, as if the earth were being beaten down by a ram.

Suspecting what was going forward, but desiring to know the truth, Carver placed the bench immediately below the window, and, mounting upon it, raised himself so that he could just look through the bars into the street. He then found that his conjectures were correct, and that the noises he had heard were caused by men who were planting the stake in the ground to which he was to be attached on the morrow. With a mournful curiosity he watched them at their work, and did not withdraw till the stake was firmly secured, and a heavy iron chain attached to it. He had just got down, when he heard Captain Brand, whose harsh voice he instantly recognised, giving directions to the men.

"Take care that plenty of fagots are provided," he said; "and, furthermore, I must have an empty tar-barrel, large enough to hold the prisoner. He boasts of his firmness," added Brand, with a bitter laugh. "We will see whether we cannot shake it."

It would seem that he was likely to be disappointed in his expectation, for Carver heard the order given without the slightest feeling of dread, but calmly resumed the perusal of the sacred volume at the point where he had laid it aside. Neither did he desist until it grew dark, and he was unable to read longer.

He then knelt down and prayed fervently, continuing his vigils until long after midnight, when weariness overcame him, and, flinging himself upon the straw, he presently fell asleep.

He was roused from his slumbers by a stone which fell upon the

floor of the vault not far from where he was lying, and as he stirred he heard a voice calling to him from the barred window, and looking in that direction, he could just distinguish the figure of a man.

"Who speaks?" he demanded, rising to his feet.

"A friend," replied the other. "Come nearer—quick!"

"The voice seems familiar to me," observed Carver, "and if I did not deem it impossible, I should say it was——"

"It is he you suppose," interrupted the speaker. "Come as near me as you can, and come quickly, for I may be discovered."

Thus adjured, Carver mounted the bench, and was then only separated by the bars from the person outside, whom he now recognised as Osbert Clinton.

"Why have you incurred this danger on my account, oh, rash young man?" he cried.

"I have somewhat to impart," replied Osbert; "but I must be brief, for though the man on guard has quitted his post, he may return. In a word, then, I shall make an attempt to deliver you from these bloodthirsty tigers to-morrow. I have half a dozen friends with me, and when you are brought forth for execution, we will fall upon the guard and set you free."

"I forbid you to make the attempt, my son," replied Carver. "I am fully prepared to die, and would not accept a pardon from my enemies were it offered me. By freeing me as you propose, you would wrest from me the crown of martyrdom which I hope to win at yonder stake. My race is almost run, and the goal is at hand. I have done with the world, and would not be brought back to it. My last sufferings will be sharp, but they will be speedily over, and I rejoice that I am able to bear them. Again, I say, this attempt must not be made."

"Since you will have it so, I must needs obey," rejoined Osbert, in a mournful tone. "And yet I would try to move you."

"It would be in vain," said Carver. "Our moments are precious. Let them not be wasted in idle discussion. I will not fly from the death prepared for me. The stake is ready, and shall not want the victim. I know you will readily do me a service. Seek out my poor wife and children at Brightelmstone, and bid them farewell for me."

"I have already seen them," replied Osbert. "Your wife is ill—too ill to leave the house—and I enjoined her not to come here to-morrow."

"You did right—quite right," rejoined Carver. "What of my aged mother?" he demanded, in a voice of profound emotion.

"I ought to have no concealment from you now," said Osbert. "Your mother is no more."

"I thought so," replied Carver, after a pause. "She appeared to me just now during my slumber. Her countenance wore a heavenly smile, and methought her lips opened to address me, but

I could not catch the words she uttered. Her spirit was still hovering nigh me when you woke me from the blissful dream."

There was a deep, solemn pause, after which Carver continued: "And now, Osbert Clinton, I have some counsel to give you. The success of the great enterprise on which you are engaged will depend on the prudence with which it is conducted. Be not rash. Wait for a favourable opportunity to strike the blow, and take heed that you do not place confidence in traitors."

"We expect men and money from France," said Osbert.

"France will play you false, as she has done before," replied Carver.

"But we are obliged to trust to that power, since we have now no other resources," said Osbert. "All our possessions have been seized and sequestered, and we have not wherewithal to pay the host we could raise. We have men, but not money. We lack as many chests of gold as were brought from Spain by Philip when he landed at Southampton."

"What became of that Spanish bullion?" demanded Carver.

"Part of it has been expended in bribes to our venal nobles," replied Osbert. "But the rest is deposited in the Tower."

"Is there much of the treasure left?" inquired Carver.

"Half is left, as I understand," replied Osbert.

"Why not seize upon it, then?" cried the other. "'Tis lawful spoil. Instead of being employed to corrupt mercenary nobles to enslave their country, let it be used to free the land from Spanish thralldom and Popish tyranny. Have no scruples. Seize upon it, I say. It was brought into England to forge golden fetters for our rulers, let it be turned into avenging swords."

"That treasure, indeed, would accomplish all we seek, if we could obtain possession of it," said Osbert. "But I have told you it is safely deposited in the Tower."

"And I say to you that it must be your business to get it thence," rejoined Carver.

"You would not have me lay siege to the Tower to obtain it?" said Osbert.

"By stratagem you may accomplish what you desire," returned Carver. "I have no plan to suggest; but if you weigh the matter carefully over, one is sure to occur to you."

"I will give it due consideration," said Osbert. "Have you aught more to say?"

"Only to wish you happiness with her you love," replied Carver. "My last words to Constance were to urge her to look forward confidently to the day when she will be united to you. For that day will come. It may not come so soon as you anticipate and desire, but come it will. One word more, and I have done. Should this insurrection prosper, and your enemies fall into your hands, let no harm befall Cardinal Pole. And now tarry no longer, my son. Take my blessing with you, and depart."

"It is time," replied Osbert. "I hear the footsteps of the guard. I shall be near you at the stake. Adieu!"

So saying, he disappeared, while Carver, descending from the bench, knelt down and prayed fervently.

His devotions ended, he arose, and bethinking him of the vision he had seen during his slumber, he called out, "Spirit of her from whom I derived my being, if thou art indeed permitted to visit me, and art nigh me now, as I think, I adjure thee to manifest thyself to me in the same angelic form, and with the same angelic aspect, as I beheld thee in my dream. Appear before me in this celestial guise if thou canst, and cheer and comfort me with thy smile!"

At the close of this invocation, which he uttered with great fervour, he looked around, half hoping that the spirit would become visible, but nothing met his gaze except the gloomy walls of his prison. He fancied, however, that he heard something like a soft, low sigh, and felt a breath of cool air upon his brow.

"It may not be," he said. "Thou canst not reveal thyself to me, or mine eyes are unable to discern thee. But I must have patience. In a few short hours I shall be as thou art, and we can then hold the communion together which is denied us now."

He then resumed his devotions, and continued in earnest prayer till dawn glimmered through the bars of the window, and ere long filled the vault with light.

Then some slight stir began to be heard in the street, and by-and-by those on guard peered in at the bars of the window. They beheld the prisoner seated upon the bench, with the Bible open on his knee, profoundly occupied in its perusal.

IV.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CALVARY.

A LOVELY morning dawned upon Lewes. The sun, which ere it reached its meridian was destined to shine upon a terrible ceremonial, rose brilliantly over Mount Caburn, glittering upon the brow of that majestic eminence, and on the smooth summits of the adjacent hills, and filling the wide valley, watered by the meandering Ouse, with radiance. Kingston Hill with the heights, enclosing the valley on the west, and extending to Newhaven, glowed with roscate lustre, as did lordly Mount Harry and his subject hills at the rear of the town. The noble amphitheatre of downs, by which the town is surrounded, were seen in all their beauty, and no one unacquainted with what was passing would have supposed that a morn so auspicious could usher in other than a joyous day.

At an early hour the bells of the different churches began to toll solemnly, announcing to the inhabitants that a sad ceremonial was about to take place, and shortly after six o'clock a religious pro-

cession, consisting of a number of Cluniac monks, with the clergy and authorities of the place, the high sheriff, the under-sheriffs, the chief burgesses, with the headborough and constables, assembled in the High-street, and proceeded to the Star Inn, where Derrick Carver was brought out, and ordered to join it. The train was headed by the Cluniac monks, who were attired in the habits of their order, and after them walked the prisoner, with Father Josfrid beside him. Next came the sheriff with Captain Brand, then the local clergy and authorities, while the headborough and constables brought up the rear. The procession descended the steep street leading to the East-gate, through which it passed, and then, turning off on the right, and skirting the old walls, which were thronged with spectators, crossed the valley to Southover, and shaped its course towards the singular mount rising on the east of the ruined priory of Saint Pancras. On the summit of this eminence, a large crucifix, with the figure of the Saviour nailed to it, was then reared, forming, from its commanding position, a conspicuous object for miles around.

On reaching the summit of the mount the monks prostrated themselves at the foot of the cross, and began to recite a prayer, while the rest of the procession assumed an equally reverential posture. Derrick Carver, however, refused to kneel, and on this occasion his prejudices were respected. As he remained standing amidst the kneeling assemblage, he cast his eyes around, and surveyed the fair scene of which he was about to take leave for ever. To one less firmly constituted, it might have seemed hard to quit so lovely a world. But his thoughts were fixed on heaven, and though Nature put on her most tempting aspect, she could not lure him back to earth.

Immediately beneath him lay the ruins of the once noble priory of Saint Pancras, demolished by the Vicar-General Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., and as he looked at the fragments of this vast and stately pile, Carver rejoiced in its destruction. Adjoining these ruins was an immense dovecot, built in the form of a cross, above which thousands of pigeons were circling or alighting on its roof. On his right, across a woody valley, climbing the side of a hill, and with its picturesque habitations intermingled with trees, was the town with whose annals his name was thenceforward to be associated. Beautiful it looked on that bright clear morning, and proudly towered its old Norman castle—grey walls, quaint houses, and church-towers, glittering in the sunbeams, and all seeming to claim attention; but Carver turned from them to gaze at the downs, and as his eye wandered over those fair hills, thoughts of other days rushed upon him.

Many and many a happy hour had he spent upon those downs. Familiar with all their beauties, his imagination carried him from point to point, till it brought him to the little fishing-town

where he was born, and where the greater part of his life had been spent. For a moment only did he yield to the emotions awakened within his breast. They were sharp and poignant, but he instantly checked them, and resumed his former stoicism.

Just then, the monks having finished their prayer, arose, and began to chant a hymn to the blessed Virgin, in which all those with them joined. Many of the inhabitants of the town had followed the procession to the calvary, and by this time a large concourse had assembled on the sides and at the base of the mount. All these persons joined in the choral hymn; and the effect of so many voices linked together in harmony was inexpressibly fine.

At the conclusion of the hymn the monks began slowly to descend the mount, chanting lugubrious strains as they moved along. The others followed in the same order as before. As Derrick Carver marched on, many of the spectators expressed their sympathy for him, but no one was suffered to approach him, or exchange a word with him.

Amongst those who had followed the procession to the mount were some half-dozen young men on horseback, who had hitherto kept aloof from the crowd; but just as Derrick Carver reached the foot of the mount, one of them suddenly dismounted, and leaving his steed with his companions, forced himself into a front place amid the line of spectators.

The movement attracted the attention of the prisoner, who instantly recognised Osbert Clinton, and signified to him by his gestures that no change had taken place in his sentiments.

Osbert's imprudent movement, however, had not escaped the notice of Captain Brand, who, moreover, detected the glance of intelligence that passed between the young man and Carver. When Osbert shortly afterwards rejoined his companions and remounted his horse, Brand directed the sheriff's attention to the group, and inquired if he knew the young men.

De Warren replied in the negative, declaring they must be strangers.

"I am certain I have seen that young man before," observed Brand, "though I cannot, for the moment, give him a name. Ha! I have it!" he exclaimed, quickly. "It is Osbert Clinton."

"What! he who was engaged in the last rising?" cried the sheriff, surprised.

"The same," replied Brand. "I am sure of it. And now I look at the others, I cannot doubt but that they are the ringleaders in that treasonable affair. A heavy price is set on all their heads, and I must call upon you to aid me in their capture, Sir Richard."

"I will readily do so," replied De Warren; "but even supposing you are right in your suspicions, we must act with prudence. They are all well mounted, and on the slightest movement will be off, and easily baffle pursuit upon these downs. Alarm them not.

They are following the procession. Once in the town, we can easily secure them."

"They are evidently come to witness the execution," said Brand, "and may design to rescue the prisoner."

"Fear nothing; we shall have them safe enough if we proceed with caution," rejoined the sheriff. "I will presently give instructions concerning them to Master Piddinghoe, the headborough."

"Leave the matter to me, I pray you, Sir Richard," said Brand. "I can manage it without the headborough's aid."

"You desire to obtain the whole reward, eh, Captain Brand?" observed De Warren. "Well, as you please."

The whole of this conversation had reached the ears of Derrick Carver, who marched in front of the speakers, and the danger incurred by Osbert and his friends caused him great uneasiness. Fain would he have warned them of their peril by look or gesture, but no opportunity of doing so occurred.

Meantime, the procession moved on, and, pursuing a different course on its return, entered the town by the Water-gate, and then ascending the steep and narrow thoroughfare called Saint Mary's-lane, came forth into the High-street, exactly opposite the Star Inn. To his great satisfaction, Captain Brand remarked that Osbert Clinton and his companions had likewise passed through the Water-gate.

V.

HOW CAPTAIN BRAND SOUGHT TO CAPTURE THE CONSPIRATORS.

ON being brought back to the hostel, Derrick Carver was again conducted to the vault, there to remain till the hour appointed for his execution. He was so much troubled in spirit, owing to his anxiety for the safety of Osbert Clinton and his companions, that he could not address himself to prayer, and was pacing to and fro, when the door was unlocked, and the hostess entered. Her first business was to set down a little basket which she had concealed under her mantle, and she then informed Carver that she had brought him some wine and food. "I have prevailed upon Master Piddinghoe to grant me admittance to you," she said, "and I have managed to bring in this basket unperceived by the guard. Eat, I pray you, if only a morsel, and drink a cup of wine. It will strengthen you."

"I thank you heartily, good mistress," replied Carver, "but I shall eat and drink no more. There is, however, one great service which you can render me, if you are so minded."

And he looked at her wistfully.

"What is it?" she replied. "Tell me, and I will do it. You may perfectly confide in me."

Carver then, in a few words, informed her of the danger of Osbert Clinton and his friends, and after describing their appearance, entreated her to warn them speedily.

"I will do your bidding without an instant's delay," she replied. "I have seen the gentlemen you describe, and will find them out, and urge them to instant flight. This accounts for the orders I heard given to Master Piddinghoe by Sir Richard de Warren, that all the town gates are to be closed, and no one allowed to go forth without a password. Luckily, I overheard it, and will give it to your friends."

"You have removed a load of anxiety from my breast, good mistress," said Carver. "If they are safe, I shall die content."

"Then let no anxiety on their account trouble you further," she rejoined. "Ere many minutes they shall be out of Lewes. Farewell!"

"Farewell, sister; my blessing go with you."

Hereupon the hostess quitted the vault, and Carver, whose bosom was no longer oppressed, knelt down and resumed his devotions.

Meanwhile, Dame Dunster, quitting the hostel privily, went in search of Osbert and his companions; but she could discover nothing of them, and at last came to the conclusion that they had already flown. She ascertained, however, that in obedience to the sheriff's orders, all the town gates were shut and guarded.

The hour appointed for the execution was now at hand. The bell of Saint Michael's Church began to toll solemnly. A great crowd was already collected in front of the Star Inn, but a clear space was kept by the constables around the stake.

The din and confusion in the street, though it reached his ears, did not distract the prisoner from his devotions, and he continued in earnest prayer, until at last the door of his cell was thrown open, and the sheriff, with Captain Brand, Father Josef, and two officers provided with halberds, entered the vault. On seeing them, Derrick Carver immediately arose from his knees, and told them, in a firm voice, that he was ready.

"I cannot hold out any hope of pardon to you," said De Warren, "but I would fain hope that you will not die impenitent."

"I shall die, sir, as I have lived, in the faith I have professed and defended," replied Carver.

"Peradventure you are of opinion that an attempt will be made to liberate you?" observed Brand. "It is well you should be undeceived. The dangerous rebels who have ventured here have fallen into a snare."

"Are they taken?" cried Carver.

"They soon will be," replied Brand. "Thou thyself mayst possibly behold their capture. We hold them in our hands. Their retreat is cut off. It will be my business to convey them to the Tower."

"Alas! why did they come hither?" groaned Carver.

"That is best known to themselves," rejoined Brand; "but they have done me a good turn by coming."

"Have you aught to confess or declare concerning them?" demanded the sheriff.

"An idle question," rejoined Carver. "Think you I would say aught to their detriment?"

Thereupon, the sheriff, bidding the officers bring forth the prisoner, quitted the cell, and was presently followed by the others. Several persons were assembled in the inn-yard, and amongst them were Dame Dunster and her handmaidens, weeping bitterly, to whom Carver bade an eternal adieu, bidding them be comforted.

The gates, which had been hitherto kept closed, were then thrown open, and the prisoner becoming visible to a portion of the vast assemblage collected in the street, loud cries arose.

The stake, as we have already mentioned, was planted in the middle of the High-street, exactly opposite the Star Inn, where the thoroughfare was widest. Around the place of execution a large circular space was kept clear by the constables and other officers armed with halberds, and within this ring was heaped up a great pile of fagots with bundles of dried gorse. In front of the stake stood the large empty tar-barrel, commanded by Captain Brand. It was reared on end, and the top had been staved in. Such were the preparations made for the terrible ceremonial.

Into this ring Derrick Carver marched with firm footstep, and his appearance was greeted with outcries of various kinds from the beholders. He was closely attended by Father Josfrid, who continued to press exhortations upon him, to which he refused to listen. At this juncture Captain Brand came up to him, and said, "Thy life shall be spared for a few minutes, that thou mayst know the fate of thy friends." He then added to the officers: "Chain him not to the stake till you receive the sheriff's signal from yonder window."

And he pointed, as he spoke, to a large open window on the first floor of the inn, which, unlike all the other windows of the house, was destitute of spectators. Every spot, indeed, commanding a view of the place of execution was occupied. The entrance to Saint Mary's-lane was blocked up by a small party of horsemen, who, it need scarcely be said, were Osbert Clinton and his friends. They had stationed themselves at this point in order to secure a retreat in case of need, but were wholly unaware that a party of armed men were slowly ascending the narrow thoroughfare in their rear.

On quitting Derrick Carver, Captain Brand returned to the inn-yard where he had left his officers, and, putting himself at their head, was about to sally forth and make the arrest he meditated, when his plan was most unexpectedly thwarted by Dame

Dunster, who, suddenly appearing at the open window which we have described as reserved for the high sheriff and his attendants, leaned from it, and waving a kerchief to attract the attention of Osbert and his friends, called out to them in a loud voice,

"Save yourselves!—save yourselves!—you are betrayed!"

Thus warned, the horsemen turned instantly to ride down the hill, but at once perceived that their retreat in this direction was cut off. Osbert did not hesitate a moment, but calling out lustily to the crowd, "Make way, friends!—make way!" a passage was instantly opened for him and his companions, and, ere any hindrance could be offered them, they were all within the ring, and close to the prisoner.

"You will not see this good man barbarously put to death, my masters," cried Osbert, but will aid him to escape."

Several voices instantly answered the appeal, and a great tumult arose amid the crowd.

"Think not of me, but save yourself!" cried Carver to Osbert. "I shall not quit this spot."

So suddenly had the daring deed we have described been executed, that surprise took away the power of opposition from the constables and halberdiers, but they now took heart, and encircled the horsemen, who had drawn their swords, and kept them off. At the same time Captain Brand, who was issuing from the inn-yard with his men, vociferated,

"Stay them, in the Queen's name!—let them not pass!—they are rebels and traitors!"

"Touch us not, good friends," cried Osbert. "We are true men, and would deliver you from Spanish bondage and Popish thralldom."

Upon this several of the crowd called out,

"We are for you, masters. This way!—this way!"

And, seconding their words by deeds, they threw themselves upon the constables in front of them, and speedily opened a passage, through which Osbert and his companions got out of the ring, and dashed up the High-street.

A number of persons instantly started in pursuit, and as the West-gate was closed, it was thought that the fugitives must infallibly be captured; but those who entertained the notion were wrong, since, instead of seeking an exit by that gate, Osbert and his companions turned off on the left, and dashing down another thoroughfare as steep and narrow as St. Mary's-lane, descended it in safety, and on reaching the bottom of the hill, found that the Water-gate was open, and rode through it ere the warder had time to shut it. Being now out of the town, and all admirably mounted, they set pursuit at defiance, and in less than an hour were safe on the other side of Kingston Hill.

VI.

THE MARTYRDOM OF DERRICK CARVER.

So great was the confusion in the High-street after the flight of Osbert Clinton and his companions, and so threatening were the language and attitude of the populace, that it became a question with the sheriff whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution to the following day. As a matter of precaution, Derrick Carver was taken into the entrance-hall of the hostel, the door of which was closed, and a guard placed before it.

Here he was kept for nearly an hour, when Captain Brand returned with the intelligence that he had failed in capturing the rebels. These were joyful tidings to Derrick Carver, and he exclaimed, "Now I shall die content!"

After a brief consultation between the sheriff and Brand, it was decided that the execution should be proceeded with, upon which Brand went forth with his men, and soon succeeded in clearing a space, as before, round the stake.

This done, Derrick Carver was again brought forth, and when he appeared on the threshold of the inn, a great cry arose from the people, and it became evident from the violence of their gestures and vociferations that another disturbance was at hand.

Alarmed by these menacing demonstrations, Sir Richard de Warren, who was of a somewhat timid nature, ordered the prisoner to be taken back, but Brand insisted that the sentence must be carried out.

"We must not yield to intimidation," he said. "The law must be carried out at all risks."

Still the sheriff hesitated, when Derrick Carver interposed:

"I pray you, sirs, let me speak to them," he said. "They will listen to me."

"Speak to them if thou wilt," rejoined Brand. "But say nought to inflame them further, or it shall be worse for thee."

Having obtained this permission, Carver called out in a loud voice to the assemblage that he desired to address them, upon which the tumult and clamour instantly ceased.

"Hear me, good friends," he cried, amidst the sudden silence. "I am come here to give testimony by my death to truth and pure religion against Antichrist and false doctrines, and I beseech you, if you hold with me in the Faith, to let me die in peace. I would have my ending profitable to you, and not the cause of bloodshed and destruction even of my enemies."

This address produced the effect desired, and from that moment the crowd became tranquil, and offered no further interruption to the proceedings.

Seeing that order was restored, the sheriff committed the further conduct of the ceremonial to Brand, and withdrew to the upper

window overlooking the street, whence he could contemplate the tragical spectacle as from a tribune.

Meantime, Derrick Carver, pushing aside Father Josfrid, marched up to the stake, and after embracing it tenderly, knelt down, and in tones of the utmost fervour prayed for strength and heavenly grace that he might by his death glorify the Saviour's holy name, ratify his Gospel, comfort the hearts of the weary, confirm his Church, and convert such as were to be converted. He further prayed for support during the grievous torments to which he was about to be subjected, offering himself up as a willing sacrifice and burnt-offering, and concluded by imploring that the blessing of the Word, of which the realm was at present unhappily deprived, might be once more vouchsafed to it. This prayer, uttered aloud and with great earnestness, produced a profound impression on all who heard it.

Seeing this, and anxious to efface the impression, Father Josfrid advanced towards him, and said,

"Wretched man, thy last hour is arrived; but there is yet time to save thy soul if thou wilt recant thine heresies, and return to the Church thou hast abandoned, but which is willing to receive thee."

"Hence with thee, tempter!" cried Carver, rising to his feet. "Wert thou to offer me all the riches of earth I would not become an idolater."

Thus rebuked, Father Josfrid withdrew, and his place was taken by two rough-looking men, one of whom rudely ordered the prisoner to make ready.

Upon this, Carver proceeded to divest himself of a portion of his apparel, and while he was thus employed, several persons among the crowd called out to him for a memorial, upon which he threw his garments amongst them, and they were instantly seized upon by a hundred eager hands, and rent in pieces, the fragments being carefully preserved by those who were fortunate enough to secure them.

As he was taking off his doublet, the sacred volume which had been the solace of his long imprisonment, and which he had kept about him to this moment, fell to the ground; seeing which, Captain Brand, who was standing by, picked it up, and with a look of disdain tossed it into the tar-barrel near the stake.

The two rough-looking men, who had remained near the prisoner, now took hold of him, and raising him in their arms, set him within the barrel. Thus disposed, Carver's first business was to take up the Bible, and after pressing his lips to it, he threw it amidst the crowd.

Greatly enraged by the act, Captain Brand called out in a furious voice to the person who had secured the prize to restore it instantly on pain of death, whereupon it was flung back, and was subsequently consigned to the flames.

A heavy chain was then passed around Carver's body and made fast to the stake. Left to himself for a moment, the martyr then called out in a loud voice, "Farewell, dear brethren, farewell! Our Church is encompassed about by deadly enemies, who seek its destruction, and it is for the restoration of that Church that my blood is this day freely poured forth. It will not be shed in vain. Comfort ye amid your troubles, and remain steadfast in your faith! Happier days shall soon dawn upon you. Farewell, O, farewell!"

No sooner had he concluded this valediction, which was responded to by loud lamentations from the majority of the assemblage, than the men began to heap fagots around him, filling the barrel with dry gorse and brushwood.

Before the pile, which was heaped up to his shoulders, could be lighted, the martyr exclaimed, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord. Thrice blessed are they who die in the Lord's cause. Fear not them that kill the body, for they cannot kill the soul. He that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it, saith our blessed Saviour, in the which hope I die. Again, dear brethren, I bid you farewell!"

"A truce to thy blasphemy!" cried Brand, seizing a torch and applying it to the pile.

Fast and fierce burnt the fire, and quickly mounted the flame, but, to judge from the serene expression of his countenance, it might have been as innocuous to the martyr as was the blaze of the burning fiery furnace to the three Israelites. Not a groan escaped Derrick Carver, and his last words were, "I go to obtain my reward."

Captain Brand was as good as his word. A rare bonfire was seen that day at Lewes. Fagots and brushwood were heaped upon the pile till the flames rose up higher than the upper windows of the old hostel, and the heat was so great, that those nearest the blazing mass drew back half scorched.

When the fire had burnt out, all that remained was a heap of ashes, in the midst of which stood a charred stake with an iron chain attached to it.

Such was the martyrdom of Derrick Carver.

His memory is not forgotten in Lewes; and on the fifth of November in each year, a great torchlight procession, composed of men in fantastic garbs and with blackened visages, and dragging blazing tar-barrels after them, parades the High-street, while an enormous bonfire is lighted opposite the Star Inn, on the exact spot where Derrick Carver perished, into which, when at its highest, various effigies are cast. A more extraordinary spectacle than is presented by this commemoration of the Marian persecutions in Lewes it has never been our lot to witness.

End of the Sixth Book.

THE RUSSIAN MAGNA CHARTA.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century there was erected in St. Petersburg, at the back of the Summer Garden, on the right bank of the Fontanka Canal, and among the ugly monotonous "exercising houses," a gigantic red-painted nightmare in stone, surrounded by a walled moat and commanded by armed bastions—it was the Michailow Palace which the Czar Paul I. erected in the course of a few years, and painted red because his mistress, the Princess Gagarin, was wearing gloves of that colour on the day when the painting of the palace was discussed. In the last weeks of the eighteenth century the strange edifice was completed, and inhabited by the Czar, who regarded with disgust the Winter Palace, as well as all the other residences of his mother, Catharine. Never in history had there been any instance of mother and son hating each other so fervently. On February 7, 1801, an imperial carriage drove up to the door of this palace, and in it were seated General Diebitsch, father of the future general of that name, a "nutcracker face," and a lad of thirteen, who within a few years would become one of the most prominent men of the age, but who now, "with a perfect edifice of powder and pomade on his head, and stuffed into a light green dragoon uniform, which was opposed to the natural dimensions of his person," looked like a caricature of a miniature soldier of old Fritz. The boy, Prince Eugene of Würtemberg, brother's son of Paul's second consort Dorothea, a Russianised Maria Fedorowna, noticed, as the carriage rolled through the frowning gates of the palace, that the hand of his governor and companion Diebitsch trembled and turned icy cold, and he fancied the old man was whispering a prayer: "Severe lord, do not eat me." Such were the feelings with which men approached the Autocrat of all the Russias, even when, like old Diebitsch, they might count themselves among his favourites. The old nutcracker could tell plenty of anecdotes about the Czar's whimsies. After leaving the Prussian service for the Russian, he was appointed colonel à la suite, then suddenly banished to Siberia, but surprised at Twer by his appointment as general. Hence recalled to the steps of the altar, he was harshly ordered to kneel down, but, instead of receiving the expected death-stroke, was dubbed a Count of Malta. This Maltese grand-master rat was one of the best fed and longest tailed of all the rats that rattled about in Paul's brain-pan.

The new comers passed through several halls and ante-chambers to the "eventful" folded doors, whose opening, accompanied by Diebitsch's startled ejaculation, "Well, God be merciful to us!" displayed the Czar to the Swebian lad. Of middle height and thin, Paul had a dirty yellow, or rather earthy face, with small eyes, African blubber-lip, and short, flattened, broad nose: he was a thorough Bashkir, the beau ideal of Calmuck beauty. Add to this the scarecrow old Prussian dress, the ante-diluvian cut of the uniform, the sword thrust through the coat-tail, the plastered hair, the long tail, the strange gestures, and hoarse jackal's voice;

and all this formed a phantasmagoric, repulsive, and uncanny object. The young prince suddenly summoned to the Russian court by his aunt's husband, by advancing towards the Czar with all the coolness of his rustic education at Karlsruhe, in Silesia, at once made the conquest of the redoubtable tyrant, who, after a short conversation with the boy, leapt up from his chair, nodded graciously to Diebitsch, and threw "kiss hands" to the prince, with the words, "My young gentleman, I am glad to form your acquaintance. Wait a moment, I will announce you to the empress." The Czarina Maria, "an imposing lady of forty years of age, of lofty stature and majestic appearance," said, after looking at her nephew, "*Il a l'air bien nourri.*" To which the Czar, "*C'est un joli gargon.*" The young prince now thought it time to air his French, but Paul interrupted him with the hasty question, "Did you learn to speak French so well at home?" "Of a Frenchman, your majesty." "Well, you will learn Russian soon." "It is difficult." "How do you know that?" "From my Russian teacher." "Now, that is famous," cried the Czar, clapping his hands, and turning to his consort. "Really, many of our hobble-de-hoys have made the grand tour, and not brought so much back with them as this boy knows." "Your majesty," I here remarked (so the prince tells us), "is quite mistaken. I could not pass an examination, but I will study diligently, and perhaps correct my defects." "Bravo, bravo!" the Czar cried again, and laughed almost convulsively. He repeated his "*C'est excellent*" a countless number of times; he seized the boy's hands, shook them violently, then turned to the empress with strange gestures, laughed again with all his might, struck his chest several times as if self-satisfied, and exclaimed, "*Savez vous, que ce petit drôle a fait ma conquête?*" kissed his hand once more to the prince, and went off humming a tune. The Czarina looked with amazement at his humming majesty. "What new whim is this?" she probably thought, but was far from expecting the full extent of this new whim.

It is written, "Wee to the land whose king is a child;" and it ought to be written, "Triple wee to the land whose emperor is a madman." Russia experienced this most painfully during the madly tyrannical reign of Paul, a man who from childhood had displayed traces of imbecility, and who, when he came of age, should by rights have been placed in a strait-waistcoat. But the "right of birth," of legitimacy, is one of those holy phantasms before which the stupidity and cowardice of nations fall down and worship. The legitimacy of the son of Catharine II.? To speak of such a thing is an absurdity. Still, the poor mad Czar was convinced of it, and was confirmed in this conviction by the fact that, "from his youth up, he had been a horror to his mother." It is very probable, too, that Paul's fanatic wish to behave as the legitimate son of Peter III., who was so foully murdered at Ropsha, strengthened and developed his natural tendency to insanity. Apart from this tendency, when grand-duke he displayed other dark traits of character: pride and passion, lasciviousness, and a perfect fury for playing at soldiers. At the same time, in his calmer hours, he knew how to behave very amiably, and make his entourage believe that a "chivalrous impulse to action" animated him, though this chivalry in reality only existed in the phantasms of a sickly, excited imagination. Thus, while grand-duke, he tried

to play the part of Hamlet towards his detested mother, and as Czar, fostered the notion of the Maltese grand-mastery. All his acts of government bore the stamp of a capricious tyranny, or of point-blank insanity. In his unbounded fury to overthrow all the arrangements and the entire policy of his mother and predecessor, he succeeded within a very short period in throwing the internal condition of Russia and her external relations into a hopeless state of confusion. Even abroad the conviction was entertained much sooner than in Russia that this maniac must cease to rule. The new autocrat of France was, of course, of a different opinion, because he had good grounds for believing that he would be able to guide the Czar's folly in the leading-strings of his own cunning. It is true that Paul ascended the throne with well-meant views and principles, but his adventurous spirit ruined everything from the outset. A hurried anxiety to correct the faults of yesterday—thus a clever and merciful judge, Prince Eugene of Würtemberg,* passes sentence on this reign—produced to-day more lamentable results, and heaped up to-morrow such a mass of contradictions that they must have led to the most awful embarrassments had they not disappeared of themselves on the following day. Countless banishments to Siberia, passed without justice or trial, and just as capriciously revoked; sudden dismissals from the service, and equally sudden marks of favour; tyrannical punishments and arbitrary promotions; a purposeless departure from the traditions of the foreign policy of Russia; a violent breach with England, which brought the Russian landowners to fury, and the Russian merchants to despair; a hasty swallowing of the bait of a French alliance, and at the same time the most brutal persecution of everything Jacobinic, i.e. French, even down to round hats—of a verity, there was not even method in this madness of Paul's reign.

The details of this Czar's sins of omission and commission trenched on the coarsest brutality or the most utter imbecility. Of the first, a scholar of the cathedral school at Riga witnessed a specimen when Paul visited that town shortly after his accession. At an early hour, the four regiments forming the garrison were drawn up on the glacis to be inspected by the Czar. (On the previous evening the poor soldiers had been obliged to dip their uniforms in water and dry them on their bodies before a slow fire the whole night, so that not a crease might be visible.) The Czar, accompanied by the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine, walked along the ranks, dealing blows and thrusts right and left with his cane. Near the spot where our witness was standing, the Czar dashed in a wretched soldier's teeth and cut his face to pieces. The ill-used man fell senseless, and a cry of horror escaped from the scholar. A citizen seized him, and hurled him behind the crowd, with the words, "Accursed boy, do you want to ruin us all?" The boy, carried home senseless, told his father the next day the frightful occurrence. The latter replied in a faint, trembling voice, "For God's sake, boy, hold your tongue, or else we shall all be sent to Siberia to-day."† Here is another sketch to prove the Czaric imbecility. The colonel of a Guard regiment had in his

* *Memoiren des Herzogs Eugen von Würtemberg.* 1862.

† C. von Martens. *Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben eines alten Offiziers.*

monthly report returned an officer on the point of death in hospital as dead, and the Czar erased his name from the army-list with his own hands. Unluckily, however, the officer did not die, but recovered. The colonel, in his dread of the consequences of his premature report, persuaded the convalescent to retire for a while to his estates, until he found an opportunity to rectify the matter. The officer consented, but his heirs had read the official announcement of his decease, and would not recognise him as living. As the dead-alive could not recover possession of his estates, he went back to Petersburg and handed in a most humble petition to the Czar, requesting his most gracious recognition of his existence. Whereon Paul, who was very proud of doing and settling everything himself, like Frederick the Great, sat down and wrote the following marginal note: "As an imperial order has already passed in the matter of this officer, it cannot be recalled."*

Five-and-thirty millions of reasoning creatures exposed to the caprices of a dangerous lunatic—oh, the blessings of monarchy! That the state of things was unbearable, all capable thinkers in Russia were agreed. But to put an end to this insupportable state of things, a crime, an atrocity, was needed. In truth, the state of the Russian court under Paul I. is a gruesome page in the world's history. Incomparably more horrible than all the horrors of the French Reign of Terror in 1793. It was a thoroughly Muscovite brewage of Tartar roughness and Byzantine corruption, spiced with the *haut goût* of Parisian courtesan intrigues and arts. For a diplomatic she-swindler, Madame de Bonneuil was mixed up in the confusion, whose cunning fingers tied the first threads in the web of a Franco-Russian alliance; and there was a second Frenchwoman, Madame Chevalier, an actress by trade, who contrived to turn her noble rival, Princess Gagarin, out of his Czaric majesty's bedchamber. To complete the dreadful picture we must add one trait, which proves the utter disruption of the imperial family—the Czar regarding his wife and two grown-up sons with deadly suspicion, the empress and the grand-dukes trembling hourly and daily with the constant apprehension that the maniac might rage against them with chains and axe.

Russia would not have been Russia if the ulcers of this Czarism had not burst with a terrible catastrophe. Under the given circumstances, a conspiracy must necessarily be formed against the rule and life of the tyrant. This was a syllogism of the logic of facts, for while in free states the necessary and desired changes take place in broad daylight by the action and reaction of parties, in fettered ones they must be effected by light-shunning plots and murderous assaults. The idea of the conspiracy which produced the Russian Palace Conspiracy of 1801 emanated from Vice-Chancellor Panin and Admiral Ribas, who proposed to disarm Paul's tyrannical madness by compelling him to nominate his eldest son, the Grand-Duke Constantine, co-regent. The inventors of this scheme, it is quite certain, entertained the strange illusion that Paul would at once consent to this without the employment of any violence. The later participators in the conspiracy, however, did not indulge in such simple notions. It was of the utmost importance that the man to whom Paul had given the highest position which a subject ever legally held in

* Herzen. My Exile in Siberia.

Russia, the Livonian Count Peter Louis Pahlen, minister of foreign affairs, governor-general of Livonia and Ingermania, inspector-general of cavalry, imperial postmaster-general, and military governor of Petersburg, should share in Panin's view, and through his position become the real head of the conspiracy. Panin made the first revelations to the Grand-Duke Alexander, who repulsed them with "disgust." The course of events must, however, force on the prince the painful conviction that his interference, or, at least, his letting matters occur, was only a question of time. Count Pahlen was sharp-sighted to perceive that this notion was at work in Alexander's mind, and he offered his services on condition that Alexander should at once place himself at the head of the movement which purposed the creation of the co-regency. Pahlen clothed the required co-operation of the prince in the diplomatic formula, that he should be no further troubled beyond declaring that he would accept the regency were it offered him by the Senate. Whether Alexander expressly assented to this, or quietly allowed matters to take their course, cannot be historically decided. This intrigue about Alexander crossed one at work on behalf of the Empress Maria. The great families of the Kurakins, Lapuchins, Rasumofskys, and others, remembering with double bitterness in their present obscurity the splendour they enjoyed under Catharine's reign, had turned their eyes to the empress, and tried to inoculate her with the idea of imitating the great Czarina, and making herself regent in the name of her lunatic husband. There are, valid reasons for conjecturing that this idea took root in the mind of the empress, but her party was powerless against that of her son Alexander. The grand-duke, "adored by the women and the officers of the Guards," was the favourite of the nation, and the conspirators were the more resolved to act solely on his behalf, because his "gentle" and "yielding" character seemed to give the leaders of the undertaking a guarantee that they would be able to secure their own advantage more easily under his rule than under that of his determined mother, who, in the event of success, might be expected to act in a very domineering and energetic manner. The plot had, in the mean while, been greatly strengthened by the adhesion of the three brothers Plato, Valerian, and Nikolai Zubow, so famous under Catharine; of Generals Bennigsen, Galitzin, Uwaroff, Talyzin; and a number of other gentlemen and officers—for instance, Orlov, Tarotinow, Tolstoi, Princes Jaschvil, Wyäsemsky, and Serjaetin, as well as the whole of the officers and non-commissioned officers of Semenow's regiment of Guards.

The secret of the conspiracy was not very carefully guarded, and considering the number of persons implicated, it would have been surprising had no rumours reached the emperor's ears. Even more, Paul received full, though anonymous, statements as to the existence of the conspiracy. At this moment (the most credible witnesses confirm the fact), Count Pahlen undertook, by means of the most daring falsehood and deception, not to appease the emperor's suspicions, but to prevent him from immediate action. He gave himself up as the head of the conspiracy, which he had joined in order to watch the conspirators' designs, and be able to foil them more easily. The daring man did not stop at this. In order to secure a certain recipe for driving on the vacillating Grand-Duke Alexander, he kindled the emperor's smouldering jealousy of his wife and sons

into a bright flame, and then drove the wild threats which Paul showered on the empress and her two sons as maddening spurs into Alexander's hesitating mind. The Czar, instead of acting like a thorough and determined tyrant, wasted his time in menaces, like an imbecile. He confessed to Pahlen that he was resolved to shut up his wife, who was desirous to act as a second Catharine, in the convent of Kolmogory, near Archangel, and confine Alexander in the Schlüsselburg, and Constantine in the citadel of Petersburg. To his half-discharged mistress, Princess Gagarin, Paul is even reported to have said, at a weak moment, that, as his wife and children had conspired against him, heads which had once been dear to him beyond aught else would soon fall. The Gagarin imparted this statement red-hot to her mother, the Princess Lapuchin, the latter to her lover, General and Conspirator Uwaroff, who stated it to Count Pahlen, and he again to the Grand-Duke Alexander. At the same time the count is said to have shown the latter an order for his arrest, signed by the Czar, and entrusted to himself, as military governor of Petersburg, in readiness for any eventuality.

It is certain that the grand-duke still hesitated to consent to his father's deposition. His temper, which was at that time really gentle and pure, must, whenever he thought of the fate of his pretended grandfather, shudder at the nature of the way in which the deposition of a czar was effected. At this moment, however, a fresh complication ensued, which forced Alexander irrevocably into the arms of the conspirators. In the chaos of Paul's brain the idea had all at once germinated of excluding his two eldest sons from the succession in favour of a foreign lad, whom he intended to adopt as his son, and eventually marry to his daughter, the Archduchess Catharine, afterwards Crown Princess of Oldenburg, and after that Queen of Würtemberg. One evening in March, 1801, Prince Eugene of Würtemberg, on rising from the imperial table, had the misfortune to catch his spurs in the tablecloth, so that "he fell full length on the ground with the report of an exploding shell." The Czar gave the signal for a general burst of laughter. Suddenly, however, his face grew dark, he made a grimace at the laughing Grand-Duke Constantine, asked the young prince, who in the mean while had risen, with tender sympathy whether he had hurt himself, then hurriedly left the room, and ordered General Diebitsch to his cabinet. When the general, after the audience, drove away from the Michailow Palace with his princely pupil, he suddenly fell on his knees before the amazed lad, bedewed his hands with tears, and exclaimed, as if intoxicated: "Beloved, gracious sir! what have I heard? Is it possible, comprehensible, credible?" "Well, what is it, excellency?" "Oh! a grand-duke! He intends to adopt you!" This latest act of madness on the part of Paul did not remain a secret, and was taken so seriously by Alexander's partisans, that the Empress Maria felt greatly alarmed for the life of her nephew Eugene, whom she tenderly loved, and made secret arrangements, in the event of a catastrophe, to protect the boy from men who would assuredly have used but slight ceremony with a pretender to the throne, however involuntary his pretensions might be. Alexander, however, entertained in his "gentle" soul such a suspicion and hatred of his cousin Eugene, that he never got rid of it again. All his life long he only saw in the prince the possible pretender of 1801, whom his father wished to prefer

to him, and who was to have been elevated at his cost. Hence the icy coldness with which the Emperor Alexander repaid the unbounded devotion which the Würtemberg prince displayed towards him; hence the cruel injustice, the mean ingratitude, with which Eugene's great and extraordinary services to Russia were rewarded.*

It was no longer whispered in the salons and streets of Petersburg, no—so greatly was Paul's senseless tyranny already weakened—persons said openly, "The Czar is mad! Things cannot, must not, shall not go on in this way." People could no longer breathe in this oppressive leaden atmosphere. On March 21 there was a concert at court, but a gloom brooded over the company. The Czar, who was not enlivened by the singing of pretty Madame Chevalier, was sunk in gloomy thought, and only raised his head now and then to cast ferocious glances at his entourage. The empress looked timidly around her, as if trying to discover with what danger-threatening thoughts her consort was occupied. The Grand-Duke Alexander and his young wife Elizabeth sat in silent melancholy. When, after the concert, the imperial family and suite entered the supper-room, the Czar's behaviour became most extraordinary. He walked up to the empress, stood grinning contemptuously before her, hissed, spat, and growled like an angry tom-cat, and then repeated this peculiar conduct to his two sons Alexander and Constantine. Before they sat down, he called Count Pahlen to his side, and whispered a few words in his ear with dark looks. During supper, a "silence of the grave" prevailed. When the Czar rose, the empress and her sons went up to him as usual in order to salute him. But he turned away from them contemptuously, and hurried from the room. Yes, indeed, the Czar was mad, and things could no longer go on thus.

They only went on for two days, for the conspirators resolved to have an end to them. Indeed, they could do nothing else now that they had gone so far. They found themselves engaged with Paul in a war for life or death, and *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* He or they, there was no third course. After making their final arrangements, the conspirators assembled on the evening of March 23 at the house of General Talysin, colonel of the first (afterwards the Preobraschensky) regiment of Guards. A noisy supper took place, at which "the name of Brutus echoed from every mouth amid the fumes of champagne." This forgotten sound from the French Revolution, how wondrously meaning is its echo amid this murderous orgie of Russian aristocrats! Privy-councillor Trochinsky drew up a manifesto during the orgie, by virtue of which the emperor, "on account of illness," made the Grand-Duke Alexander co-regent. In the certain prospect that Paul could only be made to sign this document by violence, it was resolved to remove him to the Schlössburg, and there make him "pliant." "But suppose he refuses, and offers resistance?" "Bah!" Pahlen said, "*quand on veut faire des omelettes, il faut casser les œufs.*"† After the event, it is true, and very natural, Pahlen and the rest most firmly denied that they had had the slightest murderous intention in carrying out their undertaking. But

* Memoirs of Prince Eugene, and "Jugend Crinnerungen" of the same prince.

† We give this remark to Pahlen on the authority of Prince Eugene, but may remark that, according to other authors, it was Bennigsen who used it on the scene of the murder.

had any one been able to gaze on the inflamed features of these half or wholly intoxicated conspirators as they prepared to start for the Michailow Palace, he would certainly have read in the glances of the majority the resolution not to treat Paul I. more mercifully than Peter III. had been treated.

The parts were distributed, and excellently distributed, and all measures so carefully taken that success seemed ensured beforehand. For all this, though, the crafty Pahlen kept a back door open for the possibility of a failure, for he carefully avoided appearing at the Michailow Palace till all was over. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the conspirators proceeded to the red palace, within whose walls Paul fancied himself so secure. When they walked through the Summer Garden the noise of their footsteps startled the swarms of rooks that lived in the olden lime-trees from their nocturnal rest. The birds, whose croaking forebodes misfortune in Russia, noisily circled round the tree-tops. The evil omen caused the band to halt for a moment, but a cynical jest from one of the men at once set them in motion again. Without meeting with any noteworthy resistance, a chosen band of the conspirators, led by Adjutant-General Argamakoff, who was on duty that night, reached the bedchamber, and stood at the bedside of the sleepy emperor. At the head of this storming column were Prince Plato Zubow, the last official paramour of the Empress Catharine, and General Bennigsen. In full dress uniform, with their plumed hats on their heads, and sword in hand, they walked up to the bed of the surprised Czar. Zubow was to have handed him the decree of abdication, but lost his presence of mind. At this moment the well-nerved Bennigsen said, "Sire, vous êtes arrêté!" The betrayed man sprang up, and shouted to Zubow: "Que faites vous, Platow Alexandrowitch?" Zubow began to stutter, and hurried out of the room, the more eagerly because the false news had just arrived that the palace guard, or at least a portion of it, was hostile to the conspirators.

Bennigsen held his ground, and repeated: "Sire, vous êtes arrêté!" Paul could not speak for passion, and repeatedly changed colour; then he yelled in Russian, "Arrested! what does this mean?" "Abdicate! abdicate!" the band of conspirators roared from the end of the room; and Paul again: "Arrested! what does this mean? Help, guard, help!" Bennigsen, firmly: "Restez tranquille, sire, car il y a de vos jours." But the Czar was so beside himself, from terror and rage, that he had no ear for this menacing warning. "Arrested!" he yelled again. "What is the meaning of this arrest?" To which voices replied, from the chorus of conspirators, "It means that we ought to have put an end to you long ago!" "How? What have I done to you, then?" At this moment there was a noise at the door, produced by a party of officers belonging to the second (Semenow) regiment of Guards entering the ante-room. The conspirators, under the false impression that they were surprised, attempted flight; but the cool-blooded Bennigsen held his sword against them, and said: "It is too late to retreat!" The Czar took advantage of the moment to leap from his bed and run behind a large screen. One of the officers rushed after him and tried to seize him. During the tumult this produced the light was extinguished; they were in darkness, and Bennigsen shouted once more: "Sire, keep quiet; your life is at stake!"

Paul, however, had escaped from the grasp of his pursuer, slipped

behind the flags of the Guard regiments that were always placed in his bedroom, and thence into a chimney, up which he climbed for a short distance. For a moment the conspirators fancied that their victim had escaped them, and ran helplessly about, the more helplessly because Bennigsen had gone out to see the cause of the disturbance in the ante-room. But a light was brought, and the Czar was discovered up the chimney. He was seized by the legs and dragged down. Then came a wildly grotesque interlude in the frightful drama. Paul, in his Bashkir ugliness, only dressed in a shirt, and all over soot, stood in the centre of the conspirators and began to gesticulate and harangue, spit and snarl. The drunkards amused themselves with the pitiable maniac, and laughed at his appearance and behaviour. Then came the end. The unhappy man attempted to escape from the circle and reach the door. Prince Jaschvil tried to prevent him; the Czar thrust him back; Jaschvil seized him, and in the struggle both rolled on the ground. At this moment there was a wild medley, the light was again extinguished, and the screen thrown down. Once again the Czar got on his legs and uttered a piercing scream for help. Prince Wyäsemsky and two Guard officers, Sartorinow and Serjaetin, held him firmly, and one of them pressed his hand against the shrieking man's mouth. The emperor, now in fear of death, removed his hand with a desperate effort, and groaned, "Spare me! grant me at least time to pray to God!" Who knows whether these last words were heard by any but those in his immediate vicinity? At any rate, the entreaty was not granted. Serjaetin had taken off his scarf and now wound it tightly round the Czar, who had again been dragged to the ground. Others thrust their pocket-handkerchiefs into his mouth. Jaschvil held the victim tightly by the legs, and several others, pressing on in the gruesome darkness, threw themselves on the horrible group. At length Serjaetin had the scarf secured round the Czar's neck, and Nikolai Zubow drew the ends of it violently together. When Bennigsen returned with a light, he found the murdered emperor lying on the ground, stark naked, bleeding, trampled, throttled, choked—an awful sight, which even horrified the drunken murderers. Then they regained their energy, and finding their courage again in their success, they rushed with the wild shout of "Il est achevé!" out of the death-room and down the stairs. Thus died Paul I., the imperial lunatic, who regarded all men as slaves, and treated them as such; who deified absolute force, and gave away to noblemen upwards of two million souls.* And yet he was one of the *Dei gratiâs* and an "anointed of the Lord."

The news, "The tyrant is dead!" ran like a peal of joy-bells through the streets of the capital, through the whole empire, made men feel like those "who receive a reprieve on the steps of the gallows," and everywhere produced an immoderate delight and true stupor of happiness. Mountains of imprecations and abuse were heaped on the corpse of the murdered man, in all the shops rings were sold bearing the date of his death, men carried purses and women medallions, with the inscription "March 12 (o.s.), 1801." Valerian Zubow is said to have been the first to hurry from the scene of murder to the Grand-Duke Alexander, and salute the surprised man as emperor. According to his story, when

* Prince Dolgorukow. *La Vérité sur Russie.*

Plato Zubow and Bennigsen laid before the Czar the act of abdication, he sat up in his bed, sank back on his pillow through amazement and fury, and an attack of apoplexy put an end to his life.* According to another report, Alexander was not greatly surprised by the message that the crisis was over. General Bennigsen is said to have written in his *Memoirs*, which were sold by his widow to the Russian court: "When I (after the emperor's death) went to the heir to the throne unannounced, as I had been ordered, I found him lying on the sofa in full uniform. Alexander leapt up hurriedly and asked me, ere I had time to utter a word, in great excitement and with a violent manner, 'Is it all over?' " If this were the case, the grand-duke had, indeed, weighty reasons for saying with horror to the Guard officers who flocked in to salute him as emperor, "I will not accept this blood-stained crown; carry it to Constantine." In truth, he spoke thus in the first moment of horror. He knew that he had expected his father's dethronement, if not his death, and this consciousness became a worm in his mind, which only died with him. Not only in days of trial and misfortune, but in those of happiness and triumph, which at a later date set in so brilliantly for Alexander, not even when the lustre of the Czaric crown illumined all Europe, did the blood stains that polluted that crown disappear from his sight. Hence came the gloom spread over his temper, and the eventual overthrow of his mental faculties. A man cannot, even when half or wholly compelled, sever unpunished the most sacred bonds of nature; no, not even in thought.

It is very credible that the grand-duke, driven to desperation by the storm of his feelings, at length burst into convulsive sobbing. Count Pahlen aroused him from this outburst of surely conscientious sorrow—for the Alexander of that day was very different from the Alexander of the Congress of Erfurt—by the coarse remark, "This childish whining has lasted long enough; it is time for you to assume the government," and dragged him off so that he might present the new Czar to the troops collected in front of the Winter Palace. Early on March 24 the officers and officials of all ranks who hurried up to do homage, saw the youthful Cæsar, "with dishevelled hair and in tears," attending service for the dying in the palace chapel, while outside all who met on the squares or in the streets embraced and congratulated each other, and the people yielded to a delight which no pen is able to describe.

A very different scene was taking place in the apartments of the Empress Maria, in the Michailow murder-palace. The noise, by which she was aroused from her sleep, must have told her, in the existing state of affairs, that something was being done to her husband. The task was completed, however, ere the report reached her that the Czar was removed from the throne. She attempted to hasten to him, but found herself locked into her apartments. Shall I now be Empress-regent of Russia? That this thought occupied her mind there is not the slightest doubt. When Pahlen, sent by Alexander, came in to her, she received

* The attack of apoplexy was everywhere announced, and at first believed abroad to be real. Thus the First Consul wrote on April 12, 1801, to his brother Joseph: "*L'Empereur de Russie est mort dans la nuit de 23 au 24 Mars, d'une attaque d'apoplexie.*"—*Correspondance de Nap.*, VII. 145.

him with the words: "Shall I be able to endure the burden of this heavy office?" "Oh, madam, that is provided for" (on a eu soin), Pahlen replied; and then told the story about the apoplectic stroke. The imperial widow burst into the most violent passion, and distracted by horror, grief, and disappointment, impetuously ordered the count to leave her. General Bennigsen, who came in the name of the new emperor to invite her to the Winter Palace, was no better treated. "Who is emperor? who calls Alexander emperor?" "The voice of the nation, madam. The Guards have appealed to him." "I shall not recognise him till he has given me an explanation."

The poor empress, however, was not the only person whom the Emperor Paul's death aroused from all sorts of illusions and urged to violent language. In Paris, the Bonapartist bomb burst in the *Moniteur* of 27 Germinal: "Paul I^{er} est mort dans la nuit du 23 au 24 Mars!!! L'escadre anglaise a passé le Sund le 31!!! L'histoire nous apprendra les rapports qui peuvent exister entre ces deux événements." History, however, has not condescended to confirm the Bonapartist oracular statement that it was really Pitt's hand that twisted the eventful scarf round Paul's neck. At the outset, too, the occurrence of that awful March night had not the political consequences which the First Consul apprehended. A year later (March 11, 1802), he was enabled to write to his brother Joseph: "The Emperor Alexander is more than ever disposed to go hand in hand with France in all the great affairs of Europe." It is true, the vacillation of the Czaric temper was speedily displayed, not only in his external but in his internal policy. For several years, we allow, he clung firmly to the liberal and humane principles with which his tutor, the Swiss Laharpe, had inoculated him, and individually he wished and did many things in that sense. It is much to his honour, that as on his accession to the throne he gave no seats to his ministers, generals, and favourites, that partition of human cattle ceased in Russia which had been a disgrace to Catharine's government, and under Paul became the inevitable consequence of his absolutistic madness. But, generally speaking, all the hopes which the liberally-infected Russian aristocracy placed in the new Czar were destroyed. Several of the chiefs of the conspiracy formed against Paul—before all, Pahlen and Panin—were filled with the idea of obtaining from the palace revolution a limitation of the Czaric power, a Magna Charta for Russia, a constitutional government, naturally in a pre-eminently aristocratic sense. They appear, too, prior to the catastrophe, to have obtained from the heir-apparent some sort of oral promise of a constitution. But the affair failed from the fact that the conspirators began quarrelling about this constitution immediately after the catastrophe. Pahlen and the three Zubows, it is true, reminded the new emperor of the grand-duke's promise; but Talysin, Uwaroff, and Wolkonski, reading more truly Alexander's absolutistic instincts still hidden under the liberal varnish of youthful idealism, demanded that he should be proclaimed unlimited ruler, and carried it through.*

Hence, from the horrors of that March night of 1801, there arose no dawn of a new Magna Charta for Russia, and the Russian aristocracy

* Dolgoroukow.

were compelled to console themselves with the thought that at any rate the efficacy of the old one was fearfully confirmed on that night. When, shortly after the Emperor Paul's tragic ending a Muscovite grandee described all the details of the night of murder to the Hanoverian envoy, Münster, it produced a terrible impression on the German count, who was able to understand attacks upon nations but not upon princes. Whereupon the Muscovite, noticing the German's horror, soothingly remarked: "Mais, mon Dieu, que voulez-vous, Monsieur le Comte? La tyrannie tempérée par l'assassinat, c'est notre Magna Charta."*

TRÈVES, THE BELGIC ROME.

To that small but annually increasing class of summer tourists who are not irresistibly carried away up the Rhine towards the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, the pleasant banks of the Moselle remain no longer untrodden ground. The opening of the new railway, which connects the valleys of the Saar and Nahe, has rendered still more easy the accomplishment of a trip which used to depend on the somewhat broken reed of the steam communication on the Moselle itself. Either by branching off from Bingen, or by travelling south-east from Namur, it is equally easy to reach one of the most remarkable cities of Europe—Trèves, the Belgic Rome. Here the traveller will find himself, while surrounded by the red sandstone hills which bear the wholesome grape of the Moselle, at the end of a long chain of historic memories. But art having done but little to enhance those monuments of the Sancta Treviris, which date from the middle ages and more modern times, political changes having levelled to the ground the ancient electorate, whose palace Prussian prose has turned into a barracks, the imagination is ready to overleap the gloomy centuries during which the fair city herself and the fertile district around were at once contributing cause and favourite battle-field of the ceaseless contest between divided Germany and rapacious France, and to pass to the days when Trèves was really great and glorious. Those were the times in which the gentle muse of Ausonius sang of the beauty of a region rivalling sweet Baïæ itself on the Mediterranean shore, of the infinite pomp of the villas which studded the green hills on the banks of the Moselle, and of the city below, deemed worthy of the imperial throne. The days of the Antonines and of Constantine will rise to the traveller's mind; nor will he need the further stimulus of mythical exaggeration, such as is suggested by the venerable inscription on the Old Red House Inn in the market-place at Trèves, announcing with metre and veracity of equal doubtfulness how

Ante Romam Treviris stelit annis mille trecentis.

* Hormayr. *Life Pictures from the War of Liberation.*

The antiquities at Trèves, though more than sufficient to impress a distinct character on the entire place, are neither many in number nor, as antiquities too often are, fearful and wonderful things to understand. Speculations on the old walls and streets, and as to the traces of the Roman bridge still discernible in the present modern one, may for want of time be readily left to the patient research of the local antiquarians, of whom Trèves has produced a sufficient crop. The stranger will probably content himself by visiting the *Porta Nigra*, the *Thermæ*, the Amphitheatre, and the monument at Igel, and will find full occupation for his time while thus restricting its application. The cathedral, built in a hundred successive styles, and fondly declared to be the most ancient Christian church on German soil, still displays vestiges of its earliest form in the Roman period, and the Basilica, entirely restored and renovated by the orders of the late King of Prussia, to a complete reproduction in form of its Roman predecessor. But the visitor is loth to examine vestiges and to appreciate restorations when within a few yards there rise before him Roman remains pure and simple—remains of buildings which recal days when they, like other schemes, were conducted on a scale which must, reasonably or unreasonably, for a moment dwarf in his own eyes even the most self-conscious child of the nineteenth century.

Among the four monuments (for ruins two, at least, among them can hardly in justice be called) above mentioned, the most remarkable have only very recently been, so to speak, restored to life. The *Thermæ* lay buried two-thirds of their height in the accumulated and ever-accumulating soil, and it is owing to the direction of the late King of Prussia, continued by his successor, that they are now beginning to display themselves in proportions approaching their original grandeur. A fixed sum (of fourteen hundred dollars) is still annually granted from the royal treasury for this purpose. The *Porta Nigra*, which the saintly barbarism of the middle ages had converted and mutilated into a church, was restored to its ancient purpose of a gate, and to the naked grandeur befitting it, by no less imperious a master than Napoleon. Its history is altogether curious enough to deserve a brief recapitulation.

We may premise that all the information concerning the history of the *Porta* derived from ordinary guide-books, and from the local ciceroni, is worse than apocryphal. After carefully imbibing a large quantity of contradictory statements on the subject, we were enabled to dismiss them all after a visit to the Trèves Library, the courtesy of whose learned librarian, Dr. Schneemann, enabled us, by a series of views of the *Porta* arranged in due chronological order, to arrive at the truth. There is but little doubt left that the *Porta Martis*, afterwards popularly called the *Porta Nigra*, formed, if we may use the expression, the keystone of the fortifications by which Constantine the Great, at the commencement of the fourth century, enclosed his then favourite residence. This fortification, which was not improbably co-extensive with the walls as they partially at present stand, is mentioned in the contemporary panegyric addressed to the emperor at Trèves by Emulinus in the year 310, when the "*quinquennalia*," a festival in honour of the opening of Constantine's reign five years before, were celebrated. Coins are still extant bearing on one side the head of the emperor, and on the reverse a representation

of the *Porta Martis* (so called from the neighbouring hill and field of Mars), with an inscription in the imperial praise. It is needless to add that there has been no lack of other opinions concerning the date of the origin of the *Porta*, the more ancient one placing it in the free age of the Celtic Treviri, the most modern paradox (propounded by a clever stranger, the well-known Professor Kugler, of Berlin) moving it forward to the Therovingian period. Whosoever this gate may have been built, its purpose and destination, at all events, are sufficiently obvious. It served at once as a gate and as a fortification, being built of large square stones fastened together in a most singular manner by mighty iron clamps. Its shape is called by some *pseudodipteros*, but does not agree with the definition of that term given by Vitruvius. Originally it was provided with a short tower at either end, whence the Roman archers and slingers might take their aim with ease and safety. But the days of peace and piety came, and in the first half of the eleventh century there dwelt in one of these towers a holy man and a recluse, a Greek monk of the name of Simeon. Seven years he led a gracious life within its walls, and on his death his merits procured him canonisation at the hands of Pope Benedict IX. But, unfortunately, the pious zeal of Archbishop Poppo, of Trèves, in whose company Simeon had originally come from Greece, prompted him, in honour of his sainted follower, to convert the hermitage of the latter into a church, or rather into two churches. One of the towers was levelled, the other overtopped by a spire; the earth was heaped up around the base of the gate, and while from without a broad staircase led up to the tower, a narrow one within conducted to the higher of the two churches, for which room had been found within the walls of the mighty fortress of Constantine. To the east end, which had been deprived of its tower, an addition was made for the purposes of a choir, which is still allowed to spoil the effect of the Roman gate. Thus matters remained for nearly eight hundred years, with the subsequent addition of green walks and a green spire in the approved hideousness of the last century's taste. It is true that an evil-minded elector, moved by anything but veneration for antiquity, who was none other than Philip Christoph, so notorious amidst the intriguers of the Thirty Years' War, had at one time formed the design of reconverting St. Simeon into a fortress. But his plan was not accomplished; and when towards the end of the last century war broke out between the French Republic and the German powers, the soldiers in an army of the former, happening to be at Trèves, which was again tasting the horrors of war, saw the leaden roof of the church, and were tempted thereby. They immediately unroofed and took away the lead, according to their amiable habit of securing whatever they thought valuable (of which they gave abundant proofs at Trèves on this and subsequent occasions, relieving the monasteries of books and other treasures, and the library of its now restored pride, the "*Codex Aureus*"). But a few years afterwards Napoleon himself arrived in the imperial city before the Gate of Constantine, and immediately ordered its restoration to its ancient form. The disbowelling below, and the uncovering above, were at once taken in hand; but it was not till after more peaceful times had returned, under the Prussian government, that they were accomplished. In 1817 the gate was once more thrown open; and though the earth around is still be-

heved to stand some five feet higher than in the Roman times, yet through one of the portals, at least, the citizens of Trèves again pass, as passed their ancestors on their way to the sports of the Campus Martius nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

The interior of the gate has been of late very appropriately used as a museum of antiquities, in which are preserved countless fragments of statues and votive tablets, and stones with inscriptions from the graves which lined the road outside the Gate of Mara. There are also delicately-coloured marbles from the Basilica, and from the baths in the Thermæ of Constantine, interspersed with rude carvings of saints and crucifixes, speaking of the rough beginnings of Christian art. Hither, as to the Museo Borbonico of Naples from Pompeii, are transported all the more perishable antiquities that are daily dug up in Trèves and its neighbourhood. A hawker of antiquities showed me an undoubtedly genuine bronze Venus, beautifully preserved, which had been fished up only a week before by a boatman out of the clear waters of the Moselle.

But the Porta itself is, beyond doubt, one of the most complete and best preserved Roman remains extant in the northern part of the great empire. To stand by day and gaze on its mighty walls, whose stones, united by no cement, and in many places broken down to half their size, yet bid fair to stand firm and fixed for many a succeeding century, suffices to recal the times of its erection, to serve as a defence for one combatant against another in the struggle for the prize of the Roman Empire, the dominion of the civilised world. Better still at night to loiter in the shadow of its giant walls, towering through the darkness like those of the Coliseum at Rome; for at that hour the petty edifices around vanish from the sight, and nought is perceptible but the trees waving in the wind, the outline of the walls within which dwelt the fierce Constantine and the gentle St. Helena, and the mighty tower which guarded them and theirs. Then, indeed, the significance of the name of the Black Gate is manifest, and it becomes symbolic of the stern ferocity which marked the character of the future champion of a grateful Christendom.

A short walk takes us from the Porta to the Thermæ, if that be the correct appellation of a large mass of buildings in whose remains unmistakable traces of baths have been discovered. Originally the entire mass was supposed to be the presidential palace of the imperators, and went by the name of the Palace of Constantine, without, however, the slightest evidence to support such a nomenclature. It is impossible, from the confused mass of ruins, to determine whether this edifice, or these edifices, were originally an imperial palace or a public building for the purpose of baths, and all the luxurious appendages attaching in the Roman sense to such an object. The proximity of the Amphitheatre and Campus Martius would appear to warrant the latter assumption; nor need any objection arise from the evident size and extent of these buildings, when it is remembered that the population of Trèves, in its most flourishing days under the Roman Empire, approached the number of two hundred thousand souls. Such is the state on which these Thermæ were executed, that one of the window-arches, for a long period during the middle ages and succeeding centuries, served as one of the city gates, and was christened the Porta Alba, a name originally belonging to one of the four gates of the Roman Trèves. The efforts of recent years have succeeded in restoring

something of its pristine grandeur to this gathering of palaces; but how much remains to be done in the matter of excavation, may be seen from the fact that, even as the ruins at present stand, they rest on an elevation of eleven feet of earth as yet encumbering their original base. The shape of the basins, declared to have been used as baths, is somewhat surprising, being not that of a circle or ellipse, but of a half-moon. Triton shells, and other appropriate decorations, have, however, been found.

The remains of the Amphitheatre, which, according to custom, lies on the slope of a hill, are more fully laid bare to the eye. Its shape is an ellipse, and it is said to have afforded rooms for fifty thousand spectators, so that it is by no means one of the larger of the kind. The passages are still plainly observable through which the gladiators passed into the arena, and others through which the wild beasts sprang from their cages upon them. A large vaulted opening is supposed by some to have formed a roof for the private seat or box of the emperor, and the popular appellation of *Casbeller* attaching to it has given rise to the most ingenious explanations. It is said to be derived from the words *cella cæji*, the latter being an old Gallic word signifying, according to an ancient gloss to Amosius, an enclosure. (We may compare *kaje*, a cabin on ship-board.) For ourselves, we doubt altogether the employment of so solid a piece of masonry for such a purpose, without venturing precisely to suggest any other, such as that of a grand entrance for all the gladiators before the commencement of the contests. No doubt can prevail as to the objects of a kind of gutter, excellently preserved, which runs round the base of the Amphitheatre, and was certainly destined to carry off not only the rain, but also the blood of the unfortunate victims, man and beast, poured forth in such horrible profusion on the sand within. Nor was it always the blood of wild beasts and of wretched gladiators. The readers of Gibbon may remember a passage in which he relates how, "after a signal victory over the Franks and Alemanni, several of their princes were exposed by the order of Constantine to the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre of Trèves, and the people seem to have enjoyed the spectacle without discovering, in such a treatment of royal captives, anything that was repugnant to the laws of nations or of humanity." He refers in a note to passages from Nazarius (who, in a panegyric of the young emperor, compares his exploits to those of the youthful Hercules, and speaks of these *famæ supplicia* with reverential approbation) and from Eutropius, who in his Breviary also recalls these butcheries as a *magnificum spectaculum*. These are memories of Constantine which in truth agree better with the character so deservedly insinuated of him by the historian than with that with which the ecclesiastical traditions of Trèves, full of his name and that of his sainted spouse, would fain invest it.

It is in a far different aspect that the monument at Igel, beyond doubt the most unique among the Roman remains at Trèves, brings the memories of the Roman Empire. The soldiers who thronged the turrets of the Porta Nigra, and the gladiators who waged no less bloody combats in the Amphitheatre, are the familiar figures of the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus. The passionate delights of the Circus, which is said to have stood hard-by, and the magnificence of the mock sea-fights declared to have been waged in an adjoining artificial basin, are equally the themes

of Roman poets and satirists. The monument at Igel gives us a glimpse of Roman domestic life, and of the trade and industrial occupations of men who were, after all, not always fighting or looking on at fights. No empire is kept up for five hundred years by the sword and the lance, nor could the Cæsars have handed down to one another the imperial sway during so many centuries, had there not been whole families and peoples as interested in the maintenance of peace as others were for the quicker growing fruits of war. Of such a family dwelling among such a people this monument tells. Assuredly we need not tantalise our imagination by the dreams of those who have discovered—how, it is hard to say—in this monument a memorial of the marriage of Constantine and Helena—names which, in truth, are the bugbears of all who look for rational and natural interpretations of the Trèves antiquities. Still less need we trouble ourselves about the theory of the excessively ingenious Lorent, sufficiently indicated by the startling title of his treatise, “Caius Igel, ou l’Empereur Caius Cæsar Caligula né à Igel.” Rather may we assume at once, what there seems so very slight reason left to doubt, that this seventy feet high tower of grey sandstone—or, to use Goethe’s expression, this architecturally-plastically decorated obelisk—is a sepulchral monument erected by the family of the Secundini in honour of the founders of the glory and prosperity of their house. The inscription, of which not many letters are effaced, declares it to be placed by certain of the living heirs of the Secundini in honour of other Secundini, their departed parents, and of themselves. Not much is known about this family, but their name occurs occasionally in places of honour and power in these districts, and from the monument itself it may be safely concluded that they were rich merchants, whose wealth and position had procured them the administration of various departments of the provincial government. Thus, it is suggested they were “frumentarii,” or corn contractors for the army, and “veredarii,” or entrepreneurs of the postal communications in the provinces.

The exact date of the monument it is necessarily impossible to fix; Goethe, who has left an appreciative notice of it in his published works, presumes the times of the Antonines, others a later. The sculptures, which in relief cover the four sides of the monument in the richest profusion, are in the florid style of a late but not debased period of Greco-Roman art. It rises in a succession of five stories from the basement to the attic, which is topped by a slim semi-conical turret. At the summit four female figures (busts) support a ball, on which the remains of a pair of mighty wings are still visible. Whether they belonged to an eagle, or, as is more probable, to a winged genius—the genius of the Secundini family—must ever remain a doubtful point. A youthful head was recently found embedded in the ground near the monument, which is conjectured to have appertained to the genius in question. The subjects of the relieved work which covers each of the four sides of the obelisk, and is in parts very perfectly preserved, are partly mythological, partly illustrative of the history of the family prosperity. On the former it is impossible to dwell in these brief limits, though there can be no doubt but that they are all symbolically connected with the purpose of the monument. They are principally confined to the attics, and the largest or main divisions, which are on all sides surrounded by a charming series

of amorette-geniuises. On the southern or front façade, above the inscription, three figures are represented in size much larger than any others on the monument; the two taller of whom hold a third by the hand. The two are doubtless the Secundini to whom the monument was erected, the third is diversely explained as a youthful Secundinus, as a female of the family, or as the goddess Concordia. The chief interest, however, attaches to the smaller fields above and below, in which the official, commercial, and domestic life of the family is depicted with unmistakable truth. The south front presents a board-room or counting-house, and in the attic above a drying workshop, with men bringing and taking from it pieces of cloth. In fields on the other sides we see the wares transported by land and sea to the place of their destination. Nothing could be more curious than the sculptures representing carriages, with driver and mules, and wheels and load complete. In one, a tree indicates an attempt at an open landscape; in another, the cart, startlingly similar to a carrier's conveyance of the present day, is passing by a milestone with the inscription *L IIII*, generally interpreted to signify *Lapis Quartus*, which might well have scored the distance from Igel to the gate of the city. The illustrations of domestic life busy themselves principally with kitchen and larder, the chief, if not the only joys of a Roman's home. Vivid as all these pictures of the every-day life of rich merchants of the days of the Antonines are of themselves, they become still more so by their exposure to the free air and heavens, the only museum of which, as a whole, this monument could ever have stood in need.

More than two centuries ago, however, Trèves had well-nigh lost its most unique ornament. The celebrated Count Peter Ernest of Mansfeld, governor of the neighbouring duchy of Luxemburg under Charles V. and Philip II., conceived the desire of bodily transplanting the tower of the Secundini from Igel into his garden at Luxemburg. He had already succeeded in removing thither a somewhat similar pyramid from Arlon, but was fortunately unable to secure the rarer prize. It is, however, conjectured, that in the attempts made by his orders some of the damage now visible was inflicted on the Igel monument. More has been done by the irresistible influence of the weather, the effects of which are chiefly observable on the eastern side. Meanwhile, the Romans built not for years, nor even for mere centuries; and the monument by which the rich Secundini honoured the founders of their wealth has survived, and bids fair for many a day to survive, the memory of their family itself and its riches, and the empire itself, of which they at once reaped the benefits and swelled the prosperity, finds in its stones a memorial of rare and solid splendour.

SIX WEEKS AT HUNSDON MANOR.

PART III.

I.

THE Black Glen was a deep ravine, or gorge, formed by massive rocks, rising on either side to an immense height, and through which ran a rapid trout-stream broken every ten yards into natural cascades and falls. Certainly a more charming or fitting spot for a pic-nic could not have been selected, especially as the sun being powerful, the shade afforded by the steep cliffs was most refreshing. I presume that all pic-nics are conducted on a stereotyped principle. In the interval between the arrival and the dinner I have invariably remarked that people seem at a loss to know how to dispose of themselves and their time until the commissariat arrangements are effected. The women congregate together to the utter exclusion of the other half of creation, who, after the manner of their kind, sigh for a cigar or indulge in an unsociable saunter, both factions evidently finding it difficult to take the initiatory step "in doing the rural," and showing, by a certain congelation and restraint of manner, that their position is both novel and strange to them.

The drawing of corks and the spread contents of the unpacked hampers succeed, happily, in restoring each individual to the enjoyment of himself and his neighbour. Unfailing signals they are for the general fraternisation of the party.

I must observe, by the way, that Bob and Miss Grey were exceptions to this prefatory arrangement—understanding more practically, perhaps, the economy of time—and seeing, doubtless, no just cause or impediment to the immediate commencement of their own plans of enjoyment, they rushed off, like two children as they were, on a voyage of discovery, returning in time for dinner, traces of their scrambling course being apparent in the various rents in Miss Grey's muslin dress, which drew upon her a slight remonstrance from Mrs. Grey, and a very condemnatory glance from Miss Marston.

"Why, what a lot of slow coaches you are!" exclaimed Bob, derisively, addressing himself particularly to Lady Margaret, and who, with an eye to his own interest, had expeditiously arranged a private dinner-table for himself and Miss Grey on a slab of rock, contriving to accumulate a goodly show of edibles of various descriptions. "We have been everywhere—up to the old river, and to the very top of the rock. Upon my word, Miss Grey, you *are* a capital climber, and deserve the good dinner you may perceive that I have prepared for you!"

"Won't you let me join your party, Bob?" asked Lady Margaret, who had been an amused spectator of his arrangements.

"No, my dear Margaret, three's no company, you know. Your place is with the swells at the other table. You have lots to take care of you, and we have only ourselves to look to." And certainly, judging from the quantity of provisions Bob had managed to collect, he stood in need of no extraneous assistance. Deeming, perhaps, that his last remark reflected

unflatteringly on his pretty companion, he added, apologetically: "Not that I mean, you know, Miss Grey, that you wouldn't find plenty of people to look after you, but I think we are very comfortable as we are, don't you? Now, what will you take? Chicken, veal paté, beef, or pickled salmon, to begin with? Ours being a private concern, we needn't wait for the others to begin; and, I can tell you, I am deucedly hungry, as, of course, you are."

After dinner we began to turn our thoughts towards lionising the place. In some of the party could be detected dubious glances at the rocky heights to be climbed, but these were chiefly confined to the more elderly portion of the community, who preferred sauntering along by the river-side to the greater exertion of a steeper ascent.

The afternoon was spent pleasantly enough wandering through the thick woods, where the deep shade seemed to make an eternal twilight. Constance Meredith was happy in the possession of Sir Willoughby as a companion, having secured him by a politic ruse at the onset of the walk. Declaring her inability to mount the steep path without assistance, she threw herself upon the mercy of Sir Willoughby, who happened to be in her nearest neighbourhood, and, by some further feminine artifice, managed also to retain his services when the summit was gained.

I look with pleasant retrospection on that sunny afternoon in September, balmy and quiet, impressing one with a sense of luxurious indolence. There was a charm in the soothing sound of the rustling leaves, the occasional mournful call of the partridge, and last, but not least, the sweet low laughter and clear voices of women.

The thistle-down and winged seed of the dandelion floated along through the calm air on their aimless, wandering course, and the gorgeous butterflies darted in and out of the wild flowers, now lured by the crimson bloom of the betony, or lingering in the fragrant blossoms of the yellow honeysuckle—everything animate and inanimate seeming to join by common consent in the lulling influence of the tranquil autumnal evening.

I believe that it is not merely a pet theory of my own, but a generally shared opinion, that scenery has a very essential connexion with all human emotions, and that the bright hues of nature are fairest when they touch the chords of human sympathy and find root in the hopes and passions of human nature. In the purple tints of evening; in the many-coloured shades of the foliage; in the tremulous music of the stream playing amongst the pebbles; in the grey lichen, clinging enduringly to the rugged rock; and in the clear well, where the brown leaves float in silence and in rest;—in each and in all of these there is a deeper meaning than is conveyed merely by the abstract harmony of beautiful things, speaking not only to our senses but also to our souls, associating itself with the story of life, and likewise touching the more spiritual part of our nature, leading our thoughts upwards, as surely as can priest or pastor, to the great Author of our being, and to that better and brighter world of which the loveliness of the present one can be but the palest type and faintest foreshadowing.

Guy had led us to a spot called by the country people around Paradise Point, and the splendid panorama commanded from it justified in a great measure the high-sounding nomenclature. At an immense depth below

as the river wound impetuously among the rocks, and on the opposite side the deep orange-tinted beech-woods stretched in a rich mass along the banks.

The far-off landscape was diversified by yellow corn-fields and long tracts of pasture-land fading away into the blue distance; whilst, closer at hand, the white smoke of some cottage was visible above the woods, curling in white wreaths up into the deep blue autumnal sky. In the foreground a jutting promontory of rock, bare and rugged, stood out in prominent relief against the brilliant colouring of the woods.

Ethel and Catherine Meredith had both brought their sketch-books, and after some deliberation as to the choice of a spot from whence the drawings were to be taken, a broad ridge of rock, some four feet lower down, was finally decided on, which after a slight scramble they succeeded in reaching.

During the progress of the two sketches (which Lady Margaret, Guy, and myself amused ourselves by occasionally overlooking, whilst the remainder of the party continued their rambles through the wood), I was struck by the wide difference existing between them. Both of the fair artists drew undeniably well, and with this distinction—Ethel possessed the true artist mind, deriving her power chiefly from her sensibility to the beauty of scenery and her innate perception of the truth and poetry of nature. There was an expression and a meaning in her picture, proving her to be not only the copyist of the actual scene, but also the interpreter of its deeper signification. Catherine Meredith was simply a scientific mechanist, possessing the art of successful imitation, but totally deficient in ideal conception. Her colouring was manifestly good, and her drawing more strictly correct than that of Ethel's; there was as much dissimilarity between the two productions as between poetry and prose. The one claimed your praise by its carefulness of execution and finish, whilst the warm and life-like colouring of the other touched your sympathy. Even the tuft of mosses clinging to the stone in the foreground, and the cows lying about in the sunny meadows, conveyed to you the truthful impression of the quiet evening.

"Come here, Margaret," said Ethel, "I want to put you in my foreground. Take off your hat; in your gray cloak and hood you will look more picturesque." And in a very few minutes, when I again looked over her drawing, she had made a rapid but spirited sketch of Lady Margaret, in which, though but little of the partly turned-away face was seen, yet the easy attitude of the figure, and the turn of the small, gracefully moulded head, were happily caught.

"You certainly possess an enviable talent, Miss Meredith!" I exclaimed. "What would I not give to be able to draw as you do."

"You must let me put you in my sketch, Mr. Vernon, and then our drawings will be pairs," said Catherine Meredith, with a satirical laugh.

"By all means, Miss Meredith," I replied, "if you will promise to do me justice."

And it is to be devoutly hoped, for the credit of my partial friends and admirers' taste, that she failed in doing so, or the cleverly-executed silhouette of my unfortunate self that she displayed shortly afterwards would have served as a settler to all the vanity I might previously have pleaded guilty to. The "wide-awake" was mine, and the length of limbs

were mine; the long whiskers and curly hair I also could not disclaim. They were each and all incontestably my property. But the understanding apparently existing between the different portions of my frame, together with the serio-comic expression pervading my whole figure, were, I earnestly hope, but "poetical licences" on the part of the fair artist, or the embodiment of some revengeful feeling towards me—both natural and pardonable. Anything but the admission of the portrait being a truthful representation I would forgive. That there *was* a certain resemblance I could not gainsay, and the cleverness with which Catherine Meredith had preserved it proved that she was an adept in the art of caricaturing.

" 'Know thyself, O Man,' it is written. I have arrived at that knowledge late, but, alas! all too soon," was my remark, as I handed the sketch to Lady Margaret, who, as she looked at it, burst into a peal of laughter, in which Ethel and Guy joined, unmindful of the probable state of my feelings.

"You must positively let me have this, please, Miss Meredith!" cried Guy, delighted. "It's Vernon all over!"

"I must beg leave to differ from you there, Aylmer. You don't mean to tell me that I am put together by instalments after that fashion, do you, my dear fellow? Really, Miss Meredith, it is most unkind of you, and the only reparation in your power is a promise to the effect that you will not damage my reputation by displaying that unflattering portrait to the world at large."

"You need be under no apprehension of the kind, Mr. Vernon," returned Catherine Meredith, laughing; "besides which, your *best* friends have the opportunity of comparing the likeness with the original."

The emphasis on the word "*best*," accompanied by a glance in the direction of Lady Margaret, pointed her meaning, and I saw Aylmer's lip curl with an amused smile.

"If Guy is to have Miss Meredith's drawing," I observed, "I shall advance a claim to yours, if you will part with it, Miss Mordaunt—Lady Margaret's figure in it is by far the most artistic performance I have seen—and some one must make a third sketch, with Sir Willoughby Gresham in the foreground, which prominent position he will fill more worthily than I do, holding, as he does, the position of the disputed apple."

"Margaret! that is intended for you," said Catherine Meredith, maliciously.

"No!" I interrupted, laughing. "It strikes me, rather, that it alludes more to a family arrangement in which Lady Margaret has no claim of interference."

Catherine Meredith coloured angrily, but she made no reply, thinking, possibly, that having provoked the retort, the wiser course would be to pass it over in silence. But I knew, nevertheless, that I had sinned past redemption, and that, henceforth, it would be war to the death between us.

II.

THE sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills by the time that Ethel and Catherine Meredith had put the last finishing touches to their sketches, warning us that it was time to rejoin the party we had left.

"There is no use in going down to the river again," said Guy. "We shall find all the people gone; and by far the pleasanter way is through the wood."

We had proceeded about three parts of our way, when Ethel suddenly missed a small gold pencil-case that she had made use of in sketching. Guy was on the point of returning in search of it, when Ethel stopped him:

"I must go myself, Guy, for I recollect where I placed it when I began to colour my sketch. It was dear old Bob's present to me on my birthday, and I would not lose it for worlds. You had better take the others on to the inn, as they do not know the way."

"I will return with you, Miss Mordaunt," I said. "We shall not be ten minutes behind the rest of the party, since you know where you deposited the pencil."

"Pray don't leave us, Guy, to lose our way, and run the risk of meeting the fate of the babes in the wood," exclaimed Lady Margaret.

Guy accordingly convoyed his cousin and Catherine Meredith back to the inn, and Ethel and I retraced our steps in search of the missing pencil. The spot, as I have already described, was situated some feet below the summit, and I descended alone to look for the pencil, according to Ethel's instructions. "You will find it in a cleft of the rock," she said, "close to the spot where I was sitting." And, after some search, I discovered it in the place she had described. The position of the ground was such as to conceal Ethel, standing on the top, from my view, the brushwood and a natural excavation of the rock forming a sheltered space imperceptible from above. I was on the point of re-climbing the steep ascent, when I was startled by a low scream from Ethel, and, springing up the rock, I saw, standing within a few paces of her, a man, who apparently must have issued from the thicket of copsewood on the right. My thoughts, reverting now to that evening, distinctly recal the impression made upon me by his aspect as he stood there on that evening.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a frame broad and muscular, in which the evidences of strength were strangely commingled with a certain expression of incapability, denoting at a glance the absence of the guiding power of intelligence. A large round head was covered with a shaggy growth of black hair, and from under the bushy eyebrows gleamed a pair of eyes which were now fastened upon Ethel with the savage glare of a wild beast, giving to the coarse features, that under any aspect or modification would have been unpleasant, a demoniacal look of hatred. There was something appalling as it was repelling in the expression of the countenance, where the light of reason seemed partially though not entirely obscured, convincing me that the man standing before me was no other than Tony the idiot. Lady Margaret's words recurred to me, "that all his rationality was comprised in his attachment to Guy;" but as I looked at the fierce animal face, I was inclined rather to believe that intense hatred had an equal, if not a

superior, influence in quickening the feeble spark of intelligence; and in the clubbed heavy stick he held grasped in his hand, together with the look of deep ferocity in the eyes, I could not help tracing an analogous meaning, the purport of which flashed across me suddenly and with horrible conviction.

My first impulse was to seize the fellow by the collar, but my intention was checked by Ethel, who laid her hand on my arm, and said, in a low, agitated voice:

"Don't touch him, Mr. Vernon! Let him go."

Her lips and cheeks were blanched with terror as she clung to me for support. At my unlooked-for appearance the half-witted creature had slunk away with the abject air of a beaten hound, and as I advanced upon him he cowered from me.

"Hark you!" I said, intercepting his retreat. "If ever you dare attempt to alarm this lady again I will have you severely punished! and Mr. Guy shall hear of it."

At the mention of Aylmer's name a deep red flushed through the fellow's dark thick skin, and, muttering something unintelligible to me, he suddenly broke away through the underwood and disappeared from our view.

I turned my attention to Ethel, who, trembling in every limb, was scarcely able to stand, and several minutes elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to begin the walk back to the inn.

"How strange that Tony should have been there!" she said, after a few moments' silence. "I heard a rustling in the bushes, and he suddenly started out, with such a terrible look in his face! It may be foolish, Mr. Vernon, but I cannot overcome my dread of that man. If you had only seen that look!"

I did not choose to tell her that I *had* seen it; and, moreover, had interpreted the menace expressed in it.

"I don't think you know that he is really dangerous," she returned, looking with anxious inquiry into my face, as if wishing, yet dreading, to read there my real opinion. "Every one agrees that he is perfectly harmless, and Margaret, who has known him all her life, always declares that he was never known to be in the least violent. He has taken a dislike to me, and perhaps that is the reason I am so afraid of him."

"Those kind of half-witted people are always more or less given to the entertainment of extraordinary fancies and dislikes," I replied, anxious to remove from her mind the dread that had taken possession of it. "I perfectly recollect Guy's telling me once that this Tony was a very in-offensive being."

"Do not, pray, say a word to Guy on the subject!" said Ethel, nervously. "Will you promise me this, Mr. Vernon?"

I hesitated in complying with her request, for it interfered with my previously formed intention of acquainting Guy with our disagreeable adventure, and, moreover, of offering at the same time my opinion as to the expediency of checking in some measure the idiot's apparently free and unrestrained courses over the country. Ethel, however, urged her demand upon me so strenuously, that I was forced to yield a reluctant acquiescence.

"I think you are wrong, Miss Mordaunt, in the present case; for though possibly the poor creature may be innocent of mischievous intent, yet, at the same time, he ought unquestionably to be more looked after than he appears to be."

"But I should be so grieved if Guy were to take a dislike to him on my account," pleaded Ethel. "I could not forgive myself if I found that through my agency the poor fellow's liberty and freedom were curtailed."

"Of course I will keep silence on the subject, Miss Mordaunt, if such is your desire; and I hope that this same Mr. Tony is sufficiently reasonable to understand and profit by my warning to him."

I looked dubiously at Ethel's pale cheeks to which the colour had not returned, anticipating that they would lead to an inevitable inquiry, from which I could see no probable escape. Fortunately for her, we found the majority of the party busy in the preparatory process of cloaking and darning for departure, and Guy was giving some orders about the carriages, so Ethel's looks escaped notice for the present.

"Gresham! you will take charge of Miss Meredith," said Guy, as the carriage appeared. "She is rather nervous on the subject of the boys; and, Margaret, as you do not happen to be so, it will be wiser to make an exchange."

Sir Willoughby's face felt considerably. He had not anticipated the unforeseen contingent of forfeiting Lady Margaret's society in the homeward drive, and at the same time he could not, in keeping with the commonest rules of courtesy, decline the fair burden laid upon him in exchange, especially as she was close at hand whilst this arrangement was being effected. Before we started I drew the woman of the inn aside, and asked her if she knew anything of Tony the idiot.

"Yes, to be sure, sir! I know him well," was her reply. "He was here only this morning, and we made out from him that a large party of quality were coming from Hunsdon. I've lost sight of him since then, and I take it he has returned home."

"Is he allowed, then, to run about the country alone?" I asked.

"Lord bless you, sir! yes," replied the woman, seemingly astonished at my question. "No one takes count of poor Tony—he is simple as an infant."

It was clear that the impression of his harmlessness was a general one, and I began to think that possibly my own doubts on the subject were rather exaggerated, though the fellow's infernal expression of countenance occasionally haunted my recollection unpleasantly.

There was some little delay in getting off, and the last pink clouds besmeared by the setting sun had faded into the clear light of the rising moon before we had taken our departure.

"You do not share Miss Meredith's alarms, Lady Margaret," I said, as the boys, according to their custom, danced about, not relishing, perhaps, the subordinate position of being last in the rear.

"I am not nervous," she remarked, smiling, "and besides which I have rather a weakness for horses, though I carefully conceal the penchant, in dutiful conformity with the scraples of an old aunt of mine, who, when I was dilating one day in her presence on the charm of riding and driving,

said, "Margaret, my dear, in *my* opinion a woman had better not know a horse from an elephant!" At the same time, Mr. Vernon, I think it would be decidedly pleasanter if the carriage in front would allow us to pass."

"I am quite of your opinion, Lady Margaret, but there does not appear to be much chance of our doing so before we reach the turnpike road."

As I was speaking, the carriage before us came to a sudden stop. Something wrong in the harness had to be rectified before it could proceed. The lane through which we were driving was soft and grassy, muffling the sound of the wheels, and rendering, doubtless, the sound of our approach inaudible to the occupants of the stationary carriage, or I presume the following remark, spoken in no under tone by Lady Meredith, would have been suppressed.

"What a flirt that girl! Lady Margaret Vere is! Did you observe how she managed to drive with Sir Willoughby Gresham to the pic-nic this morning, and to return with Mr. Vernon this evening?"

"Make way there, will you?" I called out to the coachman, trusting to convey thereby to Lady Meredith the unwelcome intelligence that her words had reached other ears besides those for whose especial and private benefit they were intended, and looking her full in the face as we passed within a close shave of her carriage. I judged from her disconcerted look that my object was attained.

There was an awkward pause in our conversation for a few seconds. Lady Margaret's face was dyed with crimson, guiltless as she was of the charge brought against her. Yet the position was unquestionably an embarrassing one to her; and so intensely disgusted did I feel at the malice which had subjected her to this unmerited annoyance, that I would willingly have inflicted condign punishment then and there on the wretched old offender.

When she again spoke there was no resentment in her voice, only a shade of pain, as she observed, "Preserve me from my friends in future. Perhaps it is good discipline sometimes to hear their real opinion touching one's actions and motives, however unpalatable and, in the present instance, as I trust, unjust they may be; but I must say that I should have been glad if Lady Meredith had made her confidences to her friend more privately."

"Lady Margaret! if you possessed one tithe of the vanity attributed to your sex, and in which useful component your nature seems strangely deficient, you would have appreciated the actual compliment conveyed in the remark we have chanced to overhear. It is a well-known fact, that where there is nothing to covet there is nothing to censure."

"I am afraid that I cannot possibly apply that consolation to myself," said Lady Margaret, smiling. "Still," she added, hesitatingly, "I hope—indeed, I feel sure—that, notwithstanding, in the present case you will bear me harmless in your opinion."

It was in my heart, and almost on my lips, to tell her that she tenanted a place there far beyond the reach of reproach or reproof, and possibly my manner was in a measure tinged with my thoughts, for Lady Margaret coloured as I replied:

"You could not imagine otherwise than that I should appreciate to

the full the envious purport of Lady Meredith's impertinent speech. You will likewise do me justice in believing that I draw my own conclusion on the subject of character, and that my knowledge of yours proves to me that you are as far above such an accusation as the calumny is beneath your notice."

"After all, poor woman! she is the one to be pitied," observed Lady Margaret, "as, of course, her remark was not intended for general circulation."

"I fear that my Christian spirit, Lady Margaret, does not lead me so far as to lavish any pity on Lady Meredith, and I only hope that——"

"She will find herself mistaken," interrupted Lady Margaret, laughing. "Come, now, you cannot but wish that she may awake to a sense of her injustice."

"Very possibly she may do so when her daughter succeeds in becoming Lady Gresham."

"If Constance likes him," returned Lady Margaret, "I trust sincerely that her mother's wishes may be realised."

"You place Gresham quite out of the question, or you take for granted his hasty concurrence in the arrangement. I am inclined to the opinion, on the contrary, that there exists a grave impediment to it in the stubborn fact of his heart being no longer at his own disposal."

The colour mounted in Lady Margaret's face. She did not affect to misunderstand me, but she answered, decisively:

"Then the wisest course would be for him to regain possession of his lawful property."

"You really assume, then, that his case is a hopeless one—in short, that there is no other alternative?"

I confess that the question, in its literal sense, was an unnecessary one, not coloured even by an extenuating ignorance, from which it might have borrowed a shade of justification; and there was a look of mingled sorrow and displeasure in Lady Margaret's eyes as she began, indignantly:

"Do you think——" But, checking herself, she added, coldly, "I do not see that any explanation on the subject is required, or that I should satisfy a simply idle curiosity, Mr. Vernon."

"No, Lady Margaret; I can assure you that no such unworthy motive prompted the question, which, however, I apologise for as being certainly a presumptuous one."

She was silent for a few moments, and then, with a return of her usual frankness, but also in a more serious tone, she said:

"I should have thought that from any one such a question would have been needless, and I should, indeed, be concerned if through any fault of mine there could arise the faintest misconstruction on the subject."

"There could be none, Lady Margaret—that is to say, none of your causing; nevertheless, you will grant that Gresham is to be pitied, rather than blamed, for his self-deception?"

She appeared annoyed by the turn our conversation had taken, and she answered, impatiently:

"The case is purely hypothetical, Mr. Vernon; but, assuming it for the sake of argument, I can only state my conviction that those who, I suppose, are reasonable beings, do not wilfully blind their eyes to an in-

controvertible fact, and I do not believe that any feeling of the kind would subist long without reciprocity."

"In other words, Lady Margaret, you think that we dole out our affections on the niggardly scale of a commercial treaty, where the expenditure and the return must be equally balanced; in fact, that no man could care for a woman for a lengthened period unless his sentiment, too feeble for self-subsistence, was adequately repaid."

She laughed at my paraphrase of her meaning, and only bowed her head in assent.

"Then I disagree with you entirely, Lady Margaret. As a man, of course I protest against your notions respecting the frail texture of what I always imagined was allowed to be the mainspring of our nature, and I cannot but think that your own experience ought to have taught you the fallacy of such a belief."

"It has taught me one thing," she said, gravely, almost sadly. "It has taught me that there is no greater disloyalty than that of trifling with any one's feelings. Amongst the best of God's gifts to man is the power of winning human love and sympathy, in comparison with which honours should be held cheaply, and without which life would be, I think, an unendurable probation. Surely, then, the vanity that would lead man or woman to use unworthily so priceless a talent committed to their care would be nothing short of a crime?"

She said "her own experience had taught her this." Was it possible that she was reverting to a page in her own life? A curious sensation of almost pain sprang into life with the suspicion, and impelled me to ask:

"How has your experience taught you this?" And my surmise was set at rest by her unconstrained reply.

"My experience as regards others, I meant."

"Have you any sisters, Lady Margaret?" I asked, suddenly.

"Yes, two," she replied, apparently rather astonished at the irrelevant question; "but they are much older than myself, and have been married several years."

"I think that your education has been a very original one; that is to say, your associations, or training, must have differed widely from those of the general mass of young ladies whom it is my fortune, or rather misfortune, to meet with in the world at large. You must avow, Lady Margaret, that you do not hold your tenets in common with them."

She looked at me half wistfully, as if in uncertainty whether I was speaking in banter or in earnest, and I added, more seriously:

"Do not mistake me—I mean, that it is much to be deplored that the girls of the present day do not more generally share your sentiments; and I, moreover, assert that there is something indescribably mournful, as it is unnatural, in the sight greeting one's eyes pretty frequently now-a-days, of a young creature, fresh from childhood, starting into life with ready-made worldly notions and conventionalities that make one wonder if truth and simplicity are quite expunged from the fashionable world. The reflection is not encouraging—that of such are the wives of the present day."

"I do not admit the justice of so sweeping a conclusion, Mr. Vernon.

When you talk of the world, you mean society—the London world, for instance—where people's actions are generally in masquerade. I do not deny the actual existence in many cases of the fact you describe, but I think it unfair to establish it as a general rule. Pardon me if I say that probably, like most men, you judge too much from appearances. Take, for instance, a London ball-room. It is true that one may hear there, from the youngest lips, a great many worldly speeches—in fact, a vast amount of nonsense—which form the stereotyped editions of ball-room conversation. But do you imagine that those idle words are necessarily the true index of people's minds? Does it never occur to you that though the girl you are dancing with may condemn the imprudence of a love-match, or applaud the wisdom of a more interested one, she may all the while be affirming, carelessly, what her heart would never subscribe to, and that, in truth, when the music and the lights have vanished, the memory of her words will have flitted also? Would it not be unjust to decide that she has no abiding principle of truth, because she has foolishly adopted for the moment the conventional tone of the society around her? Or that the same girl, seen in her country home, and in the quiet routine of every-day life, may not be as warm and as true-hearted a woman as if she had never quitted the precincts of her own village? It is impossible that human nature can change with the times. It has been the same from the time of Adam, and will remain unaltered to the end of the world."

"True, Lady Margaret; but, at the same time, education has the same effect on this human nature that the pruning-knife has on the tree. If it is bestowed injudiciously, the buds of promise, however fair, must be blighted. It would almost be wiser to leave it in its raw state, where the good would, at least, have a fair chance with the evil, than to train it in the wrong direction, cramping, if not destroying, all natural impulse. Women, who are more ductile and impressionable than men, and who cannot, from their restricted position, form an unbiased and original estimate of life, must, therefore, base their ideas in a measure on the teaching of others. Not to them, therefore, in the first freshness of their youth, do I impute the blame that the world is in their heart and in their actions, but rather to those who have striven by example and precept to deprive them of innocence and truth, their birthright—but, alas! through these means, never their property!"

"It is a sad view of the matter," observed Lady Margaret, "and, it must also be confessed, a true one sometimes; yet I cannot but think that you are judging from the abstract rather than from the principle, otherwise how do you account for the many happy marriages and the many happy homes?"

"How do you account for the many miserable ones, Lady Margaret?"

"We must agree to differ, Mr. Vernon," she replied, laughing, "or we must have a census of both sides of the question before we can settle it satisfactorily, unless you choose to abide by our mutual experiences?"

"Whatever mine may previously have been, Lady Margaret, I am only too willing to accept as an earnest of others the one exception to the rule I have found."

That night, as I sauntered off with my bedroom candle, I came to the conclusion that pic-nics, hitherto my especial aversion, were not, after all, bad things in their way, in fact, rather a pleasant mode, than otherwise, of passing a summer's day, especially——But as this is not intended for an autobiography, I must crave pardon for the many egotistical digressions with which I plead guilty to having interpolated an "over true tale." Apologetically I ask, dear reader, if we are not all more or less prone to linger amongst reminiscences connected with certain sunny days in our lives? Time passed quickly at Hunsdon in that pleasant month of September.

Some few of the guests left, but these were only exceptional birds of passage, and their places were immediately re-filled by fresh arrivals. I had received several reminders from various quarters, recalling to my recollection invitations long ago accepted; but somehow it was no easy matter to get away from Hunsdon—partly, perhaps, because Sir Robert Hunsdon, the most hospitable of hosts, peremptorily refused to listen to any opinion I advanced on the subject, whilst Guy looked ill used when I hinted at the nature of some of my daily letters. There may also have been other influences more binding still, prompting the evasive answers I confess to having returned to the different demands on my time and society. Whatever may have been the true cause, the result was that I lingered on yet a while at Hunsdon Manor.

SCENT MEMORIES.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

—*Passant, Passant, pourquoi ce bouquet de jasmin,
Dont ton haleine se caresse?
Pourquoi marcher toujours violettes en main?
Tu n'es plus jeune, Ami : tout cesse.*
—*C'est comme un souvenir que j'agite en chemin,
C'est le parfum de ma jeunesse.*

SAINT-BEUVE: *Pensées.*

SOMEBODY has said that memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations, are more readily reached through the sense of Smell than by almost any other channel. Many an individual experience will corroborate that proposition.

Among the "glorious faculties of man," Mr. Chauncy Hare Townsend describes

Memory—the tender cloud that round him ran,
Binding his being, from all senses welling,
Ay, by a fragrant flower, of sweet youth telling.*

"L'odeur d'une violette," said the Painter of the Pyrenees, "rend à l'âme

* The Three Gates, p. 47.

les jouissances de plusieurs printemps.”* So he wrote in life’s morning march when his spirit was young. At life’s even-tide we find him writing, “Je vis maintenant avec mon herbier et les souvenirs qui l’accompagnent.”† And it is in allusion to that sentence on the potential odour of a violet, that one of Ramond’s critics has said of him, that “son herbier, c’était bien, en effet, les Mémoires les plus vifs et les plus parlants au cœur”‡ of one so susceptible to the associations of odorous influences, in all their penetrating and subtle strength.—Neither subtle nor strong in poetical effect is an American poet’s comparison on this subject :

Oh ! faint delicious spring-time violet,
Thine odour, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory’s wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.§

It being irreverently objected, by Cis-atlantic criticism, that nothing can be more unnatural or uncomfortable than the process the mind has here to go through of picturing to itself the scent of the violet as a key, and Mr. Story’s memory as a lock, and imagining the wards of the one to be turned by the other. Else the doctrine itself, mixed metaphor apart, is unimpeachable enough.

When Ruth Hilton, on the eve of her fall, is musing by dusky twilight at the farm-house window,—opening it, she leans out into the still, sweet, evening air ; and the bush of sweet-briar underneath the window scents the place, and the delicious fragrance reminds her of her old home. Then says Mrs. Gaaskell : “ I think scents affect and quicken the memory more than either sights or sounds ; for Ruth had instantly before her eyes the little garden beneath the window of her mother’s room.”||

Compare with which, Wordsworth’s picture of the “consecrated maid” of Rylstone :

Yet Emily is soothed ;—the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.¶

Of course, as Dr. O. W. Holmes remarks, the particular odours which set upon each person’s susceptibilities differ ; and his Autocrat of the Breakfast-table proceeds to tell us some of his. The smell of phosphorus is one of them—recalling a year or two of adolescence, when he used to dabble in chemistry a good deal, and as about that time he had his aspirations and passions like another, some of these things got mixed

* Ramond.

† Lettre du 28 Décembre 1826 (written within five months of his death).

‡ Sainte-Beuve, 1854.

§ Ruth, ch. iv.

¶ Poems by W. S. Story. Boston: 1857.

¶ The White Doe of Rylstone, canto iv.

up with each other ; orange-coloured fumes of nitrous acid, and visions as bright and transient ; reddening litmus-paper and blushing cheeks. "Phosphorus fires this train of associations in an instant ; its luminous vapors with their penetrating odor* throw me into a trance ; it comes to me in a double sense 'trailing clouds of glory.' Only the confounded Vienna matches, *ohne phosphorgeruch*, have worn my sensibilities a little."—Then again the marigold revives for him a cottage-plot familiar to his very little boyhood. Cottage, garden-beds, posies, grenadier-like rows of seedling onions—stateliest of vegetables—all are gone, but the breath of a marigold brings them back to him.

But, he continues, "perhaps the herb *everlasting*, the fragrant *immortelle* of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling flowers. A something it has of sepulchral spicery, as if it had been brought from the core of some great pyramid, where it had lain on the breast of a mummied Pharaoh. Something, too, of immortality in the sad, faint sweetness lingering so long in its lifeless petals. Yet this does not tell why it fills my eyes with tears and carries me in blissful thought to the banks of asphodel that border the River of Life."

Dr. Holmes suggests a physical reason for the strange connexion between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve he pronounces not a "nerve" at all, but a part of the brain, in intimate connexion with its anterior lobes. This anatomical arrangement he thinks at any rate curious enough to be worth mentioning. "Contrast the sense of taste, as a source of suggestive impressions with that of smell. Now . . . you will find the nerve of taste has no immediate connexion with the brain proper, but only with the prolongation of the spinal cord." Parentheses and periphrases duly allowed for, he again pursues the theme, in its sentimental not scientific aspect :

"Ah me! what strains and strophes of unwritten verse pulsate through my soul when I open a certain closet in the ancient house where I was born! On its shelves used to lie bundles of sweet-marjoram and penny-royal and lavender and mint and catnip ; there apples were stored . . . ; there peaches lay in the dark. . . . The odorous echo of a score of dead summers lingers yet in those dim recesses.—Do I remember Byron's line about 'striking the electric chain'?—To be sure I do. I sometimes think the less the hint that stirs the automatic machinery of association, the more easily this moves us."†

For our part, the scent of a ripe mulberry reproduces instantan our school-days and school-fellows, in that ample garden where a pair of noble old mulberry-trees marked the boundary between open and private walks. A fir cone transports us to a group of firs in Kensington Gardens where we have lain in the shade for hours together, on summer days of old style,—sweet summer days, that were as long as twenty days are now. And not a reader but could name an *analogue* of his own.

Shelley, in one of his analyses of the nightingale's song, makes an odorous comparison :

* *Vapor* and *odor*, so spelt, American-wise, in the original. Latin words, granted. But it was not from the Latin direct that we had them.

† The Autocrat at the Breakfast-table, part iv., *passim*.

And now to the hushed ear it floats
Like field-smells known in infancy.*

In his description of Valencia singing, Professor Kingsley tells us it was no modest cooing voice, tender, suggestive, trembling with suppressed emotion, such as, even though narrow in compass and dull in quality, will touch the deepest fibres of the heart, and, "as delicate scents will sometimes do, wake up long-forgotten dreams, which seem memories of some ante-natal life."†

And what says Mr. Tennyson's day-dreamer, wandering through those long, rank, dark wood-walks drenched in dew?

The smell of violets hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.‡

So again he that writes himself Owen Meredith :

There's not a flower, there's not a tree, in this old garden where we sit,
But what some fragrant memory is closed and folded up in it.
To-night the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I was a child.§

Indeed, Owen Meredith is curious, with a *curiosa felicitas* of his own, in this matter of scent souvenirs. In the most powerful of the poems comprised in his first volume, he does a rich bit of rather audacious word-painting about the mildewy beds of the "sea-singed flowers" in the Earl's Pleasure Garden, where the rotting blooms that lay thick on the walks "were comb'd by the white sea-gust like a rake," as the Earl's lady walked there,

And the stimulant steam of the leaves and stalks
Made the coiled memory, numb and cold,
That slept in her heart like a dreaming snake,
Drowsily lift itself fold by fold,
And gnaw and gnaw hungrily, half-awake.||

Another of his self-communers we have saying to himself,

Fool, she haunts me still! No wonder!
Not a bud on yon black bed,
Not a swathed lily yonder,
But recalls some fragrance fled.¶

And another—in a later volume—whose memory of his fair one is connected with a "jasmin-flower in her fair young breast," is described as recalling the past, when she is dead and gone,—

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unroll'd.**

* Rosalind and Helen.

† A Dream of Fair Women.

‡ The Earl's Return.

§ The Wanderer: Aux Italiens.

¶ Two Years Ago.

§ Good Night in the Porch.

¶ A Soul's Loss.

Certain odours, it has been observed,* awake a vague memory disconnected with anything to remember; and for a moment we feel a weight of intervening years with a sense of some infant joy at the end of them.

Of all painful drugs to contemplate, remarks one of the faculty, "that which is daily applied to the moribund nostrils of hundreds, that death-bed drug, the overpowering ether, which, escaping from the narrowest chink in a phial, comes fitfully, coldly, clammily, as a breath escaped from the charnel-house, to force upon our memory many a scene of sorrow where we have inhaled it, in presence of the last struggles of the departing, and amid the sobs, wailings, and faintings of the bereaved—we recoil from with detestation and loathing."†

Cecil Danby, in Mrs. Gore's *Adventures of a Coxcomb*, has been wont to haunt the opera-box of a Portuguese belle and her guardian friend, from whom circumstances occur to separate him for awhile. When next he visits the opera, that box is empty, and continues so for the night. But "the scent of vanille lingered there still, as though its former inmates had only just quitted the place; and so powerfully were they brought before me by the association, that I kept expecting every moment to hear their voices by my side."‡

As a homelier illustration, take Charles Lamb on the subject of French beans. In the exquisite essay on "My Relations" figures prominently an old aunt, of fine sense, and extraordinary at a repartee, of whom we have this incidental notice—that the only secular employment Elia remembers to have seen her engaged in, was the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a china basin of fair water. "The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations."§

To the same category may be referred Wordsworth's old Adam—once a thriving farmer in Tilsbury Vale, now a jobbing porter, odd man, what you will or what he can, in London's stony-hearted streets;—mark him as

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, *and smells at the hay;*
He thinks of the fields he so often has mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him *inhale,*
And his heart all the while is in *Tilsbury Vale.*||

So Mrs. Gaskell's Sally¶ gathers a piece of southernwood, stuffs it up her nose by way of smelling it, and tells Ruth that it and peppermint-drops always remind her of going to church in the country. It is perhaps as much for rustic associations' sake, as because "it gives it a flavour," that she also makes a point on this occasion of getting a black currant leaf to put in the teapot.

* By an anonymous essayist on Time Past.

† C. D. Badham.

‡ Cecil, vol. ii. ch. i.

§ Essays of Elia: My Relations.

|| Wordsworth's Poems Referring to Old Age: The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale.

¶ Ruth, ch. xviii.

Mr. Hawthorne's study of all that concatenates physiology with psychology might assure us, *a priori*, that he would be interested in the curiosities of a question like this. And his writings afford a plurality of proofs that interested he is. How he makes Hilda pine under the crumbly magnificence of hot and dusty Rome, for the native homeliness of her distant fatherland! The peculiar fragrance of a flower-bed, which Hilda used to cultivate, came freshly to her memory, we read, across the windy sea, and through the long years since the flowers had withered; and her heart grew faint at the hundred reminiscences that were awakened by that remembered smell of dead blossoms: it was like opening a drawer, where many things were laid away, and every one of them scented with lavender and dried rose-leaves.*

Watch, too, the same author's old Moodie, treated to a glass of claret, and taking a preliminary snuff at the aroma, then cautiously sipping the wine, and uttering a feeble little laugh, as he tells his entertainer, "The flavour of this wine, *and its perfume, still more than its taste*, makes me remember that I was once a young man." And it was wonderful, we read,† what an effect the mild grape-juice wrought upon him; which effect lay not in the wine, but in the associations which it seemed to bring up.

Mark, again, the stress laid, in another of Mr. Hawthorne's romances, on Clifford's appreciating notice of a vase of flowers, the scent of which he inhaled "with a zest almost peculiar to a physical organisation so refined that spiritual ingredients are moulded in with it." This interfusion, or intercommunication, of physical with spiritual, is Mr. Hawthorne's apparently favourite study; and many are the telling chords he strikes when harping on such a theme. Clifford once seizes a rose, right eagerly, and the flower, "by the spell peculiar to remembered odours," brings innumerable associations along with the fragrance that it exhales. "Thank you!" he cries. "This has done me good. . . It makes me feel young again." And so we are told of him in a later chapter, in reference to this incident, that Clifford was a poor forlorn voyager who had been flung, by the last mountain-wave of his shipwreck, into a quiet harbour,—where, as he lay more than half lifeless on the strand, the fragrance of an earthly rose-bud had come to his nostrils, and, as odours will, had summoned up reminiscences or visions of all the living and breathing beauty amid which he should have had his home. "With his native susceptibility of happy influences, he inhales the slight, ethereal rapture into his soul, and expires."‡

Of Mr. Dickens, again, it might pretty safely be predicated, or prognosticated, that he would offer more than one or two characteristic illustrations of the same subject. Not more than one or two, however, can here find admission. As Pip and Biddy saunter together in Joe Gargery's little garden, Biddy, ill at ease, plucks a black currant leaf, and keeps rubbing it to pieces between her hands—"and," writes the hero and victim of *Great Expectations*, "the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of

* Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte Beni, ch. xxxvii.

† The Blithedale Romance, ch. xxi.

‡ House of the Seven Gables, ch. vii. and ix.

the lane.”* And then again, when Barnaby Rudge is down on the grass in St. George's Fields with the rioters of 1780, and is suddenly roused from repose and reverie by the rough hand of Maypole Hugh, who, with a shout of drunken laughter, smites him on the shoulders, and wants to know where *he's* been hiding for these hundred years, we are told that “Barnaby had been thinking within himself that the smell of the trodden grass brought back his old days at cricket, when he was a young boy and played on Chigwell Green.”†

Miss Matty's recollections of poor Brother Peter's secession from home, in Mrs. Gaskell's village chronicles,—a secession provoked by the flogging he had from his father—are inseparably associated with a certain odour, that, to her, was henceforth a sickly memento of the painful past. “I was in the store-room helping my mother to make cowslip-wine. I cannot abide the wine now, nor the scent of the flowers; they turn me sick and faint, as they did that day, when Peter came in, looking as haughty as any man—indeed, looking like a man, not like a boy: ‘Mother!’ he said, ‘I am come to say, God bless you for ever.’”‡

We have Mr. Edmund Yates's “unromantic confession,” that the pungent odours of gas and orange-peel, not distinct but mixed, a flavour, he remarks, which those not accustomed to the *penetralia* of a theatre cannot comprehend, always recall to him his happy time of youth, in the lessee's house attached to the Adelphi Theatre. “What extraordinary influence over the memory has that faculty of smell! It is twenty years ago that I, a lad, was staying with some friends in a suburb of Liverpool, where a Methodist chapel was being built, and to this day the smell of newly-carpen-tered wood reproduces that chapel and its occupants at once and distinctly before my eyes.” And there must be few of us, he adds,§ but have had similar experiences|| with flower-scents and perfumes.

For true it is, what Mrs. Hemans enforces in some feeling stanzas, that

Even as a song of other times
Can trouble memory's springs;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
Can wake departed things;
Even so a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanished hours.¶

A posthumous poem of Heine's, on Old Scents, recently translated by Mr. Edgar Bowring, is pat to the purpose, and self-suggestive of citation. But our space is out.

* Great Expectations, ch. xix.

† Barnaby Rudge, ch. xlviii.

‡ Cranford, ch. vi. “Poor Peter.”

§ In an essay entitled “Broad Awake.”

|| For a parallel passage on the gas and orange-peel commixture, see the essay (anonymous) “At the Play,” in vol. v. of the *Cornhill Magazine*, p. 87.

¶ Hemans's Poetical Remains: “To My Own Portrait.”

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

Of all the many tragic events which resulted from the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, perhaps the most remarkable was that which has been made memorable under the name of the Sicilian Vespers. It was honourably distinguished by this, that whereas others were marked with all the meanness and mysterious horror of secret plotting and factional spite, this was the ebullition of a manliness long ground down, but goaded by wicked governance into desperate resistance, under circumstances the most provoking that can be imagined. There was a conflict of nationalities in this which removes it from the category of civil strife, and sets it out in favourable contrast to those fierce demonstrations of party feeling which so constantly disgrace the history of mediæval Italy. The long struggle between Pope and Emperor for the supremacy in the Western Empire is marked by a great number of sickening horrors. It is quite refreshing to find in a fact, of itself sufficiently revolting, circumstances which are not only extenuating, but which almost merge our sympathy for the sufferers in the admiration we must feel for the passionate vindicators of humanity, who only resorted to horrors because there was no other way of resenting a most wicked oppression.

The Popes by little and little had risen from the position of Bishops of Rome, protected by and homagers to the Western Emperors, to that height that they disputed the supremacy with them even in their own dominions. From the gifts of Pepin, Charlemagne, and Constantine, to the recognition of the False Decretals, from that to the bequest of the Countess Matilda and the reign of Gregory VII., and thence to the startling assumptions of Innocent III., are so many steps in the aggrandisement of the Papacy. The interest of the Popes was the interest of a large body of men who, in addition to the influence which their priestly office gave them over an ignorant and superstitious people, exercised an immense power by virtue of the monopoly which they established over the sources of secular learning. Their influence they exerted in behalf of themselves and their master, and succeeded in forming a compact and well-organised party among the laity, which, in opposition to the imperial power, rent Italy and Germany during several centuries, and still shows certain feeble signs of existence.

When Conrad von Hohenstaufen, the first of the Suabian emperors, was elected in 1138, the two factions had become sufficiently distinct to be available. Conrad had inherited from the last Salic emperor the property of Waiblingen in the Remsthal, and assumed that name as the patronymic of his family. He also represented the head of the secular party, and was recognised as the uncompromising champion of the rights of the empire. It followed, not unnaturally, that his family became identified with his cause, and that the name of the one should become a convertible term for the other.

The Papal party included the inhabitants of the principal Italian cities, ever apprehensive of danger from their imperial suzerain; the Kings of France; and an un-German following in Germany, which had been known as the Saxon party.

But about the same time that Conrad III. gave his name to the imperial faction, the Bavarian House of Welf took the direction of the opposite one, and distinguished it by its own name. Thus the two great factions of Welf and Waiblingen, changed by an Italian euphemism into Guelphs and Ghibelines, were constituted, the one for the purpose of increasing the temporal power of the Church, the other for the purpose of checking it and of wresting back its usurped privileges. The life of Frederic I. (Barbarossa), the successor of Conrad, was spent in one continuous strife with his ecclesiastical enemies, who, appealing to the particular interests of the Lombard and Tuscan cities, succeeded in arraying against him the formidable League of Lombardy, and in inflicting a tremendous blow upon him on the field of Legnano. He, on the other hand, gained a great accession of strength by marrying his son Henry to Constance, heiress of William II., King of Naples and Sicily, the descendant of Roger Guiscard, who conquered Sicily from the Saracens, and annexed it to Naples on the death of his brother Robert. Henry of course became King of Naples and Sicily, as well as Emperor of Germany, and transmitted his royalty to his son.

The twenty-two years which elapsed between the death of Frederic I. and the accession of Frederic II. were years of gain to the Guelphs. A short reign, and a minority had impaired the imperial strength, and given time to its enemies to consolidate their power. The Ghibeline faction had languished materially in Italy: it had been proscribed, banished, and suppressed in many cities. The hand of the master was needed to reform and handle it. Accordingly Frederic II. devoted himself to the task, and spent the thirty-eight years of his reign in earnest conflict for the good of his cause, dying as he had lived, in bitter hostility to the grasping power, which fixed no bounds to its ambition, and openly aspired to sovereignty over all the princes of the world. He left two sons, Conrad, his heir, and Manfred, who was illegitimate.

Conrad, although he had been elected King of the Romans, was by the arts of Innocent IV. prevented from attaining the imperial dignity; but although strong efforts were made to frustrate that end, he was able to establish himself in his kingdom of Naples. After reigning two years he died, leaving a young son to succeed him, commending him to the care of his uncle Manfred and to that of the Pope. Innocent, to whose paternal charity the orphan king had been commended, commenced as soon as Conrad was dead to deprive the child of his kingdom. He incited the Neapolitan nobles to throw off the yoke of a king, and to form an oligarchical republic under the protection of the Church. In furtherance of this plan he marched into Naples, and established himself there by force of arms.

Into Sicily he sent agitators in the Guelphic interest, to induce the people to throw off their allegiance to the Ghibeline house of Suabia; and he so far succeeded as to get them to reject Conradine, and to form themselves into a sort of republic in connexion with Rome. From the very first it was apparent that the constituent parts of the republic were too uncongenial to be welded into union. The mixed races among the inhabitants, the aristocratic and popular interests, besides those of a small minority yet favourable to royalty, were all so many causes of disunion. After a few months of trouble and confusion, Manfred, who had raised men and money in Germany, appeared in force in the southern provinces,

defeated the Papal and Republican troops, and succeeded in restoring the royal authority both on the mainland and in Sicily. For a short time he reigned as regent for Conradine, but intending to usurp the crown for himself, he gave out that his nephew was dead in La Magna, and caused himself to be crowned in Palermo. He was at once recognised by friends and foes as the head of the Ghibeline faction, and as such displayed an uncompromising and active hostility to the Papal court and all its adherents.

The vice-regent of Christ returned hatred for hatred, and bitterness for the like. But failing to find from his own resources the means of inflicting positive injury upon his enemy, he entered into intrigues with the princes he thought most likely to be helping to him. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., was first applied to, as being a wealthy and ambitious prince, who might not think his money and reputation ill-employed if he succeeded in acquiring so fine a kingdom as that the Pope pretended to have in his own gift. The earl declined the costly honour of being cat's-paw to the Pope. The King of England, attracted by the glitter of the prize, entered into negotiations for the election of his son Edmund to the throne of Naples; but after spending large sums in preparing for the enterprise, broke off the further consideration of it.

Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, willingly responded to the invitation. Alexander IV., who had succeeded Innocent, published a crusade against Manfred, and promised innumerable spiritual and bodily benefits to all who should assist the French count in his holy warfare.

With a small but well-appointed army, Charles marched southward, came to Rome, was admitted to the high degree of "Senator," and proclaimed the champion of the Church and the Guelphs. He increased his army to an imposing strength, and went to seek Manfred, who had gathered a fine army, and awaited his enemy at Benevento. Germans, Italians, and Saracens, were opposed to the Franco-Italian troops. Manfred, the incarnation of bravery, led the one; Charles of Anjou, a skilful and bold general, the other.

After a furious fight, in which the Germans and Saracens fought like lions, Manfred's army was routed. He himself, scorning to be taken, and seeing no prospect of making another stand, rushed into the thick of the fray and was killed. The French soldiers raised a pile of stones over the corpse of the enemy they respected; but the poor malignity of the Papal legate denied the Suabian hero even this humble resting-place. The body was ordered to be removed, and was thrown by the legate's order to the dogs and beasts of the plain.

No serious resistance was offered after this; and Charles found himself, by the fortune of war, in possession of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily.

The party of the Guelphs seemed dominant in Italy, when the Ghibelines, unwilling to yield all, put forward Conradine, who was not dead, but alive and in his seventeenth year, as a claimant of the crown and the head of their faction. An army of Germans was raised to support the discontented spirits which the Ghibelines had fomented both in Italy and Sicily, where the harsh government of the French had already proved most galling. Conradine, accompanied by the young Duke of Austria, and many of the barons of La Magna, put himself at their head and

marched south, just at the time that all Sicily, with the exception of Messina, Palermo, and Syracuse, had risen against their rulers and declared for him. At Tagliacozzo he met Charles with a small body of disciplined French troops. The fight was sharp and furious; victory seemed about to declare on the side of Conradine, when a fierce charge made by Eardo de Valery and William, Prince of the Morea, broke the victors, and wrested their victory from them at the moment that it seemed complete. Conradine, with a few friends, escaped to Astura, where he was recognised and delivered up to his enemy.

The cruelty of Charles was barbarous. Some Romans who had been captured fighting in the ranks against him, were selected as examples to all Italians who might dare to resist his authority. He first ordered that their feet should be stricken off, but fearing lest the sight of the maimed wretches in the Roman streets might irritate the populace against him, he had them driven into a house which was then shut up, guarded and fired, and burnt to ashes with all its prisoners.

For Conradine and his friends there was small hope of mercy from such a man. The interests of the king and Pope were largely concerned in his death. While the rightful owner of Naples and Sicily lived the crown must sit but loosely on the brow of the usurper; and while the head of the hated Ghibelines survived, the Pope must look for powerful resistance to his extravagant pretensions, and live in constant dread of being reduced from the rank of pontiff prince and dispenser of kingdoms, to the position occupied by the fisherman of Galilee, whose successor he was, and in whose name he ruled.

There seems to have been no hesitation in the minds of either Charles or Clement about putting their prisoner to death. The only question was as to the manner. Assassination would have been more in accordance with precedent. A poisoned draught or a tightened neck-band would seem to have commended themselves as fitting agents to the minds of people who were familiar to the use of them. But these, although they might do the work and avoid the scandal attaching to open violence, would neither satisfy the blood lust of triumphant tyranny nor strike that terror into the hearts of enemies which a public trial and execution were calculated to do.

A special court, composed of barons, syndics, and leading men from the principal Neapolitan cities, was charged with the trial of the prisoners, who were accused of high treason, in that they had fought for their own undoubted right, against a prince who was not their king. As a matter of course, sentence was given against them, in spite of the unwillingness of some of the judges to concur, and in spite of the murmurs even of the French, horrified at the cruelty and injustice of the king. The king willed it, and it was done.

On the 25th October, 1268, Conradine, then in his seventeenth year, King of the Two Sicilies, and the last of a line of emperors and kings, was led forth in the market-place of his own capital to suffer death as a felon. With him walked the young Duke of Austria, his companion from infancy, and partaker in his fate. Many of their friends had already fallen; they came to close the list of illustrious victims.

The scaffold was covered with purple, out of mock respect for the quality of the prisoners. A strong guard was stationed around it, lest

the dense mass of people who filled the square should be moved to attempt a rescue. From an eminence commanding a view of the whole, Charles watched the operation of his revenge.

At one time it seemed as if the mob would be aroused to the sense and action of men. When the sentence which condemned Conradine as a "merciless traitor" was read, and Conradine raised his voice in earnest protest, appealing to God and the people, a faint tremor was perceived in the crowd, a movement as of people ready to obey any director of their impulses. But no director appeared; fear chilled the lukewarm hearts of the impulsive, and they waited in silence the issue of the day's work.

The Duke of Austria suffered first. As soon as his head rolled upon the scaffold, his friend seized it in his arms and kissed the gory face. He then bade farewell to those about him, declared his rights to survive in Peter III. of Aragon, and resigned himself to the hands of the executioner.

Thus perished the last direct representative of the illustrious house of Swabia. But Manfred's daughter, Constance, had been married to Peter III. of Aragon, so that his right, and indirectly that of his brother's son, were represented by this prince.

Charles was, however, dominant. His enemies were crushed, his people in subjection, his allies were powerful; and it might be said of him, as was said of another tyrant, that "he lacked nothing—but the wrath of God." Though he had tasted royal blood his thirst was far from satisfied. He gave unbridled indulgence to his cruelty, and deluged the land with native blood. All who could be proved to have taken any part against him in the late war were barbarously put to death, their property was confiscated, their houses were destroyed. The disaffected districts were made a howling waste, and the king witnessed the annihilation of his enemies before he talked of pardoning them. This was on the mainland, but severer punishment, if possible, was in store for the Sicilians, who had risen very generally in favour of Conradine.

Guillaume l'Estendard, a French baron and a fierce butcher, insensible to any emotion of pity, was sent over to eradicate the rebellion in Sicily. With some French troops and a number of faithless Sicilians, he succeeded in restoring his master's authority in most parts of the island, but his mode of proceeding was such as to terrify all who had the means of defence into the most desperate resistance.

At Agosta a thousand citizens and two hundred Tuscan cavalry took advantage of the strong position of the place, declined to surrender, and prepared to sell their lives at the very highest price. Guillaume encamped round it, and made several vain attempts to carry it by storm, his fury increasing at each rebuff. It is quite possible he might have been obliged to admit the garrison to a capitulation, had it not been for the accursed treachery of six of the besieged. These wretches admitted the French by night, through a postern gate into the city, which was given up to the brutal licence of the soldiers. Murder, rapine, all the horrors of war, were suddenly let loose on the devoted people: the very cisterns and corn bins were searched for victims, and the refugees dragged out, to be put to death in the way suggested by the fiendish spirit of the slayer at the moment. When the first onslaught was over, the savagery of the commander indulged itself with some horrible exercises. He selected a man

of great strength and stature to serve as executioner, had the Agostani brought bound before him, and made the butcher chop at them with a large sword. When the man flagged through the hardness of his task, stoups of wine were brought to refresh him, and on he went with his diabolical work. On the sea-shore Guillaume erected a pile of heads and trunks, disgracing the top of it with the carcasses of the six Sicilian Judases, who thus received the just reward of their sin. Many wretches rushed to the sea and were drowned. Corrado Capece having surrendered, was deprived of his eyes, sent to Catania, and there hanged. His two brothers perished on the gibbet at Naples. Not a man of Agosta was left alive.

Charles having thus brought the people under him, to the obedience of the vanquished, began to make them feel the weight of his dominion. Those who had exclaimed against the severity of the Suabian government, looked back with regrets to the time when Manfred ruled them. "We thought we had got a king from the Father of fathers, and we have got anti-Christ." This was the language of the clergy, who, curbed by Manfred, were utterly despoiled by Charles. The privileges he had sworn to the Pope he would restore were not only denied, but those yet retained were taken away. The conventual revenues were seized by the champion of the Church, and the wolf whom the Pope had delighted to honour with a sheep's clothing began to flesh his fangs in the Church's lambs. The barons friendly to the Angevins were deprived of property on the pretence that they had acquired it through Manfred, who had no power to confer it; and those of them who could not prove themselves free from all taint of treason were deprived as traitors. The French soldiery were enriched with Italian spoils; a new nobility was created; the feudal system in its harshest form was thrust upon the people; secret prison-houses sprung up in hateful abundance; the voice of Justice was stifled, and the whole nation was ground down to misery under the iron heel of a foreign despot.

The taxes were crushing and most offensively levied; the currency was debased by the government, and then called in at the loss of the people; heiresses were compelled to marry needy Frenchmen; estates were made wildernesses that some French lord might hunt over them, while the owner was forbidden on pain of death to kill a head of game.

In their domestic relations the poor people were fearfully insulted. Lawlessness, conscious of security, ran riot through the land, and respected neither rank nor condition in gratifying its lust. It will be seen that this was the rock on which the French rule split. "*Quæ omnia et graviora quidem, ut arbitrator, patienti animo Siculi tolerassent, nisi (quod primum cunctis dominantibus cavendum est) alienas fœminas invasissent.*" (Nicolas Specialis.)

The letters, remonstrances, and threats of Clement availed nothing. Charles knew he was in possession, and cared not for weapons which were not carnal. He laughed at the legate's messages, and openly declined to heed them. Ever on the watch, losing no opportunity, and careful for everything, he defied the hatred of enemies who were weaker than himself. His mind could grasp all the circumstances connected with his present position, and allow his thoughts to wander beyond it.

He fancied that he saw in the weakness of the Greek Empire an op-

portunity of seizing the Greek crown. He openly aspired to it, and secretly but actively prepared the means to compass it. Adroitly availing himself of his brother St. Louis's crusading zeal, he temporised about joining his ill-fated expedition, but gave it sufficient countenance to give him the power of turning the crusaders, if victorious over their heathen foes, against their Christian brethren at Constantinople. When the expedition so miserably failed on the shores of Tunis, he contrived to get free with his own small band, and to arrange favourable conditions for his own interest; and though he did not get the assistance he looked for from his brother's arms, he managed to draw himself unscathed out of the fire which consumed them. Under pretext of arming for this crusade, he had built a fleet of war vessels, and collected stores of arms for the purpose of striking a blow at the tottering empire of Michael Palæologus. While the wrecks of his brother's ships were strewing the shores of the Mediterranean, his own were riding safely in the harbours of Italy.

In Italy he seemed resolved to be absolute. He dictated in Tuscany as vicar-general to the emperor, at the same time that he persecuted with bitterness the entire Ghibeline party. He surprised and spoiled Genoa without declaring war against her. He seized on Lombard and Piedmontese towns, and treated them as his own vassals; and even in Rome he proceeded, by virtue of his rank of "senator," to oust the Pope of his authority, and to assume the direction of affairs. The avenger, the dear son of the Church, had thrust himself into her house and over her head.

By the time Nicholas III. became Pope, in 1277, matters were ripe for change. The hatred of all classes of Italians for the French tyrant had grown to maturity; the murmurs of his subjects were getting too distinct to be prevented from finding expression in action. The barons of Sicily and Naples were writhing under the tyranny of their master, and the insufferable insolence of their new compeers. The clergy were of opinion that he was anti-Christ, and the people regarded him as a fiend incarnate.

John of Procida, a learned physician, who had shared the fate of Manfred's party, been exiled, and seen his property pass into alien hands, had not ceased to agitate and move the spirit of rivals against the usurper. He had been favourably received by Peter of Aragon, who bestowed estates on him, but declined to measure swords with the King of France in support of his claim to the Sicilian crown. But now that circumstances seemed favourable, John of Procida, who had lately refrained from pushing himself forward, again troubled the waters.

The Greek emperor, aware of Charles's designs against him, must naturally be glad to see his enemy destroyed; the Pope, whose very existence as a prince was at stake, must form one in a combination against him; and surely if an opportunity offered, Peter would not hang back from an enterprise, the success of which would double the extent of his dominions. With these convictions in his mind, John fitted between Rome, Constantinople, and Saragossa, intriguing, arranging, preparing for the overthrow of Charles. The reward of his exertions was the alliance of the three princes to achieve this object. Nicholas confirmed the right already inherent in Peter, to the Sicilian crown, and signed a deed of gift, which was at least as valid as that by which Charles had acquired possession.

By personal visitation, made at the risk of his life, John aroused the Sicilians to a sense of their situation, and to a determination to resist the oppressor on the first opportunity. The plot was thickening but was not matured; the egg of rebellion was laid but not ready to break, when the incident known as the Sicilian Vespers precipitated matters to a terrible conclusion, and took the direction of them out of John of Procida's hands.

On Easter Tuesday, 31st March, 1282, the people of Palermo had gone to hear vespers at the church of San Spirito, on Morreale, a short distance from the town. At the same place was a pleasure garden, where the people were wont to walk and amuse themselves after service was over. On this particular evening the Palermitans were there in large numbers, attracted by the fineness of the weather and the festivity of the Easter octave. A number of the officers of the viceroy were also there, for the purpose as they said of maintaining order. Herbert of Orleans, the viceroy, had forbidden the Sicilians to wear arms, or to train themselves to use them. They were therefore on this occasion unarmed, while the French carried their customary weapons.

The French, who had come to preserve order, began, as usual, to presume upon their superiority, and to insult the people. Their conduct towards the women was such as to call out the remonstrances of the men. To them the Frenchmen only replied with offensive taunts, and did not desist from their insolent behaviour. Some especially insolent speech or act evoked the indignant protest of some Sicilian youth, who delivered themselves so boldly that the French exclaimed, "They must have concealed arms or they would not talk so." One of them named Drouet, more brutal than the rest, made up to where a beautiful girl of noble family was walking with her betrothed and her parents, and accused her of carrying concealed weapons. On her denying the charge, Drouet caught hold of her with his left hand and thrust his right into her bosom, at the same time attempting to kiss her. The girl fainted, and fell back in her lover's arms.

A young man whose name is unknown, saw the occurrence and rushed forward, knocked Drouet down, drew his sword, and killed the fellow with his own weapon, shouting as he did so, "Death to the French! Down with the French!" The cry, like the voice of God, echoed through the country, and stirred the hearts of all. Each man's hand was immediately against the aliens. Implements of husbandry, or of household use, served the place of more recognised weapons. A horrible scene of mutual slaughter ensued, the Sicilians suffering severely from their well-armed enemies; but for the French, the contemporary historian remarks with significant terseness, they numbered two hundred, and two hundred fell.

From the garden the insurgents ran, excited and bloody, with the dead men's swords in their hands, to the city, crying, "Death to the French!" and dealing it to them whenever they came in their way.

Under the leadership of Ruggiero Mastrangelo, they took possession of Palermo, surrounded and broke the palace of the governor, killed the inhabitants, and destroyed the property. The governor himself escaped almost by a miracle.

All that evening and all that night the populace gave loose rein to

their fury; they broke into the convents and slew the French monks; the altar was no asylum; neither men, women, nor children were spared; neither age nor rank afforded protection. "Remember Agosta!" was the cry when the blood fury began to abate to the old tune, and again the butchery went on till the evening's work had two thousand corpses to show for it. Christian burial was denied to the dead, who were cast into pits and buried like dogs.

Giovanni di San Remigio, the governor, who had escaped to the castle of Vicari, thirty miles from Palermo, next day aroused the French in the neighbourhood, with the feudal militia, for the purpose of avenging their fallen countrymen. But their own Nemesis was at hand. An irregular band had started at daylight from Palermo in pursuit of the governor, and ran him to earth at Vicari. Whether out of respect, or from whatever consideration, it was offered to San Remigio that he and the soldiers with him might embark for Provence, and their lives should be spared if they would surrender. The terms were scornfully refused; a sortie was made, and sustained with great valour till the governor fell pierced with arrows; then a fear came upon the French, and the spirit of the Vespers upon their assailants, who rushed forward to the cry, "Death to the French!" and put every man to the sword.

The ferocity of the outbreak left the insurgents no hope of reconciliation. They had gone thus far, they must go still farther. In a sort of parliament hastily summoned at Palermo, the regal form of government was renounced for ever; and it was agreed to form a commonwealth under the protection of the Church. Ruggiero Mastrangelo was made chief of the provisional government, with a council to assist him.

The town of Corleone, moved by the example of Palermo, sent deputies to make common cause with her, and to propose an offensive and defensive alliance. The council was unanimous in its decision to accept the offer, and publicly swore on the Gospels, faith and friendship with the Corleonesi; and further, to assist them in destroying the strong castle of Calatamauro, about ten miles from their city.

As soon as the pact was made, Bonifazio, captain of the Corleonesi, put himself at the head of three thousand men and scoured the country round, seizing the royal magazines and herds intended for the expedition to Constantinople, razing the castles, and destroying utterly all that bore any connexion with the French. Such was their fury in killing, that Saba Malaspina says it seemed as if every man had a father, son, or brother to avenge, or was possessed with the belief that in slaying a Frenchman he did God service.

Other places took the infection, slew their French, and sent deputies to Palermo. There a more numerous parliament assented to the republic under the Church, and swore to die rather than serve the French.

When the assembly had been wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm, Mastrangelo rose to direct it. He pointed out that they had committed themselves irretrievably to resistance; that Charles would be implacable; that he had ships and soldiers which would soon be sent against them to destroy them; and finished a most eloquent appeal to their patriotism by urging them to organize disciplined bands for the purpose of pursuing their yet incomplete work, and of offering the steadiest defence against the attacks which would assuredly be made.

It was resolved to invite Messina, which was still held for the king, to throw off the foreign yoke.

Three columns were formed under the direction of Mastrangelo, one to secure the country towards Cefalù, the second to march on Calatafimi, and the other to take the heart of the island by Castrogiovanni. They went, and did their work. Burning houses, murdered people, marked the line of their march. Sacrifices of blood and fire were needed to cleanse the land, and terribly it was purified.

Messina, where Herbert of Orleans resided, did not at once respond to the enthusiasm of her sister city. She sent some galleys to blockade the port of Palermo, and to insult the garrison. These latter, however, declared they could not exchange blows with their brethren, that they reserved their anger for their enemies, and at the same time they reared the Cross of Messina by side of the Eagle of Palermo on their walls.

On the 15th of April the town authorities of Messina sent five hundred archers, under Captain Chiriolo, a Sicilian, to take possession of Taormina, which the rebels had failed to occupy. Scarcely had they left the town when the people, who had become inoculated with the general feeling, finding so large a force of the municipal guard withdrawn, began to murmur at the measures which were being taken against their countrymen. From murmurs they proceeded to some acts of insubordination, and assumed so threatening an aspect that the viceroy, who had but six hundred men-at-arms with him, withdrew all but ninety into the castle of Matagrifone and his own palace. These ninety he sent, under Micheletto Gatta, to serve as a check on the archers, who had gone to Taormina, and of whose fidelity he was more than doubtful.

When the archers saw them coming, they suspected their object, and, incited by Bartolomeo, a citizen, received them with a cloud of arrows.

Forty saddles were emptied: the rest of the band turned round and fled to the castle of Scaletta. The Sicilians tore up the banners of Charles and marched back to raise the people of Messina.

Meantime, the Messinese, under the guidance of Bartolomeo Maniscalco, rose against their masters. The savage cry, "Death to the French!" was repeated and passed along. Again many innocent persons perished, and the capital of the island passed into the hands of the natives.

Next day a government, composed of the principal people in the city, was formed to act in conjunction with that of Palermo. A vain attempt was made by the viceroy to seduce the new chief magistrate from his post. The messenger was sent back with an offer to spare the lives of Herbert of Orleans and those with him, on condition that they should give up arms, horses, and baggage, and sail direct to Acquamorte, in Provence, without touching on the Sicilian or Calabrian coasts. The terms were agreed to, but broken by Herbert, who, instead of sailing to Provence, landed on the Calabrian coast, where it seems he had given a rendezvous to the late garrison of Messina.

On the same conditions the garrisons of Matagrifone and Scaletta surrendered, but a sudden frenzy coming upon the people at hearing of the bad faith of the viceroy, and being further excited at the threats of Charles against them, they broke into the places where the prisoners were confined for safety, and murdered them every one.

Thus, in the space of one month, the train which, comparatively speaking, a small spark had kindled in Palermo communicated with the whole island, and had its final explosion in Messina. In one month the people who had seemed so crushed had shaken off a tyrannical yoke, and dared to be free. They had asserted in the most positive way the rights of long-enduring, much-suffering humanity; and horrible as the means they resorted to were, tremendous as was the cruelty of the indiscriminate massacres, it must be remembered that severity was their only safety, "thorough" their single course; and that in extenuation of the wholesale slaughters, in which nearly eight thousand people perished, it must be said that the French had furnished them with only too valid precedents, and that in the fury of the Sicilian Vespers might be recognised the sign of even-handed justice dealing out measure for measure for the deletion of Agosta.

With the events which took place after the expulsion of the French, I do not propose to deal in detail.

Charles made the most desperate attempts to regain his authority, closely besieged Messina in person, until he was forced back by the combined efforts of the Sicilians, Genoese, and Spaniards. These latter, under Ruggiero di Loria, who commanded the Catalan fleet fitted out with the money obtained from Michael Palæologus, swept the seas of the ships which should have borne Charles's expedition to the East. The land forces were also so severely handled by the valiant defenders of Messina, that Charles was compelled to withdraw hastily to the mainland, in order to avoid capture by the people he had come to subdue.

How Peter III. of Aragon ultimately came to the crown on the invitation of the Sicilians and by grant of the Pope, defended the island against the French, and severed it from its connexion with Naples, I do not propose to relate, nor to pursue an inquiry into the quarrels which for two hundred years arose out of the Spanish and French claims to dominion in Italy.

The story of the Sicilian Vespers stands by itself, one of many memorials of the degree to which bad government may be exercised without resistance, and of the tremendous excesses which an oppressed people can commit when once they proceed to action in a condition which is almost desperate.

The story was long remembered in France. "If I am provoked," said Henri IV., "I will breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "And perhaps," said the Spanish ambassador, "your majesty may reach Sicily in time for Vespers."

F. W. R.

BARON VON STOCKMAR.

IN the man who died on July 9 last, at Coburg, and whose death formed the subject of an English newspaper paragraph, the Germans lost a wise statesman, a warm-hearted patriot, and a good citizen. The worthy folk of Coburg were fond of pointing out his house to travellers, although many of the latter, even his own countrymen, had probably never heard his name before. This may be partly explained by the peculiar position in which Stockmar stood to state affairs; for while exercising a decided influence in the formation of new states and the fall of European dynasties, it was his destiny to become scarce known beyond his own immediate circle. As we English owe much to him, a memoir may not be out of place here of one of her Majesty's most trustworthy and intimate friends.

Christian Frederick Stockmar was born at Coburg on August 22, 1787, the son of a well-to-do and respected bourgeois family. His mother was a very sensible, true-hearted woman, his father a man of considerable independence of character, who once committed the unpardonable sin of opposing the views of his most august ruler. The character of both the parents was faithfully transmitted in the son. While still a lad, the confidence he felt of future success in life caused his family considerable amusement. Thus he one day pointed to the simple tea equipage, and said, "I shall have all that in silver some day," and his mother calmly replied, "If you can manage it, I shall be glad." In later years this early comprehension of human grandeur was often repeated to him, when his ideas as to the social value of a silver teapot had greatly changed.

In 1805, Stockmar went to the university, where he studied medicine. His student-years had a decided influence on his future life. They fell in that wretched period when the Gallic rule pressed on Germany like lead, when Prussia was dashed to pieces, the Rhenish Confederation founded, and the shadow of death brooded over the whole nation. The heart of the life-enjoying youth was contracted through pain at the universal misery. Probably he had brought with him from home a contempt for the old local governments, and now he saw the hollow condition of the Rhenish Confederation; on one side lamentable weakness, on the other immoral tyranny. In him and in the circle of his friends a longing for the unity, might, and grandeur of the German Empire was aroused. With the defeat of Austria in 1809, the feeling of disgrace became so great that the cheerfulness of even youths grew embittered. Once in his presence the fury felt at the desperate state of Germany was loudly expressed, and in the conversation the assassination of Napoleon was suggested. At this moment an old Prussian officer, a great friend of Stockmar and his companions, rose and said, seriously, "Only young people talk in that way: let things be. Any one who has been longer acquainted with the world knows that the French Empire cannot last long: trust to the natural course of events." This calm confidence made a deep impression on Stockmar. In what could this natural course of events consist? In the injury which victory itself must inflict on the mind of the autocrat, blinding his judgment, and ruining his decision; in

the strength and elevation of character which the bitter need must arouse in the German temper. In this way, and through a logical series of conclusions, the youth formed an idea of a state and the relation of the prince to the people, which at that time appeared new and radical, but has since become the firm basis of German liberalism.

Stockmar's academic studies were continued for five years amid war and great catastrophes. During the period he had grown a man, he had witnessed many great events, and had peculiar opportunities for the formation of his character. In 1810 he returned to Coburg and began practising. Two years later he was appointed the government physician. When Napoleon's defeated army began its fearful retreat from Russia through Germany, Stockmar was entrusted with a duty which in those hard times cost the life of many a physician: he became director of a large military lazaretto at Coburg. In 1814 he marched on the Rhine as chief surgeon of the Coburg contingent. On reaching Mayence, he was ordered to Worms as staff surgeon of the fifth German corps d'armée, where he managed the permanent hospital under Stein's administration. His first collision with Stein was anything but a friendly one. The military hospital at Worms had not been occupied by patients for a long time, and Stockmar did his duty as a surgeon by taking into it wounded French prisoners. All at once German wounded soldiers poured in, and the hospital was filled. At this Stein broke out in his violent way, and there was a tremendous quarrel, in which Stockmar did not give way an inch. His acquaintance with Stein, however, was not interrupted by this, and many years after, when Stockmar visited the great patriot on his return from England, he was amazed at finding how thoroughly Stein was acquainted with English affairs.

In autumn, 1814, Stockmar returned to Coburg; in 1815 he followed the Coburg contingent into Alsace. These campaigns were decisive for Stockmar's future career. During them he formed the acquaintance of Prince Leopold of Coburg, who took a liking to him, and when the marriage of the prince with Princess Charlotte was decided, he appointed Stockmar his physician, who proceeded to England at the end of March, 1816, to assume his appointment. To what an extent Stockmar gained the confidence and attachment of the prince in his new position, was shown on the death of the princess, which took place on November 6, 1817. By the bedside of his beloved wife the prince embraced the faithful man, and demanded his promise that he would never leave him. Stockmar gave this promise, and kept it faithfully to the prince and his house. Even in this hour of passionate emotion and of great decision, the physician saw with remarkable clearness the new relations into which he had entered with his prince, the duties which they imposed on him, and the conduct he must pursue. During the last few years he had grown accustomed to live for others, and devote his own existence to greater interests. "I seem to have been sent into the world to care for others more than for myself, and am quite content with my lot," he wrote, a few days after this promise, to a friend. He entered on his new post free from all enthusiasm and self-deception. He gave up the plans he had quietly formed for his own future, and devoted his whole time to the practical business of his prince. The position of the latter, who, as a naturalised Englishman, continued to reside in England, was

difficult and delicate, and demanded all the activity of a confidential man. The prince, consequently, appointed another physician, and gave Stockmar the management of his revenues and the functions of a chamberlain.

Up to 1830 Stockmar remained with the prince in England, although their residence there was interrupted by journeys to France, Italy, and a lengthened stay in Germany. Stockmar, it is true, had married in 1820, and set up his household in Coburg, but his engagements with the prince kept him away for the greater part of the year. That English period, from 1817 to 1830, was decisive for his political development. He was in intercourse with the prominent men of all parties, but principally with the liberals and radicals. He was thoroughly conversant with the party moves and management of affairs among us. But while he acquired the English sober and practical view of politics, he never lost his own peculiar warmth, kindness of heart, and amiability, or the German tendency of striving for the highest things. It was of the greatest value to his own nation that he learnt in England the blessings of an established constitution, and became initiated in all the ways by which a prime minister influences his people, and how in turn he is influenced by them.

When he reached his fortieth year, Stockmar had the first opportunity for independent action in diplomatic affairs. The candidature of Prince Leopold for the Greek throne was the starting-point of his personal intervention in continental politics. When this candidature was overthrown, partly through the opposition of George IV., Stockmar's political activity was only interrupted for a short period, for in 1830 the Belgian affair offered him a wider field. Ere long he was watching the diplomatic negotiations in England as confidential agent of his prince, and after that, aided by his clever and resolute advice in founding the new monarchy and state of Belgium. In the negotiations with France, Rome, and the ministry of William IV., he acquired that rare knowledge of persons and business through which he became in after years an authority in diplomatic circles, and he gained for the king and himself respect and personal confidence among the leaders of European politics.

After Belgium was established, he gave up his office, and henceforth lived on a pension which the king granted him, as a confidential adviser and friend, whose opinion was constantly asked, and he was employed in matters of a more or less important nature. At this period the King of the Belgians was called upon to direct his special attention to the family affairs of the English royal family. Stockmar, through his long residence in England, had become intimate with his master's sister, the Duchess of Kent. The young Princess Victoria soon learned to regard him as the faithful friend he remained to her throughout life. The time was now approaching when the princess must ascend the throne in all human probability, and the King sent Stockmar to England to guard the interests of his sister and niece. We as yet know but little about that most remarkable period when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, or of the numerous intrigues that were carried on. In the midst of the violent party disputes Stockmar was the confidential adviser of the youthful and inexperienced Queen, and held a perfectly free though undefined position.

The most pressing necessity was to find the Queen a permanent support in the person of a husband. After the choice was fixed on Prince Albert, who both morally and mentally was rarely adapted for the position, Stockmar received the mission to prepare the young prince by intercourse and counsel for the new relations of life he was about to enter into. For this purpose a journey to Italy was decided on. This journey, from 1838 to 1839, was the foundation of a rare friendship, such as was only possible between a good and enlightened prince and an amiable and disinterested private person—a firm intimate connexion, in which the prince displayed unbounded confidence, and the clever teacher unselfish paternal feelings.

Very deep and permanent was the influence which Stockmar exerted over the prince's mind. In the "Speeches and Addresses" of Prince Albert, Stockmar's views of political matters can be distinctly traced. The friendship between the two—an honourable, manly friendship, full of regardless truth—we may now fairly say, when both have been taken from us, had a decided influence in endowing the Queen, the prince, and the royal children, with a liberal comprehension of the age and free human tendencies. This tendency on the part of the English royal family is of immense importance, as our readers can easily understand, for the future of Germany.

Stockmar was Prince Albert's plenipotentiary in signing the marriage contract, and he remained the intimate friend of the young couple. The first years after the marriage were to him rich in experiences about the internal working of a constitutional government. His life became now so arranged that he spent the autumn and spring of nearly every year in England. He resided at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle in an independent position as a dear and honoured friend and guest. When the prince wished to rest after the day's business, he found relief in Stockmar's apartments: the royal children regarded him as a kind "grandpapa," whom they were very fond of visiting, and the "baron" was the general refuge of all those who had a complaint or a desire at court. The guest continued his simple dietetic mode of life even in the palace. For, although the ageing man retained his freshness of mind and cheerfulness of temper in his intercourse with others, he had regarded his body for a long time past with growing doubts, and was in his heart inclined to treat himself as a dangerous patient. Thus it often happened that he did not pay due attention to the established rules of the most punctual of all courts, would keep the Queen and her husband waiting, or walk in and take his seat imperturbably in the middle of dinner. And when spring ended the old friend disappeared all at once, for he could not endure leave-taking: the royal children one morning found his rooms empty, and wrote repeated letters to Coburg, full of complaints about his faithlessness, and hearty reproaches. And in summer earnest entreaties were recommenced that he would speedily return.

In this way his long visits to England were repeated from 1837 to 1857. The last work in which he was prominently engaged was the marriage of Princess Victoria with the Crown Prince of Prussia. During the last years of his life, owing to his increasing weakness, he could not make up his mind to accept the invitations of the English royal family, or make so long a voyage. The wish to be near him induced the Prince

Consort and the Queen to make several visits to Germany. When they were stopping in Coburg, the old gentleman might venture a visit to the palace, but more generally the royal guests waited on him at his own house; and daily they might be seen going into a quiet house in a side-street, in order to visit their grey-haired friend. The calm self-respect of the individual to whom this hearty respect of a royal family was paid, and the delicate attentions of his guests, were the natural experience of a firm and intimate connexion with good and estimable persons, whose value the royal visitors felt to the fullest extent. Everything, whether great or small, that lay on their minds, the cares of politics, and the sketch plan of the Prince Consort's model farm, the education of the children, and the minor joys and sorrows of the day, were laid by the Queen, her husband and family, in the faithful heart of the wise old man, who did not hold back sensible advice, warm adhesion, or serious warning.

But although the relations of Stockmar to the royal houses of England and Belgium were so close, he remained a German. In the pride of his manhood, when he presided over the household of Prince Leopold, he firmly adhered to the thought that he would not give up his fatherland; and while in the service of the English prince he founded a family life at home. He continually returned thither from abroad, and observed the conduct of the German governments and the state of the nation with warm sympathy. But there was no room for him and his talents in the states of the holy alliance, and his decidedly liberal tendencies excluded him from all statesmanlike participation in home affairs. With the accession of Frederick William IV., the hope with which he regarded the rising power of the people became very lively. The year 1848 rekindled in the man—now in his sixty-first year—some of the fire of his youth. He was one of the first who, through patriotism, joined the little German or Prussian party. He made a lengthened stay in Frankfort, and associated there with men who held the same views as himself. But in the spring of 1848 it was evident to him that Berlin, and not Frankfort, was the spot where the great question must be decided. In the former city he earnestly advised in June the restoration of tranquillity and order, so that the soil might be prepared for the successful progress of the constitutional work. His advice displeased on one side; and those whom it did not displease had not the courage and energy to carry it out. In September he renewed the same attempt, with a similar result. In his anxiety about the impending reactionary catastrophe he himself proceeded to Berlin, with a deeply affected heart, for he felt that the most important interests of his nation would be ruined then in a dangerous game.*

In 1850, Stockmar was sent as deputy to Erfurt by the confidence of his fellow-citizens. What he learnt there of the weakness and indecision of the Prussian government convinced him that for the present all hope of a regeneration of Germany must be given up. From the commencement of the movement he regarded it as the first outbreak of untried national strength. And the ensuing reaction, which he had long before prophesied, did not for a moment shake the hopeful confidence with which he regarded the future of Germany. He always tried to impart

* Varnhagen von Ense writes in his journal on October 8: Baron von Stockmar was here, the Anglo-Coburg intrigant.

courage, and make others share his firm confidence, even in the coming sad times. Thus he said: "The Germans are a good people, easy to govern, and the German princes who do not understand this do not deserve to govern such a people." And again: "You young men are unable to survey the great progress which the Germans have made in this century towards state union; I have experienced it. I know this people. You are advancing towards a great future. You will live to see it, but not I, and then think of the old man."

His last lengthened excursion was in the autumn of 1858 to Berlin, where he convinced himself of the happiness of the youthful couple on whom he placed such great hope. From that time he did not leave his home again, and during the last years his house only rarely. Social intercourse with strangers was exciting for him, and his door was not opened voluntarily to every one—except to old acquaintances and friends of the family—but most willingly to the poor of Coburg. They were thoroughly acquainted with the stone step on which they had rung the bell with aching heart, and descended it again with a light one. But any strange visitor could not make sure of getting beyond the threshold, and it often happened that even the wearers of a coronet were refused admission. He regarded his day's work as finished, his end as close at hand. Still, in his association with friends his old fire would glow when he was at all excited; at such times he would speak readily and frankly about persons and the experiences of his rich life. During last winter his weakness aroused the alarm of his friends, and a paralytic stroke was speedily followed by death.

Stockmar met strangers straightforwardly, unpretendingly, and with dignity. When he gave his confidence, he did so with hearty frankness. He had a deeply-founded dislike of everything that resembled display and hollow self-esteem, and such would make him at times lose his gentle cheerfulness, and behave roughly and sharply. For this reason he detested Metternich from his heart; with his sharp glance he had recognised the emptiness of this man "of small measures," and felt with patriotic hatred the disgrace brought on the German name by such a limited mind remaining the leader of German policy during a generation, and this truthfulness was combined in him with an almost neckless conscientiousness, which despised all gentle manners, especially in intercourse with the mighty ones of the earth, whose misfortune it is that the truth is too often laid before them with cautious toning down. There are plenty of anecdotes describing such opinions of his expressed face to face. The firm and cool manner in which in such cases he managed to force his conviction on others, was generally irresistible: nothing could be done against him, and his opponent yielded to the superiority and strength of his mind. The final secret, however, of his value and the influence he attained over others, did not lie in the excellent foundation on which his political practice was based, or in the firmness and sharpness of his glance, but in his temperament. The fact that he was a good man with a heart full of affection, and at the same time possessed a warmth which he sympathetically imparted to others, rendered him indispensable to all those with whom he came in closer contact. The world was reflected purely and clearly in his heart, and he seized on everything that was good with a hearty delight. He felt a human sympathy, which

with him was ever expressed by action, in the social sufferings of a nation, in the dangers that threatened the mind of a prince, or in the sorrows of a petty artisan. And his mode of doing good may claim the merit that it was effected not only amply and in the most suitable manner, but also with a discretion which did not let the left hand know what the right was doing.

Although during his last years he regarded his growing weakness with a certain amount of hypochondria, still even to the end no gloomy view of life was visible about him so soon as he turned his attention to the great or small affairs of others. The devotion of his mind was unalterable, and his sympathy in the joy and sorrow of nations and individuals remained with him till the gloom of night overshadowed his consciousness, and his heart ceased to beat—a happy heart, a heart full of love.

Such was his behaviour on earth. And yet this existence, so busy, successful, and in many respects fortunate, displays to some extent that tragic fate which throws a dark shadow over nearly every great man's life. So long as he lived he was forbidden, as his friends still are, to prove by the various exploits of his public life to his contemporaries what he was and what he did. It was only rarely that he held the position of a minister or leader of the people, who has to answer for his actions to the verdict of the nation and of history. During the most important period of his life it was his fate to be a silent guide and adviser. The few who were initiated in the great affairs of the age were able to appreciate his value, but his power was unknown to all those outside the charmed circle. And he who, with all the demeanour of a man of business, possessed the least amount of mystery-mongering, was forced at times to endure the feeling of being regarded by strangers as a man of mystery, a worker under ground. It was evident to himself that a restriction was laid on the comprehensive labours of his life, which was not the least for a proud man—the restriction that he must give up for himself the glory of much that he achieved. But even in this direction he sacrificed himself and his personal existence for others with cheerful self-denial.

We trust that the time may come when the political importance of the dead man may be shown by a detailed description of his participation in the great events of the last fifty years. The short sketch of his life, however, which we have given here is only meant to furnish English readers with an idea of a man to whom they unwittingly owe so much.

A NIGHT AT THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS.

It was long past midnight. The brilliant illumination of the Boulevards was at an end. The transparent wooden pillars, painted with coloured puffs, and the graceful bronze gas-lamps, alone threw their light over the asphalt. The air was mild and sultry, and a splendid summer night was spread out over Paris. I was strolling along the Boulevard Montmartre on the arm of my friend Jack Loftus, who knows his Paris by heart. We had dined famous at Philippe's in the Rue Rougemont, looked in at the Variétés for an hour, drunk a glass or two of beer at the El Dorado, and were now just in the humour for making a night of it.

Talking and laughing merrily, we reached the Rue Lafitte, and stood in front of the world-renowned Maison Dorée, the gastronomic rendezvous of the financial and artistic world, as well as of all those who do not begrudge one hundred francs to breakfast for once à la Lucullus. After some remarks about the financial king and his company residing in the vicinity, we passed to a new subject; that is to say, I expressed my regret that Paris was not alive and jolly all the night through. I had scarce uttered the words ere my friend and cicerone said, with a cunning look:

"Do you like a glass of good wine?"

"I should not be a Cambridge man if I did not."

"Well then, follow me, and I will convince you for the tenth time that Paris proper never sleeps."

We crossed the Boulevard and turned into the Rue Favart. Nearly opposite the side entrance of the gloomy-looking Opéra-Comique, the light of two gas globes fell on a narrow turning staircase in a broad passage. We went up the stairs, and Jack stopped at a door on the first story. A shabby, faded bell-rope hung by the side of the door, and after giving it a quiet pull, we were at once admitted. A hot pestilential puff, composed of every conceivable nastiness, blew in our faces. With the obligato napkin under his arm, there stood before us a chubby-cheeked waiter, with black whiskers of the artillery cut, a snow-white linen apron, and blue jacket, who, with the politest of bows, moved on one side, threw the door wide open to let us in, and locked it again directly we had passed through. We were standing in a narrow low room, a species of ante-chamber, with doors leading out of it in all directions. Against the wall facing us was a buffet, while in the background three or four waiters were moving about in the light of the turned-down gas-lamps. Everything was as quiet as in a church: the carpet that covered every bit of the floor seemed not only to deaden the echo of footsteps, but every other sound as well.

"What you like to take, gentlemen?" a sort of head waiter, in a white choker and black tail-coat, asked us; "or would you not prefer a table in the small salon? Unfortunately, all the private rooms are engaged."

I was glad of this, for there would be certainly something to see in the salon; and where are things better worth seeing than in Paris? There was one slight formality still to go through, however. There was company in the salon, and politeness demanded that they should be informed of our threatening entrance. They might wish to be alone and undisturbed, for

with money you can engage an entire salon for yourself. Hence a waiter was sent ahead as quartermaster, who returned in a few minutes with a beaming face, and said, "All right; the gentlemen can enter."

A narrow dark passage led us rapidly to our destination. The salon, in truth, deserved the epithet of "small." It formed an irregular polygon, and the ceiling was so low that it almost alarmed you on first entering lest you should knock your head against it. The walls were covered from top to bottom with mirrors. Four tables covered with damask cloths, and the suitable number of chairs, constituted the furniture, and a dark-coloured carpet covered the whole of the floor. Only one of the four tables was occupied.

The company seated at it consisted of three persons—two ladies and a gentleman—who all seemed to be merry and well disposed, and did not allow their rather loud conversation to be in the slightest degree disturbed by our entrance. We seated ourselves quietly in a corner, ordered a bottle of Chambertin, which was at once brought in a willow basket by the ministering spirit, talked in a low voice over the glasses, and observed at the same time. We were not long in doubt as to the character of the trio.

The two ladies had made themselves thoroughly comfortable for supper. They had probably taken off their bonnets, shawls, &c., in another room, for there was no trace of them in the "small salon." Each of them wore a black merino dress, cut rather low down in front. Their black hair was carefully arranged round a pale and moderately interesting face, which the champagne they had swallowed was beginning faintly to tinge. A smile, that frequently degenerated into a loud laugh, never entirely disappeared from their lips. No doubt but that the couple belonged to the caste very characteristically called by the Parisians "young widows," because, probably in order to make themselves more interesting, they dress themselves like a young widow lamenting her dear departed. There was nothing particularly engaging about their companion, in spite of his tall form, open features, fashionable dress, and pseudo-jovial manner: his eyes, which glided shyly and restlessly from one object to the other, and only became fixed for a moment now and then on the faces of the ladies, did not please me at all. I at once put him down as one of the class of Parisian bon-vivants, while my more experienced companion merely saw in him one of the thousands of fellows who contrive to exist solely on their readiness to flit, and the favour of the fair lady under their protection.

The conversation of the three, which in the first few minutes after our entrance had turned on indifferent topics, now assumed a more interesting, though not more serious character. The remnants of a very delicate dessert had not yet been removed, and among them rose a very considerable group of bottles. Aglaë and Frosine—the two heroines called each other—were passing the time in a noble fashion by bombarding the bottle-necks, as well as the rather prominent nose of their Arthur, with pellets of bread. The latter was leaning with folded arms on the table, and gazing on the work of destruction before him with apparently melancholy glances.

"Only to think," he suddenly said, with a hearty laugh and a tremendous shrug of the shoulders, "that we have been regaling like this for two days at this Château Anglais! Come, ladies! there is one more

unopened bottle of champagne! We will crack it to the health of Old England, which has offered us such unbounded hospitality. Cheer up, Aglaë, and play the kind Hebe once more, so that our hearts may be refreshed by the fragrant café noir and its spiritual companion."

"Ah, Arthur, or rather Abelard, do you uncork the bottle for your Heloise. Just at present I am enjoying my indolence so much. Like a true Englishwoman, I will practise shooting with Frosine."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Frosine laughed.

And piff! paff! puff! the pellets pattered like hail round the big head of the noble protector.

"Rabelais's quarter of an hour will soon arrive, dearest Arthur. Then we shall learn your Croesus qualities, and see whether——"

A pop, a stream that struck her right on the mouth, interrupted the pale young lady's speech. Arthur, the rogue, had cut the string of the champagne bottle, and taken a cruel revenge for the bombardment of his nose. He had taken a first-rate aim: Frosine sneezed, and could not recover from her fright for some time; Aglaë, who had also received her share, tittered; Arthur laughed, and poured the rest of the bottle into the tall glasses, so that the greater part of the wine was wasted on the cloth.

"That will teach you, dearest Frosine," the pourer said, pathetically, "not to be so impertinent in future. The wife must be obedient to her husband, so says the Code Napoléon."

"All right, my cabbage," Aglaë said, sharply; "but if you do not compensate us for the insult to-morrow by a new dress apiece from the Louvre, it will be the worse for you."

"Ah, oui-da! how diabolically these princesses attack me. Well, console yourselves, children. So long as Arthur lives and possesses two sous, one of them is yours. For the present we are enjoying English hospitality, and when that is the case I will not be beaten by an English milord."

Saying this, he struck his waistcoat-pocket, whence issued a harmonious sound as if of Louis d'or, which even reached our corner.

What cannot such a sound effect, and more especially with the heart of a Parisian lorette! Mesdemoiselles Aglaë and Frosine afforded us the most brilliant proof of this. Although just now so annoyed at the unexpected champagne attack, their pale faces all at once displayed such a glow of delight that I was suddenly attacked by a shudder, and thought of a social state of affairs, of which the least said the best. The two ladies heartily seized their glasses, and while Aglaë hummed the refrain, "*Bonum vinum lætificat cor hominum*," Frosine sang "*Buvons donc*," and Mr. Arthur struck up "*Vive l'amour, le vin et le tabac*," the glasses clinked, and the reconciliation was perfect.

The table was now cleared by the waiter, and coffee and cognac placed on it. The two ladies greeted their favourite beverage with noisy applause. Four sous' worth of caporal and a packet of cigarette papers were then brought for them, while Monsieur Arthur contented himself with a Londres. The two ladies at once set to work and rolled cigarettes like a Spaniard, three or four a minute. Good gracious! if the father of old Fritz had enjoyed such a sight, he would certainly have founded a tobacco college for ladies.

The amiable pair had puffed away their whole pile of cigarettes as if

for a wager. Monsieur Arthur's Londres was literally at the last gasp, and Mamselle Aglaë was just preparing to light with a lucifer the cognac poured out in her saucer, when the waiter came in to inquire after the final wishes of the company.

"Nothing, nothing more," Monsieur Arthur replied, in the most polite tone in the world, as he lit another Londres. "Only a chartreuse and a little biscuit for the ladies; but for me—the bill."

The waiter disappeared like the wind, and Loftus bent over to me and repeated old Béranger's lines laughingly:

Oui, dans ton empire,
Cocagne, on respire.
Mais, qui vient détruire
Ce rêve enchanteur?
C'est quelqu'un qui monte
Apporter le compte
Du restaurateur.

What do my readers suppose the trio talked about during the waiter's absence? The probable amount of the bill. Aglaë thought it would be two hundred francs; Frosine, three hundred; Arthur, four hundred. The honourable company must, indeed, have been carrying on freely for the two days. But perhaps the figures were exaggerated; only a gasconnade intended for my friend and myself. This point would be soon cleared up.

The waiter did not return for ten minutes. Judging from the time of his absence, the bill would, probably, be of a decent length. He brought it on a silver salver, and with it a bottle of the liqueur ordered, and glasses. The ladies had the latter, and their companion the bill.

Monsieur Arthur took a hasty glance at the foot of it, and smiled to the waiter with evident relief.

"Five hundred francs. That is a trifle," he said, as he tapped his waistcoat-pocket and again produced that harmonious sound. "Still I doubt whether I have so much in gold about me. I tell you what, Aglaë, here is my pocket-book, with several thousand-franc notes in it. Give the waiter one of them, and don't forget, in case of my not being back in time, to hand him two Louis d'or for himself, for he has really treated us in the most gentlemanly manner. You will have the kindness, waiter, to fetch down my hat and these ladies' cloaks and bonnets. I will go and look for a comfortable carriage, for we live a long way off, and a bad vehicle is a torture to *nous autres*, especially with ladies."

With these words Monsieur Arthur rose, drove the waiter, who was grinning at the thought of the two Louis d'or, out of the room before him, and disappeared.

Mamselle Aglaë had laid the pocket-book, handed to her in a very noble way, upon the table, while she rolled her seventh or eighth cigarette. How could she look for the money directly, in the presence of the waiter and two strangers, too? That would have been most unfashionable, and would have looked as if she cared at all for the paltry money. Hence she quietly and conscientiously finished her cigarette, lit it, and began puffing just as the waiter came in heavily laden.

"Here, my ladies! and if I can be of any service in helping you on with your mantillas, you know that you can always command me."

"Thanks," Mdlle. Frosine said, with fashionable coldness. "Come, Aglaë, help me on with my cloak, and I will help you in turn. After that, pay the waiter."

While gracefully smoking their cigarettes, they lent each other a hand. The waiter gazed at the couple with visible pleasure, chivalrously aided now and then in lifting a sleeve, but constantly squinted at the table, as if afraid lest the tempting pocket-book with the thousand-franc notes might disappear. But it still lay tranquilly at the same spot where Mamselle Aglaë had laid it, for Frosine had not touched it. Enfin, Dieu merci! the pair have finished dressing. Rabelais's quarter of an hour has arrived. The waiter fell back a step with satisfaction. His countenance assumed the expression of a man from whose heart a heavy burden has at length been rolled. The couple stood there in all their glory, "widows" from head to foot, with black lace veils, black velvet bonnets, black dresses, and black kid gloves. A noble, really distinguished-looking pair, for do not clothes make the lady?

Aglaë had just stretched out her hand to take up the bulky pocket-book, when her eye fell on another object which the waiter had just placed close by it. This was a broad-brimmed, rather old fashioned silk hat, of a dubious colour, and possessing a decided brown tinge. Her eye became involuntarily fixed on it, when her hand already held the pocket-book. She was obliged to give vent to her surprise in words:

"To whom does that monster of a hat belong?" she asked, turning to the waiter.

"Well, it is not very handsome or original," the latter remarked, with a good-tempered, if not ironical smile. "Still so much is certain, that it belongs to the gentleman who has just stepped out to fetch a fiacre."

Mamselle Aglaë gave an impatient start, but we could not see her face, as her veil was down.

"It is impossible," she at length said, impetuously; "the gentleman cannot have worn that hat. There is some mistake, and he will tell you so at once when he returns. In the mean while we will settle."

With these words the lady threw back her veil, took the pocket-book from the table with a certain amount of haste, and began opening it. For some time she was unable to do so, for there were three or four folds of elastic passed round it—the bank-note treasure was taken great care of.

"At last!" the two ladies said, with a sigh of relief.

The pocket-book flew open in Aglaë's hand, and a packet fell out of it, all that the book contained. The waiter instinctively fell back a step: Aglaë stooped hastily to pick up the fallen article. There were some bits of thread still to unfasten: it was certainly a strange way of carrying bank-notes about with one. At length the last obstacle was removed and the packet came open. Aglaë sat down at the table and Frosine seated herself by her side. The two ladies examined the heap of paper page by page, and their movements constantly grew hastier and their breath shorter. On both cheeks came a flush, which gradually grew darker, and at length entirely disappeared from Aglaë's cheek.

"This is scandalous!" she said passionately, turning to the waiter. "Look here! the gentleman has left us a pocket-book of prospectuses instead of his note-case. We must, therefore, delay paying till he returns."

The waiter bowed and went out. The two "young widows" sat down in the corner and conversed in a low tone, although violently. In five minutes the waiter reappeared, this time accompanied by the man with the black artillery whiskers and the head waiter.

"Ladies," the latter said, as he walked straight up to the "widows," who had modestly pulled down their veils, "will you have the kindness to settle the bill at once?"

"The gentleman will come back directly, and we have not a farthing about us," Aglaë replied, rather despondingly.

The dark-haired man made a sign to the waiter, who at once left the room.

"The gentleman is a swindler, a rogue," the head waiter shouted in a loud voice, "and you will either pay at once for what you have had, or I shall send for the police."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" could be heard repeatedly from behind the veils. The two ladies wept, and matters were quite changed. They followed the head waiter with lamentations and entreaties when he left the salon with the black-haired man.

An hour after we were witnesses of the last act of the drama in the ante-chamber. The waiter who served us told us all that had taken place in the mean while. Inquiries had been made in vain at the fiacre stations in the vicinity; the gentleman had been sought but never turned up. For a whole hour the argument had gone on between debtors and creditors, as may be supposed, without the slightest result. Then two policemen were summoned. The two servants of the Holy Hermandad walked off very politely, each with his protégée on his arm, probably to chivalrously escort their fair prisoners home.

I never learnt what became of the trio. But whenever I walk along the Boulevard des Italiens, and look up at the large corner house of the Rue Favart, with its many shuttered and curtained windows, the nocturnal adventure then recurs to my mind.

ORIENTAL EMBASSIES.

On September 16, 1600, there appeared at the court of Cassel, where the learned Landgrave Maurice was ruling, a Persian embassy, sent to all the Christian potentates of Europe, but more especially supplied with letters of credit to the Emperor, the Pope, the highest German princes, the King of France, the Doge of Venice, and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. It was sent by the celebrated though sanguinary and tyrannical Shah Abbas I., who governed Persia from 1587 to 1629, conquered Khorassan, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Candahar, Tauris, Bagdad, and Bassora, rendered Georgia tributary, and, with the assistance of an English fleet, tore Ormuz from the Portuguese. The object of the embassy was a general confederation against the Turks and their Sultan, Mahmud III. It consisted

of an Englishman, Sir Antony Shirley, son of Sir Thomas Shirley of Wiston in the county of Sussex, and of Anna Kempe, who had travelled to Persia, and there attained such favour that Shah Abbas said of him in his letter of credit, with Oriental periphrasis, that he had allowed him to eat from his dish and drink from his cup as if he were his brother. He was accompanied by several Persian noblemen and priests, and had engaged at Cyprus an interpreter acquainted with German. They came across the Caspian Sea, and stopped for some time at Moscow with the Grand-Duke Boris Godunow, to whom Shah Abbas sent in August, 1603, the golden throne of the old rulers of Persia as "a sign of his love for his brother." Here all sorts of obstacles were raised against Shirley by the intrigues of some of his companions, but he escaped them by his firmness and resolution. They then proceeded to Lithuania, probably took ship at a Baltic port, and next turned up at Emden. Thence they proceeded to Cassel, where they stopped eight days, being splendidly entertained, and Shirley obtained much information from the Landgrave, who was mixed up in all the political complications of the age. They next proceeded to Prague, where the Emperor Rudolf II. sent three hundred horse and magnificent carriages to meet them, and treated them with the greatest distinction. He hesitated, however, from joining in their proposition, because, apart from his undecided and dreamy character, he reflected that by joining them he might at once bring the Turks down on himself, while the help of the distant Persian Shah would arrive too late; and, moreover, there was little prospect of any hearty alliance among the jealous and quarrelsome European powers. From all the ambassadors saw and learned in Germany, they gave up any hope of trying their luck elsewhere. They did not go to France. On February 2, 1601, we find them at Nuremberg, where they were received with royal honours, and remained till the 5th, after which they went to Augsburg, and returned to Persia *viâ* Rome and Venice, not without being hotly pursued by the Turks.

A second Persian embassy fell into an awkward scrape. A younger brother of Antony Shirley's, Sir Robert, had been left in Persia, probably as a hostage for his brother's fidelity, fought for the Shah, gained his favour, and appeared in England in 1623 as envoy. His letters of credit were written in Persian, and there was at that time no one in England capable of translating them. Still no suspicions were entertained, and the envoy was received with great honour. At this time a vessel of the East India Company, which had been long detained by accidents and unfavourable winds, arrived, bringing another person, who gave himself out as the true envoy of the Shah, declared he knew nothing about Shirley, and was supported and recommended by the whole of the merchants trading with the East Indies. Sir Robert borrowed his letters of credit from the secretary of state, and went with his relative, Lord Cleveland, and several other courtiers, to his competitor. When they were introduced, and the cause of their visit explained, the Persian only gave the usual salute to his lordship. Then ensued the following peculiar scene: Sir Robert Shirley opened his letters, first touched his eyes with them, according to the Persian fashion, then held them over his head, kissed them, and handed them to the envoy, that he might pay them the same honours. The latter, however, suddenly rose from his carpet, walked up to Sir Robert, plucked the letters from his hand, tore them to pieces, and

struck him in the face with his clenched fist. While Lord Cleveland interposed to prevent any further violence, the Persian's son dashed at Sir Robert and smote him to the ground. Lord Cleveland and Mr. Maxwell rushed between them and pulled him back. Two other English gentlemen laid hand on their swords, but did not draw them, because the Persians had neither sword nor dagger. Lord Cleveland represented to the envoy through the interpreter the danger and impropriety of his conduct, and said, had not he and the gentlemen with him felt greater respect for the king he represented than he had displayed to the letters of credit of the other, neither he (the envoy) nor those of his companions who had been guilty of the insult would leave the spot alive. On hearing this the envoy apologised, and declared his regret at having insulted his lordship: he had been led to act thus through the extreme passion he felt at seeing that any man had dared to forge the signature of the king his master, which was always at the head of letters, and not, as in this instance, at the back of them, and because this impostor had ventured to assert that he had married his royal master's niece. Here Sir Robert, who, quite confounded by the ill treatment he had received, had remained in the background, now advanced, and declared he had never said he had married the king's niece, but one of his relations. It was true that when the King of Persia sent his subjects to foreign princes, or wrote to them, he placed his name at the head of the letter, but when he sent a foreigner to a foreign prince, it was customary for his signature to be placed on the back of the letters, so that it could be seen before opening who sent them. To this the envoy merely replied by a contemptuous smile.

The whole affair was at once reported to King James, who deferred the solemn reception of the envoy till his statements had been thoroughly investigated. In the mean while Sir Robert wrote to the king, and begged that he might be sent back to Persia, with the two letters fastened round his neck, in order to prove whether they were true or false. The king consented, as this was the best way of settling the question.

The two envoys, it was arranged, should sail in May, 1625, with the East Indian fleet, and in the company of Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was going as envoy extraordinary to the Persian court, in order to arrange a commercial treaty with Shah Abbas, and would employ the opportunity to settle the Shirley matter. As the three gentlemen arrived too late at the port of embarkation, they were obliged to return to London, and defer their departure till March, 1626, when they took ship in three different vessels.

The Persian envoy died during the voyage, but Sir Dodmore Cotton and Sir Robert Shirley reached Persia in good condition. Shah Abbas granted the English envoy an audience at Ashraff, at which Sir Robert Shirley himself, and several other English gentlemen, among them Sir Thomas Herbert, were present. The latter has described the interview in his "*Travels in Asia and Africa*." Lond., 1634. Sir Dodmore Cotton said, in his address, that the main object of his mission was to congratulate the Shah on his success against the common foe—the Turk—to sign an eternal alliance, to promote commerce, and to see the conduct of Sir Robert Shirley justified. The Shah, in his answer, first heaped abuse on the Turks, and expressed his wish that the Christian princes would combine, as the Osmanli emperor principally owed his conquests to their disunion.

He gave his assent to the proposal of a direct commercial treaty, on condition that the English gave up their old route through the territory of his enemies. As concerned Sir Robert Shirley, he allowed that he had rendered him valuable services, and promised that he should receive satisfaction if he had been unjustly accused.

The court went soon after to Kaswin, whither the embassy followed it. As regarded Shirley's affair, it was discovered that the first and most influential minister, Mahomed Ali Bey, was very adverse to him. The envoy, who took up Sir Robert's cause with much warmth, asked for the original letters of credit on which Sir Robert established his claim, so that he might have them carefully examined. Three days after the minister came in person to Sir Dodmore, and told him that the Shah had examined the document, had not recognised it as his own, and in his anger burnt it. Sir Robert, however, had his master's permission to quit the country. Poor Sir Robert took this result of the affair so to heart that he had an attack of dysentery, and died in the second week after his arrival at Kaswin. Sir Dodmore Cotton also died in Persia.

It is possible that Sir Robert had acquired in Persia some of that boasting peculiar to the country, and that his wife, whom he called a relative of the Shah, was a Circassian from the imperial harem, presented to him as a mark of favour. (She is said to have afterwards lived in Rome, under the name of Lady Theresa.) Still, we do not believe that Shirley was not entrusted with a mission to the English court, or that his letters of credit were forgeries. It is impossible to see for what object such a deception, which could not be kept up long, could be intended, and it would be surprising that Shirley, had he committed such an offence, should have ventured back to Persia. Nor does his reception there admit of any such assumption. Shah Abbas must know whether he had sent him or not. The high favour in which Shirley stood with the Shah is also confirmed by other witnesses. When, on the other hand, we remember the manners of these Oriental courts and their grandees, it appears not quite improbable that the whole affair emanated from the envy of the vizier; that he first sent away Shirley, who stood too high for him in the Shah's favour, by a pretended mission; that he then sent an ambassador of his own choosing after him; that in the mean while he undermined him in the Shah's good graces; and that Shirley, when he returned to Persia, found so much of his terrain lost, that it was easy for the vizier to bring matters to the end he desired.

Another remarkable and dubious Persian ambassador played a strange part in France a few months before the death of Louis XIV. On the news of his impending arrival, the king sent Chamberlain St. Olon as far as Marseilles to meet him. The introducer of ambassadors, Baron de Breteuil, accompanied by Maréchal de Matignon, awaited him ten miles from Paris. When Breteuil entered the room of the envoy, who called himself Mahomet Riza Beg, he found him crouching before the fire on a Persian carpet, from which he rose so soon as Breteuil had seated himself. The baron addressed him in the following terms:

"The king, my ruler, the greatest and most pious of all Christian emperors, the most elevated of all the kings in Europe, the most powerful in war afloat and ashore, the ever invincible, the delight of his subjects, the most perfect specimen of all the virtues of a king, has sent me hither

to offer you his greeting, and assure you of his joy at your arrival in the vicinity of Paris, the capital of his empire, the largest and most splendid city in that portion of the world which we inhabit. He knows that the Emperor of Persia, your master, is the most mighty and brilliant emperor in the East, and feels assured that this monarch, who has so many worthy men at his court, has selected you as a pre-eminently worthy man, and the one best suited to knit the bond of unity between two mighty emperors."

The ambassador did not prove, we regret to say, so amiable as was presumed in this address. At first he was very polite and reasonable; but when the question arose as to the time and place of his solemn entry—a great event in the diplomacy of that day—he raised numerous difficulties. He wished not to make his entrance till after the new moon in February, in order to avoid unlucky days. He demanded that the Marquis de Torcy, whom he took for the grand vizier, should fetch him at Charenton. From that place he would make his entry on horseback, as he did not care to shut himself up in a chest with a Christian. Breteuil made him understand, with great difficulty, that the king's ministers were not viziers. As, however, he described them as mere secretaries, to whom the king dictated his resolutions, the ministers, in their turn, were offended at this representation of their duty. Still he succeeded in making the envoy surrender this claim.

After a long and careful study of the almanack, the envoy at length discovered that February 7th might possibly be a fortunate day. Maréchal de Matignon, Baron de Breteuil, and other men of rank, appeared to fetch him. Then he declared again that he would not rise before Christians; if he rose, he did so to set out, when and how he pleased. Annoyed at this answer, Breteuil remarked that he would never make his entry into Paris, or obtain an audience from the king, unless he behaved more politely and modestly; and off went Breteuil in a huff. So soon as the baron, in whose presence the envoy persisted in his refusal to rise, had left the room, the Persian rushed off and mounted a horse, in order to make his entry alone and without a Christian escort. Breteuil shouted to him that he would soon have him off his horse again. The Persian clutched at his sabre-hilt furiously, and dug the spurs into his horse, but the baron had the gates closed. The envoy now behaved as if he considered himself a prisoner, dismounted, ran up to his room, and seated himself on his carpet. Breteuil hurried up to him, but, by the envoy's orders, was surrounded by six armed men. Without letting himself be disturbed, but declaring through the interpreter that it only depended on himself to order up six thousand men at once, who would teach the envoy to obey the king's orders, he seized him by the buttons of his under coat, compelled him to rise, and called up Maréchal de Matignon. As the Persian now saw that nothing else was to be done, he leaped up, upset two or three people, and jumped into the coach, where Maréchal de Matignon and Baron de Breteuil followed him. The envoy turned his back on the maréchal seated by his side, and did not condescend to utter a syllable. In this way they entered Paris with great pomp.

The envoy met the Marquis de Torcy affably, and at his wish had a reconciliation with Breteuil, to whom he gave an orange as a sign of

peace. He at first wished to defer his audience till the 17th of the month, but after a lengthened consultation of the Koran and almanack, proposed an earlier day, "which perhaps might not be a perfectly unlucky day." In the mean while, he rode out daily with his flag, his Fusiliers, and four Persian led horses, became a lion of Paris, and was honoured by many lady visitors. He would not receive ladies and gentlemen together, but saw the latter in the morning, the former in the evening. He sat on his carpet, smoked his pipe, and regaled his guests with tea, coffee, and sherbet, and had a band for the ladies to dance to, which they very politely did without gentlemen partners.

The envoy had his meals cooked and brought up by his cook in his own vessels. He ate moderately off a gold-brocade cloth, which was spread out on the carpet. The only European furniture he liked was a feather-bed, to which he soon grew accustomed.

On the day of audience his Fusiliers accompanied him with the flag of his nation to the entrance of the Palace of Versailles. The presents he delivered were carried before him under escort. In order that he might make his usual salutations with convenience, he was received in the great gallery, at the extreme end of which the king, surrounded by the princes of his house, was seated on his throne, while the court stood in full dress on either side of him. When the ambassador entered, the sight made a visible impression on him. He soon recovered, however, and made his salutations, at the first of which the king rose and uncovered. The envoy then walked to the dais, on which the king's throne-chair stood, and delivered him his letters of credit. During the whole ceremony he behaved with dignity and respect, and committed none of the absurdities expected from him.

Soon after, very ugly reports began to be spread through Paris about the envoy. It was declared that he had been imprisoned at Constantinople, and had escaped by the assistance of the French ambassador. His presents consisted of one hundred and six small pearls and one hundred and eighty turquoises, altogether worth 3500 francs, and a couple of vases of gum. The public at once concluded that the envoy was a swindler, and after the king's death the discovery was alleged to have been made that he was a Portuguese Jesuit who had resided a long time in Persia, after that had been imprisoned in Stamboul, and that the Jesuits, who had their hands in everything even at that day, liberated him, in order to offer the king a spectacle which would recal his old days of splendour. This story is found in all the memoirs of the day, and, like all scandal, was more readily and willingly believed than the sober truth.

The affair was, however, different. Some years previously the French consul at Aleppo, Michel, had signed a treaty with the Persian government at Ispahan, which contained various concessions for French traders and missionaries. The Armenian merchants, urged on, it is believed, by the English and Dutch, appealed and intrigued against these privileges, and tried by their influence at court to effect the annulling of the most important points, in which they probably alluded to the bad state of French affairs during the Spanish War of Succession. So soon as the latter improved a little, the Marquis des Alleurs, French ambassador at Constantinople, found courage to take up the matter afresh. He sent the

head of the French missionaries at Ispahan a printed report of the defeat of the allies at Denain. He had it at once translated into Persian, and handed it to the vizier, who read it to his lord, Shah Sultan Hussein. From this time forth the Persian court again became civil to the French, and the resolution of sending an embassy to France was formed. It is very probable that the French as well as the Jesuit missionaries suggested the idea: but the object was not to deceive the aged king, but to have the commercial privileges and those of the missionaries renewed, and perhaps to show to Europe that the renown of Louis XIV. was still brilliant in the East. The letters and presents were delivered by the vizier to Father Richard, who forwarded them to the Khan of Erivan, that he might select an envoy. The latter appointed the intendant of Erivan, Mahomet Riza Beg, a Persian by birth.

The Elchi set off on March 15, 1714, and arrived at Smyrna on April 28th with the whole of his suite. He at once secretly informed the French consul, Monsieur de Fontenu, of his mission, and delivered to him his letters of credit and presents, which were put on board a French vessel bound for Marseilles. The Turkish authorities prevented the embarkation of Riza Beg, because they suspected he was a person of importance in disguise. After this he went to Constantinople to place himself under the protection of the Marquis des Alleurs. But he had scarce arrived ere he was arrested and questioned whether he were not proceeding to France as Persian ambassador. Riza Beg steadfastly denied this, and adhered to his statement that he was a zealous Mussulman bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Hence he left Constantinople with a caravan of pilgrims. He was, however, followed by the interpreter of the French embassy, who contrived to get him aboard a vessel that conveyed him to Marseilles, where he found that his letters and presents had already arrived.

Flassan, although a most zealous groper into diplomatic matters, was unable to discover whether a commercial treaty was concluded with him, and hence we can attach but little faith to the assertion of the memoir writers that it was so. It is certain, however, that it began to be felt at court that the Shah in the whole mission, and especially in the choice and equipment of the envoy, had displayed no particular regard for the dignity and might of the French court, and that they very soon got tired of the Persian, and most eager to get rid of him. The king had at first ordered that the throne should be left standing in the gallery till the leave-taking audience, but had it removed, as it was thought better to dismiss the ambassador without any particular fuss. His debts were paid as well as his expenditure, which was said to amount to fifteen hundred francs a day. His journey from Marseilles to Paris cost twenty thousand francs, and ten thousand francs were paid for a bath-room which the king ordered to be made for him. The Persian insisted on the mistresses of himself and his suite being paid, and this was eventually acceded to. In this way the expensive ambassador was at length induced to depart.

He took ship at Havre, and is said to have carried off with him a Madame d'Epinay, whom he had made his favourite, in a chest which was declared to contain porcelain. He showed himself at Copenhagen, Hamburg, and Berlin, and is said to have returned to Persia through Russia.

THE ASS ELECTION.

FROM A POSTHUMOUS POEM BY HEINE.

BY EDGAR A. BOWRING, C.B.

BEING tired of freedom for some time past,
 The beasts' republic decided
 To be with a single ruler at last
 As its absolute head provided.

Each kind of beast prepared for the strife,
 Electoral billets were written;
 Intrigues on every side were rife,
 With party zeal all were bitten.

By long-ear'd gentry at its head
 The Asses' Committee was aided;
 Cockades, whose colours were black, gold, and red,*
 They boastfully paraded.

A small party there was of friends of the horse,
 Who yet were afraid of voting,
 So greatly they dreaded the outcry coarse
 The long-ear'd party denoting.

But when one of them ventured the horse to name
 As a candidate, greater and greater
 Wax'd the noise, and an old long-ear, to his shame,
 Shouted out, "Thou art only a traitor!"

"A traitor art thou, in thy veins doth not flow
 One drop of asses' blood proper;
 No ass art thou, and I almost know
 That a foreign mare was thy dropper!"

"From the zebra perchance thou art sprung, thy striped hide
 Quite answers the zebra's description;
 The nasal twang of thy voice is allied
 To the Hebrew as well as Egyptian.

"And if not a stranger, thou art, thou must own,
 A dull ass of an intellect paltry;
 The depths of ass-nature to thee are unknown,
 Thou hear'st not its mystical psaltry.

"But with sweet stupefaction my soul drinks in
 That sound which all others surpasses;
 An ass am I, and each hair in the skin
 Of my tail the hair of an ass is.

"I am not a Papist, I am not a slave,
 A German ass am I solely;
 The same as my fathers, who all were so brave,
 So thoughtful, demure, and so holy.

* The national colours of Germany.

"They were not addicted to doing ill,
Or practising gallantry gaily,
But trotted off with the sack to the mill
In frolicsome fashion daily.

"Our fathers still live. In the tomb only lie
Their skins, their mortal covering;
Their happy spirits high up in the sky
Complacently o'er us are hovering.

"Ye glorified asses, ye need not doubt
That we fain would resemble you ever,
And from the path that duty points out
We'll swerve a finger's breadth never.

"O what a delight an ass to be,
From such long-ear'd worthies descended!
From every house-top I'd fain shout with glee:
An ass I was born—how splendid!

"The noble jackass who gave me birth
Was of genuine German extraction;
From my mother, a German ass of worth,
My milk suck'd I with great satisfaction.

"An ass am I, and fully intend,
Like my fathers who now are departed,
To stand by the asses—yes, stand to the end
By the asses so dear and true-hearted!

"And since I'm an ass, I advise you all round
To choose your king from the asses;
A mighty ass-kingdom we thus will found,
They being the governing classes.

"We all are asses. Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
As ostlers we will not demean us;
Away with the horses! Long live, hurrah,
The king of the asinine genus!"

Thus spake the patriot. Through the hall
The asses cheer'd him proudly;
They all in fact were national,
And with their hoofs stamp'd loudly.

An oak wreath on the orator's head
They put as a decoration;
He wag'd his tail (though nothing he said)
With evident gratification.

A REMOTE CORNER OF WALES.

"To be out of the world" is considered in these days to be distant from a railway or from the metropolis; and if this dictum holds good, three places in Britain are pre-eminently distinguished for remoteness, and these are John o'Groats, the Land's End, and St. David's, three of the four corners, as it were, of the island.

As tourists penetrate to the extreme north of Scotland, and the Land's End has lately attracted more attention than formerly it obtained, the third place of the trio being inaccessible by rail, and *en route* to nowhere, is, perhaps, the latest visited of all; and, as most parts of our isle, unapproachable by railway, are less known than many parts of the Continent—though often equally worthy of notice—and as this particular spot boasts a noble cathedral, the inhabitants still converse in their primitive tongue, and cling to their ancient costume, a brief sketch of the district and its people may not be altogether uninteresting.

The traveller taking the Great Western at Paddington reaches Swindon, where he changes to the South Wales line, and proceeding on his way passes through fertile Gloucestershire and beautiful Monmouth and Glamorgan—the garden of Wales—and approaches the more unsophisticated counties of Carmarthen and Pembroke. Entrance to this region is distinguishable by the people speaking Welsh only, by the demonstrative warmth of their greetings and farewells, and by the costume of the females, who, innocent of crinoline, are attired in homespun flannel garments, and wear on their heads conical high-crowned hats with broad brims, beneath which appear the full and snow-white voluminous frills of a cap, environing the clear brown complexion, high cheek-bones, and bright black eyes, characteristic of the Welsh.

The tourist having arrived at Haverfordwest, probably hires post-horses for St. David's, which place is situated some sixteen miles distant, and wends his way very much astonished, and possibly somewhat disconcerted, at the speed with which the active little horses of the country descend the precipitous hills.

After he has passed some distance on his road, St. Bride's Bay stretches away on his left, and the broad sea is studded with islands, the chief of which are Grassholme, Skomer, and Skockholm (off the entrance to Milford Haven), whose names smack of Scandinavian origin, and Ramsey, off St. David's Head, together with numerous insular rocks; all of which, in combination with various sounds, or guts—through which the tides rush with great velocity—the dark, rugged, and cavernous cliffs of the shore, and the fearful storms which sweep in unchecked fury across the ocean, and hold their howling revels round the rocks, render this coast terrible to the mariner.

On the right spreads an undulating country, whose remarkable features—which pervade the whole district I am about to describe—are the huge banks, not hedges, which enclose the fields, the rugged crests of the trap-rock which occasionally starts abruptly from the expanse, and the absence of any trees whatever—all of which peculiarities invest the landscape with a bleak and blasted aspect.

A short distance from the road, and near the sea, exist the ruins of a small parish church, which—so far as the edifice itself is concerned—presents no remarkable feature, but is singular in one respect, and this is, that the whole parish consists of only one farm.

Presently the tourist reaches the small seaport village of Solva, picturesquely situated on a winding creek of the sea, nestling in the lap of steep heath and gorse-clad hills, where in autumn the purple blossoms of the former plant, mingled with the yellow flowers and bright dark-green foliage of the latter, present a brilliant and lovely contrast; and when the rosy hues of the setting sun augment the bright colourings, the crests of scarps seem on fire, and stand boldly forth from the background of deep-blue sea, which is studded with white sails, and melt away into the horizon. Notwithstanding the absence of trees, the view is one of great beauty, and at this season the climate is soft and balmy; but little as the quiet repose of the scene predisposes the observer to suppose, or even admit, that this is a land of storms, he cannot fail to discover the fact in the peculiar manner in which every sheltered nook and corner round Solva and elsewhere—and but few exist—are converted into gardens, which are further protected by the banks and walls intersecting the space; and by the circumstance that if the trees rise above these enclosures their twigs are shorn sharply, as if they had been clipped. A remarkable point in this treeless district is, that remains of forests, some of the trees of which are said to retain the marks of the axe, exist below the sand, and are often visible.

Near this place is a picturesque glen, in which a small plantation grows in a sheltered spot, but so unaccustomed to wood are the people, that the dell was described by an inhabitant, in the innocence of his heart, as “a beautifully wooded valley,” and the writer frequently drove through it and around Solva in search of the unwonted spectacle.

Solva is, locally considered, a place of great importance, and when the writer first came to reside in the neighbourhood, he, on inquiring what towns existed in the locality, in order that he might supply himself with certain luxuries and necessities of life, was informed that it boasted “fine shops,” at which any and every commodity could be obtained; and too credulous, and forgetting that the requirements of the inhabitants could be but simple and primitive, and relying on the correctness of the description, he neglected to import such from Haverfordwest; but, alas! when he made an excursion to the “town,” he found the place a mere village, and the shops inconsiderably and poorly furnished, and he was in consequence reduced to a state bordering on starvation, and almost to a practical knowledge of the proverb, “Fingers were made before forks.”

The houses here, as throughout Wales generally, are extremely neat and clean, and in this region one and all exhibit roofs snow-white with limewash; and the second, third, and fourth-rate edifices, here as elsewhere in the district, are generally but one story high, as in the Highlands of Scotland, probably erected thus in order to present to the raging winds as small front as possible.

At length the city of St. David's, that ancient seat of religion and of learning, is reached, and the tourist is surprised to find it little better than Solva, and that it is an inconsiderable village, possessing no signs of animation—a sort of Sleepy Hollow, which, however, does not display the

usual dignified air of repose and solidity characteristic of cathedral towns; and the traveller, looking in vain for the cathedral, descries nothing of note except the sheer and bare rocks of St. David's Head, and the rugged crags of Ramsey, Carnlwyd, and Penberry; but, descending the hill, he approaches the ruined Record Tower, and then bursts upon his view the noble pile, one-half massive ruin, and the remainder in tolerable preservation, sunk, like Llandaff Cathedral, in one of those sheltered spots in which "the monks of old" appear to have delighted, and the amenities of which they are said to have so well appreciated. I will not inflict upon the reader a description of the edifice, nor enter into a disquisition treating of its history and archaeological features; suffice it to say, that the original pile suffered severely from the shock of an earthquake; that three times was the cathedral burned by the Danes, who appear to have constantly harried the recluses, and are said by some—though erroneously, I think—to have formed fortifications on St. David's Head while engaged in the operation of easing the episcopal purse, and that it was hardly entreated by the iconoclastic and bigoted Puritans.

The cathedral was originally dedicated to St. Patrick (who was born here) and St. David, a joint concern, and, according to tradition, it appears the two saints corresponded with one another, and on one occasion with rather a ludicrous result. It is said that the one writing to the other for a cargo of "brogues," and the caligraphy of the first being of a somewhat cramped nature, the latter read the word "rogues," and with very little difficulty collected and shipped the freight—doubtless, on its arrival, very much to the astonishment of the saintly consignee. To mention to which region the rogues were deported would be invidious, and I therefore abstain.

Few, if any, of the cathedrals in Great Britain are more interesting than St. David's, and none exhibit a more beautiful feature than the ruined bishop's palace. A prominent peculiarity in this building is the extraordinary capacity of the so-called cellars; but although these vaults are thus entitled, I cannot help thinking that they were not actually constructed for the purpose of, and devoted to, "laying down wine," but were rather granaries and storehouses in the times when tithes were taken in kind. But, be this how it may, in the days when the bishop resided at St. David's, when the college was in its glory, and the place was not what it is now—a penal settlement for a few days in the year for bishop, dean, archdeacon, and canons—many a hospitable revel has been held in the now deserted halls. The principal revenues of the see are derived from the neighbourhood; the endowments were originally granted in connexion with the city and district around St. David's; and the removal of the episcopal residence and college seems a departure from the dying wishes of the pious donors, who doubtless would not have bequeathed the benefactions had they foreseen that the funds would be applied to maintain the episcopate elsewhere; and the change appears not only a departure from that most sacred of obligations—adherence to the behests of the dead—but involves a charge against the reverend absentees of indirectly obtaining emolument under false pretences.

That the seat of the see and college should be at St. David's is a right vested in that city, and as beneficed churchmen derive emolument from the sacred observance of "vested right," they who are peculiarly

tenacious of these temporalities should be the last to encroach on the rights of others.

The traveller enters the edifice, and if on a week-day, he probably hears a minor canon, with broad Welsh accents, wearily wading through the service, his only audience a few shabby choristers; if on a Sunday, and he should happen to be in time—which circumstance may be only accidental, as the officials usually make the hour subservient to their convenience—he observes a small boy ringing one solitary bell, with his foot placed in a noose in a rope (somehow irresistibly reminding the bystander of the unhappy donkey which works inside a wheel drawing the water from the deep well in Carisbrook Castle), and presently the congregation assembles, consisting almost entirely of the families of the clergy—because, in fact, but little space is dedicated to public use. A clock is placed in a prominent position in the nave facing the congregation, but, alas! it follows the general example, and is stationary.

A library once existed here, but exposure to the damp has caused the volumes to decay, and even the newest tomes crumble under the touch.

The state of the Church in this locality is somewhat peculiar. One of the late archdeacons, so recently as during the Crimean war, actually held a commission as major in an embodied militia regiment, and he might be seen on Saturday, arrayed in the glorious panoply of full “war paint” at the head of his wing of the regiment, and on Sunday eloquently discoursing in the pulpit. But as many a clergyman is a deputy-lieutenant, which office is purely military, and entitles the holder to wear uniform, why should not a reverend gentleman hold another military commission?

The inferior grade of the clergy occupy a similar social position to the individuals of whom we read in the old classical literature; in Richardson’s, Fielding’s, Smollett’s works, and—hear, O Bishop of Rochester—like Parsons Truliber, they generally add to their income by farming; to which pursuit, indeed, they are generally brought up, and are usually the sons of small tradesmen and farmers, educated at the free schools, from whence scholars were a short time ago ordained direct, or from Lampeter, and many are unable to hold a conversation in English, and are utterly ignorant of the world. It is not an uncommon circumstance that one brother should be a dissenting preacher, and perhaps the whole family worshipping in a tabernacle, while another is a minister; and the former in this country is quite as well educated, and holds quite as good a social position, as the latter.

Service is too often performed in some of the churches in a manner, I will not say irreverent, but slovenly, and I have seen a clergyman robe in the pulpit and comb his hair with his fingers, and when administering the holy sacrament, produce a black bottle, and give it a shake, or hold it up against the light, in order to see if the wine is sufficient. Whether the clergy have been or are lax in the discharge of their duty I am unable to say, but certain it is that ruined churches abound and dissent is rampant, and Zions, Zoars, Beriahs, and all kinds of tabernacles everywhere rear unabashed their schismatic and hideous unarchitectural heads, and deface the beauty of the land.

I will now suppose the traveller to be passing through the district, and proceeding on his way to Fishguard. He leaves on his left the serrated

ridges of Carnlwyd and Penberry; crosses a somewhat remarkable erection in this country, where the brooks, like the cattle, have a habit of straying through the roads—i.e. a bridge, and where it is said a wily Welshman having made a vow that Henry VII. should only pass over his body into Wales, he, wishing to evade his compact, cunningly concealed himself underneath the arch while the monarch went above.

About one-third of the way towards Fishguard is a cross-country road to Haverfordwest, which, being but a type of the generality of the second-rate highways, I may as well notice. It is bounded on each side by high hedgeless banks, is frequently more like a water-course than what is generally understood as a road, six bridgeless brooks run across the way—ditches or water-courses are almost unknown, but where they do exist, and it is desirable to carry off the drainage, the operation is effected by cutting a channel diagonally through the road, and the consequence is that a person driving a dog-cart fast is almost certain to be thrown out, or to break his shafts. Finger-posts there are, but on none of them is the inscription visible; the generality of them retain no trace whatever of an inscription, and the cattle appear to frequent the roads more than the fields. To return to the road to Fishguard: straight before the wayfarer uprises out of the deep blue sea huge cliffs fringed with white foam, and above them the rugged, lofty Strumble Head, near which place the French landed, having been led to believe by the Baptist preachers, who had been busily disseminating discontent, that the people would aid the invaders if they effected a landing; but however ripe might have been political disaffection, the never-conquered Cymri had no intention to permit their land to be polluted by the presence of a foreign foe, and every available man and even woman turned out to oppose the advance.

The officer commanding, remembering the hats, the scarlet cloaks, and the blue gowns worn by the weaker sex, bethought him of a ruse, and caused them to walk round and round a point, like the armies round the wings of a theatre, which manœuvre exhibited the appearance of a large approaching force of infantry, and contributed very much to the surrender of the enemy.

Inasmuch as the women of Pembrokeshire, unlike most Welsh females, are not handsome, it cannot be said that the French yielded to the influence of their charms.

Fishguard is a neat, clean, but small village or town, and possesses a little harbour and a fine roadstead, and to this place, instead of Milford, it was formerly proposed to carry the terminus of the South Wales Railway.

In passing through this country in winter the wayfarer sees but few stacks of corn and hay, and as the cattle are usually sheltering and invisible behind the banks, he wonders, not only what the farmers grow and upon what the people subsist, but upon what the cattle he supposes must exist somewhere, feed; but although this, as well as the other matter before mentioned, invest this place with an uninhabited, bleak aspect, these appearances are not borne out by fact, inasmuch as great numbers of cattle and horses are reared, excellent barley produced and great quantities exported, and this country is famed for the excellence of its butter.

Notwithstanding the treeless appearance of the district, and perhaps partly on account of this peculiarity, it possesses its charms for the lover of the picturesque, the sportsman, and particularly for the antiquarian. For the delectation of the first, in summer the expanse is of a bright green, varied by the grey rocks, and shining white-roofed cottages stud the country in every direction, and some of the valleys are second to none in the world in picturesque diversity of water, crag, and forest. The coast scenery is bold and magnificent, frequently varied by sequestered and sunny nooks and wide-spreading sand. The sportsman may here find numerous streams abounding with fish, and the fast-mounted hunting-man from the "shires" will discover that, although the country is mostly grass, tolerably flat, and free from bog, and by no means a bad hunting country, he will be unable "to go a yard." This is to be accounted for by the existence of the huge banks, some eight to ten feet high, which do duty for hedges, and which, being very broad at the top, are impracticable for a flying leap. The difficulty is surmounted by the horses leaping on the top, standing there, and off again; and a stranger has not only to overcome a nervousness which the boldest rider not accustomed to the country naturally feels at practising this novel and apparently unsafe mode, but has to acquire a new and different style of fencing.

The antiquarian may here revel among relics of bygone races, some of whom exist only in dim tradition. Here are cairns, tumuli, cromlechs, and Druidic circles in abundance, together with Cythian or circular dwellings of the Gael, and extraordinary earthworks whose erection is unassignable to any particular period or people, and in some instances for what purposes thrown up is quite unaccountable. The tourist will find the natives of Kimes and Dewsland civil and obliging to a degree, and so honest, that to lock the house door at night is an unnecessary and frequently unpractised precaution.

The yeomen and farmers are intelligent and well to do, and both classes exercise towards the stranger or traveller that simple and unpretending hospitality for which Wales has been celebrated. But little English is spoken; and though the people are so purely Welsh, the harp, the national instrument, so common in most Welsh counties, is never heard here: the old Welsh melodies are unknown, and that love of music generally characteristic of the Welsh does not appear to exist.

The females, and even those belonging to the yeoman class, almost universally adhere to the Welsh costume, but they lack that comeliness which is generally possessed by the Welsh women.

It has even been said that Queen Elizabeth, mindful of her descent, and sympathising with the forlorn state of the Pembrokeshire maidens at court, offered a reward to those who should marry any one of them.

In conclusion, I may say that there are many localities which bear a high reputation amongst tourists much less interesting than Dewsland, the district under notice.

J. F. N. H.

THE PONT-NEUF.*

WHO does not know the Pont-Neuf, with its equestrian statue, its islanded connexion, its fine views—most impressive when tempered by moonlight—and its essentials of Parisian life—peripatetic merchants, empirics and bards, shoeblacks and dog-clippers, beggars, and knights and ladies of mysterious industry? Yet how few passing over—timorously, as did Benvenuto and many others in olden times; stealthily or impudently, as did the Irish adventurers, and the thieves and murderers who most frequented it at a later epoch; with haughty step and moustache in air, as did Cyrano and the other fighting gallants of his day; tumultuously, as the insurgents of all times have done; or sentimentally, as our own Sterne so frequently did—think of what tales that bridge could tell of the strange and melancholy scenes and outrages it has witnessed! And yet the Pont-Neuf did not exist, although begun in Henri III.'s time, till the reign of le roi vert galant, whose statue has shared in the reverses of the bridge that bears it. Previous to that period, no communication existed between the right and left banks of the Seine save by short bridges leading to and from the islands. Lutetia, afterwards L'Isle de la Cité, was united to the right and left banks by bridges which dated from those remote times when such things were either erected by "pontiffs" or by "demons," and were left under the charge of "fratres pontifici," or "frères pontifes," a religious brotherhood, who at once constructed bridges, as at Avignon, and took charge of them, receiving toll in a little hospice or monastery built at the bridge-side. Saint Cloud, Beaugency, Bonnetcombe, were indebted, with some of our own mountain sites, to much less pure architects for their bridges, and it is related of the last-mentioned place, that its mayor, who was no conjuror, but whom the evil spirits had engaged to enter into architectural negotiations with the devil, had promised that when the bridge should be completed, that the soul of the first creature that passed over it should be the reward. When the day came, instead of hiding himself in a monastery, the mayor went boldly, to the horror of the assembled multitude, up to the bridge himself, but, arrived there, he let loose a cat that he had in his wide sleeves. The devil went away disgusted, dragging pussy by the tail.

The old wooden bridges of Lutetia were broken down to oppose the cohorts of Labiénus; but when from a Gaulish it rose up as a Roman city, its bridges were rebuilt. Julian the Apostate speaks of its two wooden bridges, which are, from quite recent explorations by M. Vacquer, determined to have been where are now the Pont Notre-Dame and Petit-Pont, and not, as was supposed, the Pont-au-Change and Petit-Pont. These wooden bridges were left in such a frightful condition up to the time of the Merovingian kings, that Leudaste, Count of Tours, flying from the vengeance of Frédégonde, the haughty spouse of Chilperick, caught his foot between the planks, fell, and breaking his leg, he was slaughtered by blows of a heavy iron bar on his throat. Tradition

* Histoire du Pont-Neuf. Par Edouard Fournier. Deux tomes. E. Dentu.

related that a serpent and a "loir" (dormouse?) of brass lay under the piles of the great bridge, and preserved the city from fire and plague, and from venomous and noxious animals. Unfortunately, according to Gregory of Tours, the talisman was removed, and with it the palladium of safety. The city was fired, and filled with rats; and according to a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted by M. Edouard Fournier, a live "crocodile," as it was then spelt, was disinterred in sinking the foundations of the palace. The circumstance is curious in connexion with the existence of crocodiles in the rivers of Europe in olden times, and the dragon stories associated with them; a connexion which M. Fournier passes over without notice; and it is also curious in connexion with the conqueror of the Pyramids, who used the legend to his own purpose, when he associated with it a prophecy to the effect that one day a King of France should go to Grand Cairo, take the Nile prisoner, and subject the proud monarchy which had held the reins of so vast an empire for so many years.

The destruction of the city by fire occurred at the time of its invasions by the Normans, who ascended the Seine in their boats but too frequently in the last Carlovingien epoch. A pallisade was afterwards erected, as an obstacle to their progress, right across the river, in front of the island, near where is now the Pont-Neuf. The island did not, however, extend then as far as it does now; it was added to artificially when the bridge was constructed, so as to join to it, and constitute what are called *La Place Dauphiné* and "*le terre plein du Pont-Neuf*," places of no slight interest in the history of every tumult or insurrection in Paris. Towers, or strongholds, afterwards rose up on either bank; the one on the left bank was afterwards replaced by the famous *For-l'Evêque*. The Normans, on their part, entrenched themselves in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the memory of their ditches is still preserved in the name of a street, *Rue des Fossés, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois*.

"If," says M. Fournier, "from the seventeenth century the heart of Paris beat anywhere, it was most assuredly at the Pont-Neuf; there was its centre, there its life; it was to this point, so favourably situated at the meeting of the three great quarters—the town, the city, and the university, as they were at that time called—that all activity directed itself; that the hurried and agitated crowd ever bent its steps, and that all rumours and reports of the noisy and ever-turbulent multitude were concentrated." To write the history of the Pont-Neuf is, then, to write that of all Paris from the reign of Henri IV. A certain Dupays Demporte issued a prospectus of such a work in London in 1750, to be published in six volumes folio.

The necessity for building a bridge over the Seine had been recognised as far back as Henri II.'s time. So great were the dangers of the round-about way from the Louvre to the Faubourg St. Germain, that people preferred a boat to going round by the city. One night Benvenuto was detained to a later hour than usual at the palace, where he had received a thousand crowns in gold with which to manufacture a salt-cellar. The artist dwelt at the Petit Nesle, and, the boatmen having gone home, he had to go round by the dreaded *Vallée de Misère*, the *Pont au Change*, and the *Quai des Augustins*. When he reached the latter place he was attacked by four robbers, armed with swords. Benvenuto, however,

carried on a successful resistance till his people could come to his assistance. Even the boatmen were not always to be trusted. It was a common trick to let marked persons down the river as far as to the Pré aux Clercs, where they were carried away to dungeons until duly ransomed. The Duke of Elbeuf played this trick upon the banker Zamet, from whom he extracted sixty thousand crowns with which to pay his debts. All these considerations led to the construction of the Pont-Neuf being entered upon in the last year of Henri III.'s reign.

The works were begun in 1578, and a month after the first piles had been driven in, Henri III. proceeded in his state barge with the two queens, Catherine of Medicis and Louise de Vaudemont, to lay the first stone. It happened to be the same day that the vile favourites, Quélus and Maugiron, had been committed to the earth, and the ignoble monarch was so overwhelmed with grief that the people said the bridge should be called that of tears. The king never saw the work completed; he passed over it with his court, on his way to his dear convent of Augustina, by a temporary plank causeway, but soon afterwards the triumphant League raised its barricades, and the monarch had to decamp. It was during the suspension of the works that a colony of Irish, who claimed an asylum on pretence of expatriation from religious persecution, established themselves within the vacated buildings. Under pretence of revenging themselves and their cause upon the Huguenots, they caught those who passed over the dangerous causeway by the foot, and dragging them down, they murdered and stripped them, and then threw their bodies into the river. It is said that they were not at all particular as to what sect their victims belonged to. It was sufficient if they were supposed to be Huguenots. These malpractices were actually tolerated for four long years before the Irish were embarked in boats and sent down the current—*déshassez*, as D'Aubigné quaintly describes it.

In 1598, Henri IV., having made peace with the Spaniards, set to work with the completion of the bridge, and on Friday, the 20th of June, he was able to open it with all due ceremony. He was told that it was dangerous, and that many had been killed in attempting to cross. "But not one of them was a king," was Henri's ready answer. He also conceived the idea of creating the Place Dauphiné by uniting the extremity of the island, where the Templars had been burnt, and where still more lately his own favourites, Villemot and Fontaines, had fallen in single combat (they only exchanged three passes, and each was wounded in the neck, in the breast, and in the side; Fontaines fell back, Villemot on his face), with the bridge. The buildings for the goldsmiths (Quai des Orfèvres) were begun shortly afterwards. Scarcely had the bridge been opened than it became the centre of Parisian life—a walk for the idle, a bazaar for petty traders, the Parnassus of all the Apollos, open-air poets and vocalists, and still more particularly the haunt of thieves. This class of persons seem to have a predilection for bridges; only a year or two ago a nest of thieves was discovered under the arches of the Pont d'Arcole: they were known as the "Hirondelles du Pont d'Arcole. In the time of Henri IV. they were spoken of as wolves springing with a bound upon the Pont-Neuf. These ruffians were regularly organised, and held a court in boats upon the river below, and whence they committed the condemned to the waters after execution. As judicial executions, hanging,

and decapitation, were performed at the same time at both extremities of the bridge, its antecedents were, it will be acknowledged, sufficiently lugubrious. Henri IV. himself was once seized by the mantle by a madman when passing over the bridge, armed with a naked dagger, and he only owed his life to the promptitude of his attendants. In 1617 the Maréchal d'Ancre had scaffolds, destined for those who rose in insurrection against him, raised on the bridge itself. A few years later and his own body was disinterred (he was murdered on the drawbridge of the Louvre), taken away and gibeted upon one of his own scaffolds, and then torn to pieces by an infuriate mob. This horrible scene was enacted close to the equestrian statue of the king, which had only recently been raised upon its pedestal. This monument was inaugurated August 23, 1614. A hundred stories have been related regarding this statue, and the real facts of the case were not known till, upon its destruction on the 12th of August, 1792, a record was found under one of its feet. It was founded by Jean de Bologne and his successor, Peter Tacca, at Florence, shipped at Leghorn, wrecked off Sardinia, recovered by the Genoese, and ultimately taken up the Seine in a flat boat. Louis XIII. had laid the first stone a month previously to its arrival. The pedestal, with its four slaves, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, was completed by Richelieu. Although this statue became the people's idol, it was also so profaned by the public, that in 1662 it became necessary to rail it in. But even this was not respected. Two young noblemen, for example, got up upon the horse's neck by means of the reins to see Gaston d'Orléans, who, with a few other wild fellows, had gone out to play at thieves. This was one of the fashionable amusements of the day. The archers having arrived, the two riders were the first persons captured. De Rieux had indeed seriously hurt himself in his attempt to get down quickly, and they were taken off to the Châtelet. These sprigs of nobility, who took so much pride in relieving the public of their mantles, were called "tire-laines," or wool-drawers, and they were seconded and applauded by the fair sex, who also favoured the bridge at these early times with their presence, and who were known by the name of "Infantes du roi de cuivre."

From all times, when the police have organised a battue against those who so much endangered the public health, they nowhere effected so many captures as on the Pont-Neuf. That bridge was at once their patrimony and their domain. One day, M. du Harlay, first president, saluted one of the fair and frail ones with a profound bow. A friend expressed his surprise. "She is here," observed the president, "in her own domain; to every lord let honour be paid." There was a proverb attached to the Pont-Neuf, to the effect that whosoever passed it would meet an *infanta*, a monk, and a white horse. Two ladies were crossing the bridge; first a monk went by, and then a white horse.

"By my faith!" said one, "the proverb is true."

"Not so," replied the other; "where is the *infanta*?"

"Oh!" rejoined the first, "you and I need not go far to find her."

Poets and beggars, quacks and ballad-singers, were the assiduous attendants on the king of bronze in the daytime. St. Amant has depicted the first in his "*Gazette du Pont-Neuf*" and his "*Poète Crotté*." Every recess of the bridge had its dealer in gazettes and newspapers, replete with scandals or calumnies. Caricatures of all kinds also met with a

ready sale. Poets, ballad-singers, and newsmongers were all alike libellous :

Les rares chansons du Pont-Neuf,
Epousent les rares libelles.

Sometimes even authors came there to sell their books to passers-by. Maître Guillaume, the pensioned buffoon of Henri IV. and of Louis XIII., and "la folle Mathurine," who also sometimes sat at the royal table, gained their first publicity on the Pont-Neuf, where the latter was dressed as a "virago," in its original sense, that is, armed cap-a-pié. The Pont-Neuf was thus not only the most gigantic and the most varied of open-air spectacles, but it was also the most immense "Cabinet de lecture"

There was a monument of some celebrity connected with the Pont-Neuf in olden times, and that was the hydraulic fountain, astronomical clock, and water-works, called the Samaritaine. It was almost as old as the bridge itself, and its fortunes were almost as various. This fountain supplied the Louvre and adjacent buildings. A little man in bronze, moved by water-power, played a tune on bells, but as the libellists sent forth their songs and pasquinades in his name, he was ultimately suppressed.

La Fronde was, so to say, inaugurated, and armed on the Pont-Neuf. Its most animated and striking scenes were also enacted there. It could scarcely have been otherwise; the parliamentary party congregated at the "palais" on the island, the opposition was separated by the bridges. Most persons of note, ecclesiastical, parliamentarian, counsellors, and others who were not of the court or the nobility, dwelt at that time around the Palais or Notre Dame. The arrest of M. Broussel, counsellor of parliament, was the first signal of disorders which cumulated on the Pont-Neuf. The people and the Swiss Guard came to blows, and the first barricades were raised. The Chancellor Seguier and the Grand Maître M. de l'Hôpital were among the ill-treated. M. de la Meilleraie headed the party of order, but with little effect. Some were even slain on the bridge, among others Sanson, the geographer. As to Mazarin, he never ventured there; had he done so, the gibbeting of the Marquis d'Ancre would have been a trifle to it. Ladies even, if supposed to be Mazarines, as in the instance of Mesdames D'Ornano, De Chatillon, and De Bouelle, were robbed and nearly being cast into the river. Their coachmen and attendants were also castigated without mercy. "The population of the noble bridge," M. Fournier remarks, "remained true to itself. Up to that time people had been robbed there and assassinated as a matter of necessity, now they robbed and killed there as a privilege of civil war. There was progress in this." Some of these "frondeurs" in rags were, however, made examples of, and were gibbeted at the end of the bridge. It was arranged, in order to distinguish parties, that the anti-Mazarins should wear a bit of straw in their hats or head-dress; the consequence was, that not a thief or a robber but carried on his avocations with impunity, and made of the emblem a brevet right for plunder. The motley population of the Pont-Neuf was still further augmented at this time by crowds of beggars starving in rags, and who, in the misery brought about by civil war, were disputing with one another the possession often of a bit of carrion. Quacks, dentists, newsmongers, poets, and

bards, had all fled; the crowd came not where murder and robbery were in the ascendant.

When the Fronde had at last gone by it would have been supposed that the old trade of libellers and scandal-mongers would have been revived with others, but it was not so. Louis XIV. was then on the throne; and he tolerated neither ridicule nor calumny. No sooner was a malicious tendency discovered in poet or bard, than he and his merchandise were seized at once. St. Amant ventured upon a song; the burden of which was: "Laire lan laire." The unfortunate poet expiated his satire by a cruel death. He was killed with blows of sticks on the bridge itself. This St. Amant was a fat fellow, one of the most renowned poets of the Pont-Neuf, and a great frequenter of the cabarets close by. A blind Savoyard, immortalised by Boileau, was also his contemporary. Still more distinguished was the bard known as "le Cocher de Verthameat;" so called because he had for some time driven the carriage of a magistrate of that name. He had taken his place near the Samaritaine, and, like his compeers, he derived his chief resources from doleful ditties, recording the last dying speeches and confessions of those who suffered almost daily the last penalty of the law at the foot of the bridge. When there was not sufficient hanging or breaking on the wheel going on, whereby to gain a livelihood, these bards of the bridge had recourse to pastorals and even to canticles.

But whilst Le Grand Monarque was so successful in putting down satire, he was not equally so in extinguishing crime. The Pont-Neuf remained the scene of robbery by day and of murder by night. Jean le Brutal—a significant name—was among the most renowned of these bandits. Magnon, a poet and friend of Molière, was found assassinated on the bridge. The Baron de Livet was attacked between the Samaritaine and the equestrian statue, and after wounding two of his antagonists, he was himself slain. It is said that there was no less than ten thousand spadassins in Paris at that time (about 1663). They inhabited chiefly the Quartier Latin, whence they came down to do business in the Pont-Neuf. They even attacked people in the open day, as in the instance of the engraver Papillon, who defended himself so vigorously as to have attained a refuge in Saint Séverin. There were also another class of rascals, designated as "racoleurs," and whom M. Fournier defines as "blackguards, who cumulated the trade of bullies and that of dealers in human flesh for the king's benefit"—in other words, licensed recruiters and oppressors. The "racoleurs" frequented the Quai de la Ferraille, where, in Henri II.'s time, the English had established themselves for the sale of those pomps and vanities of the Romish Church which had been done away with in their own country. It became afterwards a bazaar for ironmongery; then a bird and then a flower market, and has gone back now to birds. Here the "racoleurs" recruited soldiers for the king, by good means when possible, but by violence when persuasion failed. The houses to which these captures were consigned were called "fours," or ovens. There were said to be twenty-eight of these fours, and they not only contained involuntary recruits for the grand army, but also women and children destined to be sold in America. The *Conresp. Administ.* t. ii. pp. 800. and 801, is quoted for this latter fact.

These "rascals" bore a flag on the Pont-Neuf, with the inscription from Voltaire;

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux.

One of their leaders was Trioot, a spadassin by profession; and when he died they conveyed his body into a neighbouring church, and after marching three times round it, singing the well-known "Marlborough," as a *De Profundis*; they left it there!

Instead of improving with time the character of the unfortunate Pont-Neuf got worse and worse. In 1700, the robbers were so audacious that they attacked the mail from Tours on the bridge and cleared it out with impunity. If a man had stabbed another in his house, he made his servant-maid carry the defunct to the bridge, and having thrown the body in the river, would send the maid after it, so that no tales might be told. The renowned band of Cartouche took possession of the Pont-Neuf in 1720. It became impossible to pass it at that epoch, as it was in older times with regard to the Pont-au-Change, by night. Cartouche and his bandits had it, indeed; all their own way, both by day and by night. Granval relates:

*S'il ne faisoit en tout vingt vols sur le Pont-Neuf,
Cartouche, pour sa part, en rapportoit dix-neuf.*

The Pont-Neuf saw the glory of Cartouche to the end. It seems, indeed, as if, like Jack Sheppard in this country, the bandit owed his reputation for cleverness and audacity as much to the halo shed around his wild career by the pen of genius as to any really great originality of action. Cartouche was thus described by a contemporary:

*Il n'est grand ni petit, fils de bonne maison,
Trottin, qui sur lui n'ait en poche une chanson.
Son nom vole à l'entour de la Samaritaine.*

This was written, however, after he was broken on the wheel.

In 1742 another band, called by the prepossessing name of "Assommeurs," took possession of the Pont-Neuf. Their mode of proceeding is described in their name. They finished off at night with desperate and revolting murders, the scenes enacted by bullies in their duels, soldiers in their fights, laqueys in their combats, the whole of the long day. It seemed as if the air of the bridge inspired a sanguinary ardour. A gallant of the day, Cyrano de Bergerac, could not pass over the bridge without sticking the monkey of Brioché, one of the few exhibitors of the time. There is extant a very old piece, called "Combat de Cyrano de Bergerac avec le singe de Brioché au bout du Pont-Neuf."

The quacks came to the relief of this lugubrious state of things. Among the most distinguished were the splendid Monder and his valet Tabarin, renowned for the changes he could run upon his hat; Desiderio-Descombes, surnamed "le charlatan," from his scarlet mantle (*scarlatano*), a name which has become incorporated with most of the languages of Europe; the famous Hieronimo de Ferrante, surnamed L'Orvietan, from his native city; Barry, the illustrious operator; and a giant, who made concurrence with Molière himself. Tabarin made a fortune on the Pont-Neuf, bought an estate, and was killed by the neigh-

bouring gentry, who disliked having such a character amongst them. Lyonnais, who began as dog-clipper on the Pont-Neuf, became master of the royal hounds. He also bought an estate. The dentist Thomas enjoyed a great repute on the Pont-Neuf between 1711 and 1733. He was one of the first who did not *draw* teeth; he "picked them up as we do flowers." The poet Sibus, when nearly starving, consented for half a franc to have two teeth drawn, and then to declare that he had felt no pain. Thomas had for rivals Cormier and Carmeline, but he surpassed both. Nothing could exceed the splendour of his burlesque attire and accompaniments, scarlet cloak with Turkish emblems, lofty silver head-dress surmounted by a cock, collars of teeth and jaws, a sword six feet in length, a drummer, a trumpeter, and a flag-bearer, and by his sides a tisanier and a confectioner—so that he could eat and drink when he felt so inclined.

There were other specialities attached to the Pont-Neuf, or what, in fact, constituted its accessories. Such were the Café Parnasse and the Café Conti at the two ends of the bridge, and which, up to the time of the Revolution, were frequented by the literary men of the day. Such, also, was "le Petit Dunkerque," founded by a native of that town for the sale of English goods, and which for many years enjoyed a first-rate reputation; goldsmiths, gunsmiths, and dealers in almanacks abounded all round. Upon the bridge itself, itinerant dealers trafficked in parasols, dogs, drapery, flowers, melons, oranges, and a thousand other things. The "bouquetières" of the Pont-Neuf attained great reputation and even honours, one of them, Madame Billette, became "bouquetière du roi."

The most magnificent "reposoir" (the name of an open-air altar, at which a religious procession stops), in all Paris was raised on the Place Dauphine. Its magnificence was mainly due to the fact of the orfèvres living in the neighbourhood, but it was also a place for young painters to exhibit their works, and it became thus, in progress of time, an annual public exhibition of fine arts, and continued to be so till the Revolution, which established equality in art as in law, and opened the Louvre to all artists whatsoever, whether acknowledged by the Academy or not.

However unpopular the mistresses of Louis XV. might have been, it was only indirectly that they could be alluded to by the bards of the Pont-Neuf. François Poisson, father of Madame de Pompadour, had been a farmer, and had mills on his property. The favourite was in consequence pasquinaded as La Meunière:

L'autre jour, me promenant
Par devant dernière,
Je vis un objet charmant
Par dernière, et par devant,
C'étoit la Meunière
Du moulin à vent.

The pretty Jeanne Vauberrier—the pretty little angel, as she was afterwards called—before becoming Countess du Barry, was well known to the frequenters of the Pont-Neuf. She had once carried about small objects for sale upon the same bridge where she was chanted as "La Bourbonnaise," from an old song which bore reference to the fortunes of one of the infantas of the house of bronze, called la Boullonnaise, and hence by

a ready transformation, la Bourbonnaise, a song which circulated through every village in France. When finally exiled to the abbey of Pont-aux-Dames, a curious epigram appeared, having reference to her mother, who was cook near the Pont-aux-Choux, and to her own fortunes in connexion with bridges:

Les ponts on fait époque dans ma vie,
Dit l'Ange en pleurs, dans sa cellule en Brie ;
Fille d'un moine et de Manon Giroux,
J'ai pris naissance au Sein du Pont-aux-Choux.
A peine a lui l'aurore de mes charmes
Que le Pont-Neuf vit mes premières armes.
Au Pont-au-Change à loisir je fêtois
Le tiers, le quart, soit noble, soit bourgeois.
L'art libertin de rallumer les flammes,
Au Pont-Royal me mit le sceptre en main.
Un si haut fait me loge au Pont-aux-Dames,
Ou j'ai bien peur de finir mon destin.

The fact was that the people despised Madame du Barry all the more because she had been one of themselves.

Under Louis XV. the Pont-Neuf was thoroughly repaired. The parapets were reconstructed, pavilions erected in the recesses, the seats lowered, the Samaritaine, which had been rebuilt in the time of Louis XIV., was consolidated, and its figures gilded, to the great satisfaction of the people, for whom Napoleon once gilded the dome of the Invalides, as a last and successful resource. It was even projected to fill up the lesser arm of the Seine and to make a "continent" of the city. As to the "pavilions," small traders soon got possession of them, and there was no possibility of getting rid of them. They were protected by two guard-houses, one on the Terre-plain, another at the head of the Quai des Orfèvres. Some of them were used for frying fish, pancakes, and other vile comestibles, an abuse which Barthélemy denounced to the police in 1836:

Pourquoi ces frituriers, dout la noire cuisine
Empeste le Pont-Neuf et la Place Dauphine ?

Another poet, less fortunate—Gilbert—slept three nights near the guard-house of Henri IV. after supping upon two hiards of pancakes. Sterne is said to have stopped in one of his meditative moods to contemplate the equestrian statue, when, perceiving a crowd gathering, "What are you doing looking at me thus?" he inquired. "Do as I do," and going down upon his knees, the crowd did the same.*

The old bridge had not changed its appearance in the time of Louis XVI. There was always the same movement, the same life and activity. The "Petit Dunkerque" was especially at the apogee of its fame. Chevalier had also founded his celebrated establishment as optician on the Quai des Lunettes, as the old Quai de l'Horloge was called after the opticians had congregated around their chief—one, as usual, adopting his name. In 1774, an Englishman, who had a keen scent of Parisian scepticism, laid a bet that he would not sell a bag of crowns, worth twelve hundred francs, at twenty-four sous each, in two hours. He

* Mémoires Historiques sur la vie de Suard. Par Garat, 1820, t. ii. p. 148.

only sold three, and these were to an old woman, who, after carefully examining the proffered coin, threw down six twenty-four sous pieces, and took three crowns of six livres each in exchange, exclaiming, "*Ma foi ! je me risque !*" This on the authority of Mercier, "*Tableau de Paris*," t. i. pp. 150, 151. There was also a curious history attached to a parrot of the Quai des Orfèvres. A lady of fashion had a great passion for beasts and birds, and she particularly envied Astley's monkey and the parrot of the Pont-Neuf. A gentleman anxious to please her, obtained possession of the parrot at a large sacrifice of money, and of a monkey which was the very counterpart of Astley's. Returning in triumph to the lady, the monkey, who had been in the possession of a cook, was no sooner introduced to the parrot than with one jump he killed it, and as quickly began to pluck off its feathers for the spit. The gentleman struck at the monkey in a passion, upset an invaluable set of old china, and killed the quadruped. Needless to say that his suit after that did not prosper.

The Revolution began, like most other things, upon the Pont-Neuf. The heart was diseased before the limbs suffered. The Place Dauphine was the original forum of the Basoche. In 1787, the acclamations that were due to the king were no longer given, but to the statue of Henri IV. This was as a kind of ironical comparison between the living and the dead monarchs. The Duke of Orleans himself was obliged to get out of his carriage and do homage to the statue. The guard-house was captured and burnt down to the ground. The soldiery having retaken the place, the mob returned to the charge and destroyed all the other guard-houses; and shortly afterwards the minister Calonne was burnt in effigy on the Place Dauphine, the French and Swiss Guards looking on as simple spectators. The year following it was M. de Brienne's turn, and they served him in the same way. But this time the armed force interfered, and several persons were killed and wounded. This only served to increase the fury of the mob; the Revolution had in reality commenced, and, after the capture of the Bastille, four guns were placed on the Terrepain of the Pont-Neuf, always loaded, and always ready to call the people together by their terrible voice, which was heard all over Paris. The effect may be imagined of a summons so sounded upon the more timid and peaceful portion of the population! It was from the Place Dauphine and the Pont-Neuf that the mob started on its way to Versailles on the 5th of October, to make prisoners of "*le boulanger and la boulangère.*" The cannon of the Pont-Neuf announced to all Paris the flight of the Royal Family to Varennes, on the 21st of June, 1791. On the 22nd of July, 1792, amphitheatres were raised on the Pont-Neuf to enrol volunteers for the patriot army. The proceedings were carried on amidst burlesque performances, and the terrible Carmagnole, and the *Ca Ira*, shouted rather than chanted. "*La Muse sans Culotte*" had at once its origin and its apogee on the Pont-Neuf. The *Marseillaise* alone was of provincial origin; but it first made itself heard on the bridge, when the auxiliaries of the Reign of Terror halted thereon their arrival, the 30th of July, 1792. The 10th of August was announced from the bridge as early as a quarter-past one of the morning, by its guns. The next day all the statues, excepting that of Henri IV., were overthrown. The last was the only one that obtained twenty-four hours' respite. The mob ex-

pected to find a treasure within the bronze, but were justly disappointed. The "Christ" of the Samaritaine experienced the same fate, and the building itself soon followed. It was succeeded by the Café Paris, with hanging gardens after the Babylonian fashion. The club of the Cordeliers held its sittings in the Rue Dauphine, ~~as was to be called~~ Thionville, and it took the lead in those massacres of September, which left a continuous stream of blood on the Pont-Neuf. The guns on the Terre-plain did not announce the execution of royalty, but they proclaimed the massacres of September; and, with the impassibility of destiny, they announced on the 31st of May, 1793, the fall of the Girondins and the triumph of the Montagne. Marat, who had imagined the fabrication of eight thousand daggers wherewith to arm the women, having fallen by the only one that was purchased, and that by Charlotte Corday, his body was paraded in a state of semi-nudity, the wound still open, over the Pont-Neuf. The same fatal bridge saw all those carts pass over it which bore their sad victims from the Conciergerie to the scaffold on the Place de la Revolution. The very executioners shuddered when they passed over the same road afterwards. Strangers visiting Paris go, as a matter of necessity rather than of taste, to the Morgue; and glad to inhale a breath of fresh air, after such a ghastly sight, they turn mechanically from thence on to the open space of the Pont-Neuf. Is it to be wondered at that fearful thoughts should at such a time obtrude upon the mind—a bridge positively consecrated by blood; a river, below, the perpetual receptacle of death in all its most hideous forms? No wonder, then, that the terrible Fouquier-Tinville, returning from the revolutionary tribunal, should have one day fainted on the same bridge. He fancied that the phantoms of the dead were pursuing him, and that the river was actually flowing with blood! Napoleon Bonaparte first tried his skilful hand against the Revolution from the Pont-Neuf on the 13th of Vendémiaire; the triumph of the Convention was assured by his inflexibility, and from that day henceforth the Revolution ceased upon the bridge. The statue of Henri IV. was not, however, replaced till the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon had other things to think of during the Hundred Days than to remove it, and the present emperor has wisely deemed it best to let it remain where it is. The Pont-Neuf was, strange to say, the scene of no fatal combats in July, 1830, nor in June, 1848; but its life is gone, other bridges have taken away its daily concourse of people, the police have swept away bards, quacks, and infants—the Pont-Neuf is rather a monument of the past than a thing of the day. Living, it was the life of old Paris; dead, it is the image of the defunct. M. Fournier may be said in writing its history to have penned its epitaph.

CARDINAL POLE:
OR, THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.
 AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*
 BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Seventh.

THE TREASURE-CHESTS.

I.

THE LOVES OF OG AND LILIAS.

It will probably be recollected under what singular circumstances the acquaintance began between Og the gigantic and Lilies the fair. From the very moment when the damsel, seated behind the giant on the broad back of Arundel, passed her arm round his waist, a flame was kindled in his breast never afterwards to be extinguished. A magnetic influence was exercised over him by Lilies, and he speedily became as much enthralled by her fascinations as was Sir Bevis of Southampton, whom he then represented, by the charms of the peerless Princess Josyan. When he and his gigantic brothers, with Sir Narcissus and Lady le Grand, proceeded to Winchester to take part in the pageants displayed there during the royal nuptials, Lilies accompanied them, and, before many days had elapsed, her conquest of Og was complete. She had him, as Gog confidentially remarked to Magog, "entirely under her thumb."

"Will he be fool enough to marry her, think you, brother?" observed Magog, shrugging his shoulders, and thinking of Dame Placida.

"Hum! I cannot say, but I shall do my best to dissuade him from the step," rejoined Gog.

So the brothers laid their huge heads together, and the result was that they devised a plan by which they hoped to get rid altogether of the fair syren, and cure Og of his ridiculous passion, as they deemed it. Their plan was to send back Lilies to Southampton, and persuade Og that she had left him of her own accord to return to her former admirer, and they managed the matter so

adroitly that Og was completely duped, and, after a tremendous burst of indignation against the fickleness of the sex, vowed he would never think of the false jillflirt again. His brothers commended his resolution, and told him he had had a narrow escape.

"If you are wise, you will take warning by me, and never marry," said Magog.

"If he must needs marry, let him choose a buxom widow, and not a tricksome girl like Liliass."

"I don't mean to marry at all," cried Og, resolutely.

But the fangs of disappointment gnawed his heart. He grew moody and dull, and avoided the society of his brothers.

After a month's absence from the Tower, the three gigantic warders returned there, and resumed their ordinary duties. But Og's melancholy increased, and his brothers at last began to feel uneasy about him, and to regret the part they had played.

"It would be a grievous thing were he to break his heart for this silly girl," remarked Gog. "He seems pining away for her."

"He may be pining away," observed Magog; "but he is in good case still, and his appetite is not amiss, judging by the havoc he made with the cold chine of beef and lumbar-pie at breakfast this morning, to say nothing of the stoop of ale which he managed to empty. Nevertheless, I agree with you, brother Gog, that he is not himself, and hath quite lost his old pleasant humour. He never jests, as was his wont, and I have not heard a hearty laugh from him since we sent Liliass away."

"I begin to think we did wrong in meddling in the matter," observed Gog. "I shall never cease to reproach myself if anything should happen to him."

"Well, we acted for the best," said Magog. "I only wish my marriage had been prevented," he added, with a groan. "Let us see how he goes on. Perchance, he may recover."

But Og did *not* recover, and, although he did not exhibit any of the usual symptoms of despairing love, as loss of appetite, or flesh, a lacklustre eye, and disordered manner, still he became more gloomy and sullen than ever, and rarely exchanged a word with his brothers.

Nearly eight months had now flown since he had beheld Liliass, and still her image was constantly before him, and the witchery she had practised upon him by her fascinations and allurements had not lost a jot of its power. He was still as much under her sway as if she had been with him all the time.

One evening, while he was taking a solitary walk upon the ramparts, and thinking of Liliass, he saw Xit hastening towards him, and would have avoided him, but the dwarf stopped him, saying,

"Give thee good e'en, Og. I was looking for thee. I bring thee good news."

"Out of my way," rejoined the giant, gruffly. "I am in no humour for jesting."

"I know thou art become as surly as a bear with a sore head," replied Xit; "but thou hadst best not provoke a quarrel with me, or thou wilt rue it."

"Pass on," roared Og, "and exercise thy wit at the expense of those who are amused by it—my brothers, for example. But meddle not with me. I am dangerous."

"Big words do not terrify me," rejoined Xit, with a mocking laugh. "Furious as thou art, I can tame thee with a word. I have but to pronounce the name of 'Lilias Ringwood,' and then wilt straight become as gentle as a lamb. Ha! ha! ha! Was I not right?"

"Hast thou aught to tell me concerning Lilias?" cried Og, suddenly becoming as meek as the animal to which he had been likened. "If so, speak quickly!"

"Soh! thou art in the mood for converse now, and my jests do not appear tiresome to thee," rejoined Xit; "but I will not gratify thee. Thou art dull company. I will go to thy brothers."

"Nay, but Xit, sweet Xit, if thou hast any love for me, tell me what thou knowest of Lilias."

"Thou dost not deserve that I should tell thee aught, uncourteous giant," said Xit. "Nevertheless, out of compassion for thy miserable state I will speak. Know, then, most amorous Titan, that I have seen the lady of thy love——"

"Thou hast seen Lilias!" interrupted Og. "Oh! thou art my best friend. How doth she look? Is she comely as ever? Or is she changed and married to another? Tell me the worst. It may break my heart—but spare me not."

"I will tell thee the best and the worst as quickly as may be," rejoined Xit. "The best is, that Lilias is still true to thee, and looking lovelier than ever—the worst is, that she is coming to the Tower in a few days, and therefore thou wilt soon behold her again."

"Why, the worst is best of all!" cried Og, transported with delight.

"Nay, it is worst," rejoined Xit; "because, when she comes, thou wilt be compelled to marry her."

"But I say to thee again that it is best, for I desire nothing so much as marriage with her. But thou art not making merry with me all this while? 'Twere a sorry jest to trifle with me thus."

"I am not trifling with thee, incredulous giant," replied Xit. "If the hand of the fair Lilias will make thee happy, thou shalt have it. That I promise thee. Now listen. Compassionating thy woful condition, I have been to Southampton, and seen the mistress of thy affections, and finding her still unfettered by matri-

monial ties, still amiably disposed towards thee, I proposed marriage to her in thy name, and the offer was—accepted.”

“Thou hast done me an incalculable service!” cried Og, taking him in his arms, and hugging him tightly. “And so thou hast been to Southampton, and seen Lilius, and won her for me—eh? I have missed thee for the last week, but fancied thou wert with her Majesty at Whitehall.”

“Set me down, and I will talk to thee,” replied Xit. “Thou hast almost squeezed the breath out of my body;” and as Og placed him gently on the ground, he continued, “I will now let thee into a secret. But first promise not to be angry.”

“I am far too happy to be angry with any one now,” rejoined Og. “Speak out. What hast thou to reveal?”

“I must set thee right upon one point. When Lilius quitted thee so suddenly at Winchester, it was not, as thou wert led to suppose, from a desire to be reconciled to her first lover. Her disappearance was contrived by Gog and Magog, who did not wish thee to wed the damsel.”

“Thunder and lightning! was it so?” roared Og, with sudden fury.

“Remember thy promise,” said Xit.

“Well, proceed,” cried Og, trying to calm himself.

“Perceiving the mischief they had occasioned, and despairing of remedying the matter, thy brothers applied to me, and out of my love for them and thee, I offered to go to Southampton to see what could be done with Lilius. Accordingly I went, and how I succeeded in my mission thou art already aware.”

“I am for ever beholden to thee,” said Og. “And so Lilius will certainly be here in a few days. Why didst thou not bring her with thee?”

“I would fain have done so,” replied Xit; “but she had preparations to make before her departure. However, she will be escorted by a young gentleman whom you may remember, Captain Rodomont Bittern, of Cardinal Pole’s household.”

“Rodomont Bittern!” exclaimed Og, knitting his bushy brow. “Why should he escort her?”

“Because he chances to be coming up to London at the same time—nothing more, thou jealous and suspicious fool,” rejoined Xit. “Captain Bittern’s errand to Southampton was very different from mine. He did not go to propose a marriage, but to attend a funeral. You remember Constance Tyrrell?”

“Daughter of a wealthy Southampton merchant,” replied Og. “Yes, I remember her. It was whispered that the King was enamoured of her, but that she preferred young Osbert Clinton. She is now at Lambeth Palace, under the guardianship of Cardinal Pole.”

“I see you are well informed about her,” replied Xit. “Well, old Tyrrell, her father, is just dead, and has made a very singular

will. Since his daughter has become tainted with heresy, he has lost all affection for her, and has now disinherited her, and left the whole of his immense riches to—whom think'st thou?"

"Nay, I cannot guess," replied Og. "Not to Rodomont Bittern, I trust?"

"No, not to him," returned Xit. "He has made Cardinal Pole his heir, and the sum he has bequeathed is such as not even a Cardinal need despise. This was the reason why Rodomont Bittern and others of the Cardinal's household were sent down to Southampton to bury the old merchant and take possession of his property, and as I chanced to be there at the same time, I naturally came in contact with them, and on acquainting Captain Bittern with mine errand, he proffered his services, and accompanied me when I called on Liliás. It is but justice to him to add, that he pleaded thy cause with the damsel as warmly as I could do myself. When the affair was arranged, and Captain Bittern found that a longer stay at Southampton was inconvenient to me, he obligingly undertook to escort thy destined bride to London. Thus thou hast now the whole affair before thee. Methinks I have some little claim upon thy gratitude. So if you will come with me to thy brothers, and assure them they are forgiven, I shall deem myself amply requited."

Og readily assented, and, quitting the ramparts, they proceeded to the Byward Tower, where they found Gog and Magog at supper, an immense party, with a cold ham, a mountainous loaf, and a mighty mazer filled with ale, being set before them.

As Og and Xit entered, they both rose from the table at which they were seated, and seeing there were no traces of anger on their brother's countenance, they held out their hands to him, which Og, so far from refusing, shook very cordially.

In a few moments all explanations were over, and the brothers amicably seated at the table, discussing the party, ever and anon applying to the mazer, and talking, when they were able to talk at all, of the approaching marriage.

II.

OF THE MEETING BETWEEN OG AND LILIAS ON TOWER-GREEN.

PRECISELY at the time that Liliás was expected, the King paid a visit to the Tower. He came from Whitehall by water, and was attended by Sir John Gage and Sir Henry Jerningham. On landing, he was received by the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and a guard, among whom were the gigantic warders, and by his own desire was at once conducted to the Jewel House, where his chests of bullion were deposited.

This building was situated in a court belonging to the old palace, its precise position being on the south of the White Tower, between

the Queen's lodgings and the Cold Harbour Tower. At the door of the Jewel Tower the King was received by Master Thomas Lovel, the keeper, who seemed to expect his Majesty, and took him forthwith to the strong-room containing the treasure. After satisfying himself that the coffers were safe, Philip informed Lovel that he was about to place them in the Exchequer, and gave him some directions respecting their removal.

Before leaving the Jewel House, the King had some private converse with Lovel, who, it appeared, had an important communication to make to him. Having given further instructions in secret to the keeper, Philip proceeded to the White Tower, where he ascended to the great council-chamber, and after surveying it with much curiosity, repaired to the ancient Norman chapel dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist, and passed some time in devotion within it.

His examination of the White Tower ended, the King was proceeding with Sir Henry Bedingfeld towards the lieutenant's lodgings, and they had just reached the Tower-green, which was then, as now, shaded by noble trees, when lively strains greeted their ears, and other joyous sounds proclaimed that some festivities were going on. Turning to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, Philip inquired the cause of this rejoicing, but the latter looked perplexed, and being unable to obtain any information from those about him, despatched a warder to ascertain the meaning of the gleeful sounds. While the man was gone on his errand, Philip occupied himself in examining the exterior of the Beauchamp Tower, opposite which he had halted. In another minute the warder returned, with a broad grin upon his face, and imparted something to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, which at once caused a corresponding smile to illumine the lieutenant's grave countenance.

"An please your Majesty," said Sir Henry, addressing Philip, "I have just ascertained that those sounds of rejoicing are occasioned by the arrival from Southampton of the destined bride of one of our gigantic warders, Og—there he stands to answer for himself, if your Majesty will deign to question him."

"From Southampton!" exclaimed Philip. "I should not be surprised if it were the fair damsel I beheld there at the time of my arrival, who enacted the part of the Princess, when the giant himself personated the redoubted Sir Bevis."

"'Tis the very same, sire!" replied Og, advancing towards the King, and making a profound obeisance. "'Tis Lillas Ringwood, whom your Majesty deigns to remember. It would appear she has just arrived, though I myself have not had the gratification of beholding her."

"Thou shalt have that gratification anon," returned Philip; "but where are thy brothers? They were with thee just now. Are they with Lillas?"

"I conclude so, sire," replied Og. "While your Majesty was

in the White Tower, they were summoned by Xit, with what intent I knew not then, though I can guess it now. They are giving Lilius a joyful welcome preparatory to our meeting. Under these circumstances, may I crave your gracious permission to join my intended bride?"

"Control thine impatience for a moment, and answer me one question," said Philip. "How long is it since thou hast seen her?"

"Not since your Majesty was espoused to the Queen at Winchester," replied Og.

"And she has not changed her mind during that long interval? By my faith, she is a very model of constancy!" exclaimed Philip, laughing. "Sir Henry Bedingfeld," he added to the lieutenant, "I would fain witness the meeting between this loving pair. Let the damsel be brought hither."

Whereupon, an order to that effect was instantly given by Bedingfeld.

Shortly afterwards the sound of a tabour and fife were heard, while the trampling of feet and other confused noises announced that a number of persons were coming up the road leading from the Bloody Tower to the green, and in another moment a little procession came in view.

At the head of the train strutted Xit, in a jerkin and mantle of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and carrying in his hand a pole decorated with ribbons of various colours, and hung with bells. Behind the mannikin marched Gog and Magog, sustaining between them a chair, in which sat Lilius Ringwood, arrayed in a very becoming green kirtle, and her pretty countenance suffused with blushes. Some twenty or thirty persons in holiday attire followed the bride, amongst whom were Rodomont Bittern, and his friends Nick Simnel and Jack Holiday. Besides Lady le Grand and Magog's wife, Dame Placida, there was a troop of young damsels, several of whom had considerable pretensions to beauty.

As soon as the procession reached the green it came to a halt, and Xit advancing alone towards the King, and making a very ceremonious obeisance to his Majesty, desired to know his pleasure.

"Let the damsel approach," said Philip.

Whereupon Xit signed to the two giants to advance with their fair burden, and as they drew near, the King bade Og go forward and help her to alight. It is needless to say that the command was promptly obeyed. With a few mighty strides Og cleared the space between him and his mistress, while his brothers elevated the chair on which she was seated, as if to place her out of his reach. Lilius, however, did not hesitate to spring from the giddy height into her gigantic lover's outstretched arms, and was instantly clasped to his mighty breast. After gazing on her rapturously for a moment, and uttering a few passionate words, he deposited her gently on the ground, amid the shouts and laughter of the beholders.

"Welcome!—thrice, welcome!" he cried. "This moment amply repays me for all the misery I have endured."

"And have you really been unhappy without me?" inquired Lilius.

"Unhappy!" exclaimed Og; "I have been so wretched that it is a marvel I didn't drown myself in the Tower moat. However, it's all right now."

"To be sure it is," interposed Xit. "You will have plenty of time for explanations hereafter. Your first business is to present your bride to his Majesty."

"Come, then," said the giant, taking her hand, and leading her towards the King.

Lilius displayed no bashfulness, but tripped gracefully by the side of her gigantic admirer, and made a profound reverence to his Majesty as she was presented to him.

"By my faith, good fellow, thou art to be envied," said Philip. "I would not advise thee to let this fair creature out of thy sight in future."

"I do not intend to give him the opportunity, sire," replied Lilius, demurely.

"Wisely resolved," rejoined Philip, laughing. "As I chanced to witness the commencement of your love affair, I am glad to see it brought to such a satisfactory conclusion. Make merry with your friends, and that you may do so without scruple, here is that shall help to pay for the wedding feast."

So saying, he took a well-filled purse from the velvet pouch depending from his girdle, and gave it to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, by whom it was handed to Og.

"We thank you most heartily for your bounty, sire," said Og, bowing as he received the princely gift, "and shall not fail to drink long life to your Majesty."

"Ay, long life to his Majesty," cried Gog, in a stentorian voice, "and may Heaven shower its choicest blessings on his head. Shout, friends, shout!" he added, turning to the others, who instantly responded by loud cries of "Long live the King!"

Bowing graciously in acknowledgment, Philip moved away with his attendants, and proceeding to the lower end of the green, entered the lieutenant's lodgings, where he remained for some little time.

No sooner was the King gone, than Xit called out, in his shrillest tones,

"A dance! a dance! Let us not separate without some mirthful pastime suited to the occasion. A dance, I say, and as the merriest and best, let us begin with a brawl."

The proposition meeting with general concurrence, the minstrels began to play a very lively air, while the entire assemblage, with three exceptions, took hands, and formed an immense ring. The

three persons excepted were the giants, whose stature forbade them to join in the dance; but as the others wheeled round them, they found it impossible to keep their limbs quiet, and began to execute such grotesque movements, that the dancers were scarcely able to proceed for laughter.

III.

BY WHOM THE WEDDING BREAKFAST WAS INTERRUPTED.

THE next day was a joyous one for Og, since it saw him indissolubly bound to the object of his affections. The marriage took place in the little chapel on the Tower-green, and the edifice was crowded during the ceremonial.

At its close, the happy couple adjourned, with their kinsfolk and friends, to the Stone Kitchen, where a copious and excellent repast had been prepared by Peter Trusbut, the pantler, who still exercised his vocation as purveyor to the warders of the Tower; and it need scarcely be said that full justice was done to the many good things provided by him on this auspicious occasion.

It was always agreeable to Peter Trusbut and his worthy dame to see their guests enjoy themselves, and the rapidity and gusto with which the dishes were now demolished perfectly satisfied them. Gog and Magog ate more than usual in honour of their brother's marriage, and the bridegroom's prowess was hardly inferior to their own.

Of course Xit had been present at the wedding, and was likewise a principal guest at the breakfast that followed it. He was in high spirits, and diverted the company by his lively sallies. When the dishes had been removed, he leaped upon the table, goblet in hand, and, in appropriate terms, proposed the health of Og and his bride—a toast which was drunk with great cheers. While they were in the very midst of enjoyment, the door suddenly opened, and a man of exceedingly sinister aspect, and habited in a tight-fitting leathern doublet, appeared at it. At the sight of this ill-favoured personage the countenances of the company fell, and their laughter ceased.

"Who is that strange man?" inquired Lilies of Og, in an under tone.

"It is Mauer, the executioner," replied her husband. "What brings thee here?" he added, half angrily, to the headsman.

"I am come to congratulate you on your marriage," replied Mauer. "Am I not welcome?"

"Sit down, and take a cup of wine," rejoined Og, filling a goblet.

"Here's health to the bonny bride!" cried Mauer, eyeing her curiously as he raised the flagon to his lips.

"I do not like his looks," said Lilius, clinging to her husband. "I wish he had not come."

"Harkye, Manger," cried Xit, who was still standing upon the table, "thy presence is unsuited to this festive occasion, and we can, therefore, dispense with thy society."

"I shall not go at thy bidding, thou malapert knave," rejoined Manger. "I came to see the bride, not thee."

And he was about to seat himself in the chair left empty by the dwarf, when the latter prevented him, exclaiming,

"That chair is mine. Begone instantly, if thou wouldst not be unceremoniously thrust from the room."

Og seemed inclined to second the dwarf's threat, but his wife interposed, saying,

"Let him not be turned out, or it may bring us ill luck."

"It *will* bring you ill luck if I be so dealt with, fair mistress," rejoined Manger, with an uncouth attempt at gallantry.

And, pushing Xit aside, he sat down in the vacant chair.

"I have a present for you, fair mistress," pursued the headsmen to Lilius. "Here it is," he added, producing a silver box from his doublet. "This pomander was given me by Queen Catherine Howard on the day of her execution, and I have kept it about me ever since, but I will now bestow it upon you, and I will tell you why. You have a neck as long, and as white, and as snowy as Queen Catherine's, and she had the whitest and slenderest throat my axe ever touched—therefore you well deserve the box. Take it, and if you ever need my services," he continued, with a grim smile, "you shall give it me back again. Smell to it—it is filled with delicate perfumes—ambergis, storax, benjoin, labdanum, civet, and musk. You will find it a preservative against infection."

"It seems to me to smell of blood," said Lilius, tossing back the box. "I will not have it."

"As you please," said Manger, returning it to his doublet. "Yet it is not a gift to be despised."

"Enough of this," said Og, somewhat sternly. "Do you not perceive that you interrupt our festivities. My wife thanks you for your intended present, but declines it."

"I have nothing else to offer her, unless it be an earring worn by Queen Anne Boleyn——"

"I would not touch it for the world," cried Lilius, recoiling with horror.

"You know not what you refuse," said Manger, testily; "but it is in vain that I try to render myself agreeable. Since I am an unwelcome guest, I will go. But I will tell you a word in parting. This day has begun blithely enough, but it will not end so merrily."

"What meanest thou?" cried Og, angrily. "Wouldst thou insinuate that something is about to happen to me and my bride?"

"Or to me—or to any other among us?" added Xit; with equal fierceness.

"No, I mean not that," replied Mauger. "But I tell you that the day will end differently from what you expect."

"Pshaw! thou art only saying this to frighten the women," said Og. "Sit down again and take another cup of wine."

"No, I have had enough," rejoined Mauger, in a surly tone. "I came here with presents to the bride—presents such as none other in the Tower could offer her—and they have been scornfully rejected. Be it so. A day may come for some of you, when it may be necessary to bespeak my favour."

And casting a stern and vindictive look around, he limped out of the room.

"I am glad he is gone," observed Liliaa. "And yet I wish he had not left us in anger."

"Pshaw! heed him not," rejoined Og. "His odious office causes him to be generally shunned, and hence he is sour-tempered. He is gentler than usual to-day."

"Then he must, indeed, be savage," said Liliaa, forcing a laugh.

"He is strangely superstitious," pursued Og, "and pretends he has warnings beforehand of the persons he is to put to death. From what he let fall just now, I fancy he has had one of those warnings."

"Saints preserve us! I hope not!" cried Liliaa, turning pale. "I declare I feel quite ill. Did you not remark that he compared my neck to that of Queen Catherine Howard?"

"Nay, he meant that as a compliment," said her husband. "In good sooth, thou hast a dainty neck, sweetheart."

"Dainty or not, I like not the comparison," said Liliaa. "When he looked at me, it seemed as if I felt the sharp edge of the axe—oh! take me into the air, or I shall faint."

Og instantly took her in his arms, saying, as he carried her forth; "If aught betide thee, sweet chuck, the day shall certainly not end merrily for Mauger."

"Do nothing to him, I charge you," rejoined Liliaa, faintly. "We have offended him enough already."

IV.

HOW THE TREASURE-CHESTS WERE CARRIED TO TRAITOR'S GATE

THE bride's sudden indisposition naturally put an end to the breakfast, and ere many minutes all the guests had quitted the Stone Kitchen. On being brought into the open air Liliaa speedily revived, and the bloom which had temporarily deserted them returned to her cheeks. A stroll on the green completely

restored her, though she was nearly made ill again by an injudicious remark of Xit, who pointed out to her the spot whereon the scaffold was usually erected.

In order to divert her from the gloomy thoughts which seemed to have been inspired by Mauger, Og took her to the palace and showed her over the royal apartments, with the size and splendour of which she was much astonished. They next visited the garden, with which she was also delighted, and were crossing the outer court towards the Cold Harbour Tower, when they encountered Lovel, the keeper of the Jewel Tower, who, courteously saluting the bride, volunteered to show her the treasures under his custody.

Lilias gratefully accepted the offer, and was taken with her husband and the whole party into the Jewel House, where the many precious articles contained in it were displayed to them. After they had feasted their eyes on this rich collection, Lovel said to the bride, "You shall now see the coffers containing the bullion deposited here by his Majesty. This is the only opportunity you will have of viewing them, for they are to be removed to the Exchequer to-night."

Upon this he unlocked the door of the strong-room, and showed them fifteen mighty chests piled within it. Each chest was wrapped in a cover emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Aragon. Removing the cover from one of them, Lovel disclosed a handsome coffer made of walnut, strengthened by bands of brass, and secured by two locks.

"Oh! how I should like to see what is inside it!" cried Lilias, after she had examined the exterior of the box.

And she looked so beseechingly at Lovel that he could not refuse to gratify her curiosity.

"It is against my orders to open the chests," he said. "Nevertheless, I will yield to your wishes."

And taking a bunch of keys from his girdle, he unlocked the coffer, and raising the lid, revealed the bars of gold to Lilias's admiring gaze.

"Oh! how beautiful they look!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Cannot you spare one of them?—it would never be missed."

"Were the gold mine you should have one, and welcome, fair mistress," replied Lovel, gallantly. "But this is the King's treasure, and I am bound to guard it."

"But suppose it were to be carried off by force, what would you say then?" pursued Lilias, playfully.

"I cannot entertain any such supposition," he replied, shutting down the lid, and locking the coffer. "There! now I have removed temptation," he added, with a smile.

"That chest must be enormously heavy," observed Lilias to her husband. "Do you think you could lift it, Og?"

"I don't know," he replied; "but if Master Lovel will allow me, I will try."

"Make the attempt, and welcome," replied Lovel, with a laugh.

Seizing hold of the chest with a herculean grasp, Og threw it over his shoulder.

"There, now you have got possession of it, away with you," cried Lillas. "Master Lovel will not prevent you."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the keeper of the treasure. "This is carrying the jest rather too far."

"Did you really think I was making off with the chest, Master Lovel?" cried Og, setting it down with a great laugh.

"Well, it looked like it, I must own," returned the other. "But you couldn't go very far with such a burden as that."

"Couldn't I?" rejoined Og. "You don't know what I could do if I tried. Why, I would carry the chest from the Tower to Whitehall, if the King would only bestow it upon me for my pains."

And he burst into another tremendous laugh, in which his brothers heartily joined.

"That were a feat worthy of Samson," observed Lovel, dryly. "Suppose I put your strength to the test."

"Do so," rejoined Og. "What would you have me perform? You have just told us that the chests are to be removed to the Exchequer to-night. You don't want me to carry them to Westminster Hall?"

"No, no! I don't want that," said Lovel, laughing. "They are to be transported by water, and it will save time if they are taken at once to Traitor's Gate, where they will be embarked."

"Say no more—we'll do it, won't we?" cried Og, turning to his brothers, who readily assented.

Without more ado, he again took up the ponderous coffer, and called out, "Now, I'm ready."

"So are we," cried Gog and Magog, as they each shouldered a chest.

Upon this, the whole party went out of the chamber, the door of which was carefully locked by the keeper. It was a striking sight to see the three giants, laden in the manner we have described, cross the court of the palace, and descend with slow but firm footsteps the slope leading to the Bloody Tower, each having upon his broad shoulders a weight sufficient to call into activity the full forces of three ordinary men, and yet bearing it—if not easily—yet stoutly. It was true that the muscles of their bull throats and brawny legs were tremendously developed, and looked almost as large as cables, but these were the only evidences of the strain put upon them. Lillas walked by the side of her husband, enchanted by this display of his strength, while Xit strutted in front, as if the giants were under his command.

State offenders, as is well known, were formerly brought into the Tower through a gloomy archway, spanning a sluice from the river—the sluice being protected by a ponderous wooden gate, constructed of huge beams of wood, worked by machinery in the superstructure. This massive portal was popularly known as "Traitor's Gate." A flight of stone steps offered a landing-place from the channel, which was capable of holding some three or four large boats, and led to the outer ward of the fortress, but the approach was guarded by another ponderous wooden portal. Within the archway on the right of the steps was a stone platform, whence there was access through a narrow arched passage to a guard-room in the building above, which was known as Saint Thomas's Tower. These details are necessary for the understanding of what is to follow.

It was upon the platform just described that Lovel caused the giants to deposit the chests. This done, they immediately went back to the Jewel Tower for a fresh supply, and paused not in their exertions till the fifteen ponderous coffers had been laid upon the platform. Lovel, of course, superintended their task, and, when their labours were over, proposed an adjournment to the Stone Kitchen, to which the giants made no objection, so the gate being locked, and instructions given to Croyland, the warder who had charge of Saint Thomas's Tower, the whole party proceeded in search of refreshment. On reaching the Stone Kitchen, Lovel called for a plentiful supply of hydromel, which, being quickly brought by Peter Trusbut, the giants were enabled to quench their thirst. By her husband's desire, Liliass sipped a few drops from his brimming goblet ere he emptied it.

"I tell you what, Master Lovel," observed Magog. "I have some misgiving about that treasure. Do you think it quite safe where you have left it?"

"Ay, marry," replied the other; "as safe as in the Jewel House itself. Who can meddle with it? Traitor's Gate will not be opened by Croyland without my order."

"True," rejoined Magog. "Still, with a treasure like that, no precautions ought to be neglected. To make matters sure, I will go to Saint Thomas's Tower, and stay there till the chests are fetched away."

"Then you will have to stay there till night," said Lovel.

"No matter," rejoined Magog, getting up. "Peter Trusbut will send me a few flasks of wine, and I shall be just as comfortable there as anywhere else. Are you coming with me, Gog?" he added to his brother.

"I will follow in a few minutes, and bring the wine with me," replied Gog.

"And I will join you later on—as soon as Liliass can spare me," laughed Og.

"Nay, then, there can be no doubt the treasure will be well guarded," said Lovel.

And, bowing to the company, he quitted the Stone Kitchen with Magog.

V.

SHOWING WHO WAS CONCEALED IN THE JEWEL HOUSE.

AFTER accompanying Magog along the outer ward to the entrance of Saint Thomas's Tower, where he left him, Lovel passed under the gloomy archway of the Bloody Tower, and, ascending the hill, made his way to the Jewel House.

Arrived there, he did not proceed to that part of the building which we last visited, but sought his private chamber, and having entered it, and bolted the door inside, he tapped at the door of a small inner room, and called out: "You may come forth, sir."

The summons was promptly obeyed by a young man, who, stepping quickly towards him, said, "You have been long absent, Lovel. What news do you bring?"

"Excellent news, good Master Osbert Clinton," replied the other. "If all goes well, you will have the treasure to-night. It will delight you to hear that the coffers have been transported by the gigantic warders to Traitor's Gate, and are now lying there, ready for you and your friends to take them away. So far all has gone well—far better than could have been expected—and I hope the rest will turn out equally prosperously. Indeed, it can scarcely fail to do so, unless from ill management."

"What course do you advise us to pursue, Lovel?" demanded Osbert.

"First of all, there must be no delay in the execution of the project," replied the other. "The business must be done to-night. A boat capable of containing the chests must be brought to Traitor's Gate. I shall be in Saint Thomas's Tower, and after going through the usual formalities, will cause the great wooden gate to be opened. If no untoward circumstance occurs, the coffers can thus be readily carried off and conveyed to a place of safety."

"Once out of Traitor's Gate, all the rest will be easy," said Osbert. "Your plan promises well, good Lovel, and I trust nothing will occur to mar it. Possessed of this gold, we shall be able to carry into immediate effect our grand enterprise. It may be wrong to seize this treasure, but neither I nor my associates have any scruples on the subject. We know that this gold is intended to be employed to bribe our nobles to enslave the country, and we consider it lawful plunder, of which we may rightfully possess ourselves by force or stratagem."

"I take precisely the same view of the matter as yourself, sir," said Lovel; "and, as you know, have engaged in this enterprise

without fee or reward. I am anxious, as you and your friends are, to see the country delivered from Spanish thralldom, and the Protestant religion restored. While martyrs are giving up their lives in testimony of their faith, I do not hesitate to jeopardise mine to benefit the same cause. If this Spanish gold can be employed against our enemies, instead of being used by them to our disadvantage, I shall be content."

"In three days' time there will be a rising in Essex and Suffolk," said Osbert; "and in less than a week an army of insurgents, larger than that commanded by Wyatt, will be marching to London, its battle-cry being, 'Down with the Spaniard and the Pope!' This gold will give us all we need. And so you positively refuse any reward for the great service you are rendering us, Lovel?"

"Were I to take a reward, I should consider that I had violated my trust," replied the other. "My object is to serve my country, and if it be freed from oppression I shall be amply rewarded. But now to proceed with the business. No time must be lost in communicating with Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Master Udal, and the rest of your associates."

"That can be quickly done," replied Osbert. "They are close at hand—at the Rose and Crown, on Tower Hill. There can be no difficulty as to a boat, since one has been already provided. At what hour ought the attempt to be made?"

"Let me see," said Lovel, reflecting. "The tide will serve at nine. The boat should be at Traitor's Gate at that hour."

"Good," returned Osbert. "Now then to communicate with my friends."

"Leave that to me," said Lovel; "you cannot quit the Tower with safety, as, if you should be seen and recognised, your instant arrest would follow. I will go to the Rose and Crown at once, and give full instructions to your friends. Retire to the inner room, and do not stir forth from it till my return."

And as Osbert complied, the keeper of the treasure left the Jewel House, and set out on his errand.

VI.

HOW THE PLOT WAS DISCOVERED BY XIIT, AND DISCLOSED BY HIM TO MAGOG.

MEANTIME, Magog, with whom Lovel had parted at the entrance of Saint Thomas's Tower, had gone in, and made his way through the side-passage, previously described, to the interior of Traitor's Gate. He found the chests lying upon the platform, just as they had been laid there by himself and his brothers, and sitting down upon one of them, presently fell asleep, and made the vaulted roof resound with his deep breathing. How long he remained

in this state he could not say, but he was roused by feeling something crawling, as he thought, over his face, and supposing it to be a gigantic water-rat—the place being infested with such vermin—he put out his hand, and catching hold of the noxious creature, as he deemed it, was about to throw it into the water, when a shrill cry admonished him that the fancied water-rat was no other than Xit.

"Wouldst drown me, Magog?" shrieked the dwarf, clinging to him.

"Drown thee—not I!" replied the giant, laughing. "But I took thee for a rat, or an otter."

"None but a sleepy dolt like thyself would have made such a mistake," said Xit. "I could not waken thee without plucking thy beard. Callst thou this keeping guard over the treasure? I call it gross negligence."

"Well, well, I am vigilant enough now," rejoined Magog. "What hast thou to say to me?"

"Something that will keep thee wakeful, I trust," said Xit. "Lend me thine ears, and I will disclose it to thee. I have discovered a plot."

"Poh! thou art always making some silly discovery that leads to nothing," rejoined Magog.

"But this will lead more than one man to the scaffold," pursued Xit, mysteriously. "'Tis an important discovery I have made."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Magog, with some curiosity. "What is it? Let me hear and judge."

"It relates to the chests on which thou art sitting," replied Xit. "There is a plot to carry them off. Master Lovel, the keeper of the treasure, is concerned in it, but the principal contrivers are Osbert Clinton, Sir Henry Dudley, Sir Anthony Kingston, Udal, and the others connected with the late outbreak."

"Ah, this is indeed important!" cried Magog. "And how didst thou make this discovery?"

"You shall hear," replied Xit. "Suspecting all was not right, I followed Lovel to his lodging, and by listening at the keyhole, managed to overhear a conversation between him and Osbert Clinton, who is at present concealed in the Jewel House. From this I learnt that the treasure is to be carried off by the traitors, in order to assist them in getting up another insurrection of a far more formidable character than the last. Their plan is to bring a boat to Traitor's Gate at nine o'clock to-night, when, feigning to be officers sent by the King to remove the treasure to the Exchequer, they will present a warrant, and Master Lovel being their accomplice, the coffers will be delivered to them—so, at least, they calculate."

"A well-devised plan, I must own," observed Magog, "and like enough to have succeeded."

"It would infallibly have succeeded but for my shrewdness in detecting it," said Xit.

"Well, thou wilt, doubtless, receive due credit for thy penetration from Sir Henry Bedingsfeld, to whom the matter must be forthwith communicated," observed Magog, getting up.

"What art thou about to do, thou foolish giant?" cried Xit. "We can manage this affair without Sir Henry Bedingsfeld's assistance. Recollect, that a heavy price is set upon the heads of all these offenders, and if we can effect their arrest—as we shall do if my counsels be followed—the reward will be ours. We must take them all, like fish in a net. Not one must be allowed to escape. Listen to me, and I will show thee how it can be done. The moment the barge is admitted into this place, Traitor's Gate must be closed by thee, or by thy brothers, and we shall then have them like rats in a trap. Though they may offer some resistance at first, they will soon be forced to surrender. Osbert Clinton is sure to be on the spot with Lovel, and we can arrest them both at the same time. What thinkst thou of my plan?"

"By my faith, it promises well," replied Magog.

"We shall need assistance," pursued Xit; "and besides Og and Gog, I propose to call in the aid of Captain Bittern and his friends. They are men of discretion, and can be relied on. Care must be taken not to awaken Lovel's suspicions, or our plan will be defeated. And now let us quit this damp place. I am half choked by the mist. I wonder thou couldst sleep in it. Come! There is no fear of the treasure being carried off just yet."

Upon this, Magog arose, and they adjourned to the guard-chamber.

Xit's plan was carried out. About eight o'clock in the evening, Og tore himself from his bride, promising faithfully to return to supper, and, accompanied by Gog, Rodomont Bittern, Holiday, and Simnel, to all of whom the dwarf's important discovery had been communicated, repaired to Saint Thomas's Tower, and mounted to an upper chamber overlooking the river, where they held themselves in readiness for whatever might occur—beguiling the tedium of waiting with some flasks of wine which they had brought from the Stone Kitchen.

Xit, meanwhile, had kept watch over Lovel's movements. He saw the keeper of the treasure return from his errand to Tower Hill, and cautiously following him, and adopting the same plan of espionage which he had previously employed, he heard him inform Osbert Clinton that he had seen Sir Henry Dudley and the other conspirators, who were well pleased with the arrangement, and undertook to bring a barge to Traitor's Gate at the appointed hour that night.

"The coffers once secured," pursued Lovel, "your friends propose to take them up the river to Chelsea and land them there. No

time must be lost in disposing of the treasure, for the moment it becomes known that it has been carried off, a general search will be made."

"Once in our possession, the treasure will never find its way to the royal Exchequer—of that you may be quite certain, Lovel," replied Osbert. "But what do you propose to do? Your connexion in the affair will assuredly be suspected."

"I shall provide for my safety by flight," said Lovel. "This very night I shall quit the Tower secretly, and remain in concealment till your proposed insurrection will enable me to appear with safety."

"If we succeed, as I trust under Heaven we shall, your services shall not be forgotten, Lovel," observed Osbert. "You shall have a better post under Elizabeth than that which you now occupy under Philip and Mary."

"I have said that I do not seek reward," rejoined Lovel; "but since, in abandoning this post, I shall sacrifice all, it is but just that I should have some compensation."

"You shall have compensation in full, doubt it not, Lovel," said Osbert. "And now let us finally arrange our plans for to-night. How many persons are there in Saint Thomas's Tower?"

"Only three," replied Lovel. "Croyland, the keeper of the gate, his man, and a sentinel. Stay! I had forgotten. One of the gigantic warders, Magog, is there at this moment, but I do not think he will remain there till night, and if he should, he will be no hindrance to us, since all will be conducted with so much formality that suspicion will be disarmed. We will go together to Saint Thomas's Tower, and if my instructions to Sir Henry Dudley are carefully carried out, no difficulty will be experienced."

What answer was made to this by Osbert, Xit could not tell. Fancying he heard a movement towards the door, he beat a hasty retreat, and left the Jewel House, perfectly content with the information he had obtained.

VII.

HOW THE CONSPIRATORS WENT IN AT TRAITOR'S GATE, BUT CAME NOT OUT AGAIN.

NIGHT, anxiously expected both by plotters and counter-plotters, arrived at last. Within the lower chamber of Saint Thomas's Tower were Magog and Xit, but the two other gigantic warders, with Rodomont Bittern and his comrades, kept out of sight, lest Lovel's suspicions should be awakened.

Croyland, the keeper of the Tower, had been made a party to the plan, and consented to act as Xit directed. The night was dark, and the mist hanging over the river, and almost shrouding Saint Thomas's Tower from view, was favourable to the project of the conspirators.

Some quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the arrival of the barge, Lovel, accompanied by Osbert, who was well armed, and wrapped in his cloak, quitted the Jewel House, and proceeded to Saint Thomas's Tower. The door was opened by Croyland, who had a lamp in his hand, which he raised for a moment to survey Osbert, and then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, ushered them into the guard chamber, which done, he returned to fasten the door.

Within the guard-chamber were Xit and Magog. The giant appeared to be fast asleep, with his huge head resting on a table, and did not move on their entrance; but Xit immediately arose, and after a word with Lovel, was informed by the latter that the gentleman with him was an officer sent by his Majesty to take charge of the treasure. With this information the dwarf seemed perfectly content, and bowed ceremoniously to Osbert, who slightly returned the salutation. In another moment Croyland returned with a lamp, and taking it from him, Lovel beckoned to Osbert to follow him, and led the way to the platform on which the chests were laid.

No sooner were they gone than Magog raised his head, and said in a whisper to Xit, "Is it Osbert Clinton?"

The dwarf replied in the affirmative, but added, "Don't ask any more questions, or you will be overheard. Here they are coming back. Down with your head!"

On this, Magog resumed his previous posture. Next moment Lovel reappeared with the lamp, but Osbert remained in the passage, so as not to expose himself to observation.

"The coffers are all right, I perceive," remarked Lovel, as he set down the lamp upon the table. "I shan't be sorry when they are gone," he added, with a laugh. "They have been a great source of anxiety to me."

"I dare say they have," replied Xit. "Your office wouldn't suit me at all, Master Lovel."

"Wherefore not?" demanded the other.

"Because my honesty would never be proof against the temptation I should be exposed to. The sight of so much treasure would exercise a baneful influence over me, and I should long to appropriate it to my own use. Whereas, you, worthy Lovel, are of an incorruptible nature, and can see gold without coveting it. You would never dream of making free with the contents of those coffers."

"Certainly not," replied Lovel.

"Therein we differ," pursued Xit. "Had those coffers been confided to me, I should have fallen. The Arch Enemy could not find a more certain means of destroying me than they would afford him. Knowing my own frailty, I respect your honesty the more, worthy Lovel. You can touch gold without being defiled by it. Unluckily, such is not my case."

Ere Lovel could reply, Osbert called out from the passage:

"The barge is at hand. I hear a noise outside in the river."

And, as he spoke, the bell hanging above the outer arch of Traitor's Gate was rung.

"Here they are!" cried Xit, shaking Magog. "Rouse thyself, thou great sluggard."

"Who are here?" cried the giant, pretending to waken from a sound sleep.

"Why the officers sent by the King to take away the treasure," rejoined Xit.

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Magog, with a prodigious yawn.

Meanwhile, Lovel, followed by Croyland, had mounted a spiral stone staircase, which quickly brought them to the summit of the round projecting tower at the western angle of the fortification. On reaching the battlements, they could discern through the gloom a large bark lying in the river immediately beneath them. The barge was rowed by four stalwart oarsmen, and its head was brought close up to Traitor's Gate.

At the prow stood a tall man, apparently in command of the party, and who was no other than Sir Henry Dudley. The barge had already been challenged by the sentinel, and a short parley had taken place, but when Lovel and Croyland appeared, Dudley called out in a loud, authoritative voice:

"Open the gate quickly. We are officers sent by the King to bring away the treasure."

"Have you a warrant for its removal?" inquired Lovel.

"Ay," returned Dudley, "a warrant you will not care to dispute."

"Enough," answered Lovel. "The gate shall be opened immediately."

With this he disappeared from the battlements, while Dudley, turning to his companion in the barge, said in a low, exulting tone, "The prize will soon be ours. We shall get in without difficulty."

"Heaven grant we may get out as easily!" rejoined Sir Anthony Kingston, who was standing near him. "More people go in at Traitor's Gate than come out from it."

As he spoke, the ponderous wooden valves, worked by some machinery in the upper part of the tower, began slowly to revolve upon their hinges, disclosing the interior of the passage, which was now illumined by torches held by Magog and Croyland, who, with Lovel and Xit, were stationed near the head of the steps. In the background, partly concealed by the coffer, stood Osbert Clinton.

As soon as the valves had opened wide enough to admit the barge, Dudley, who was all impatience to secure the prize, called to the oarsmen to push in, and the order being promptly obeyed, the barge entered the channel, and was propelled to the foot of the

steps. Sir Henry Dudley then leaped ashore, and was followed by Sir Anthony Kingston and some four or five others.

"Here is the order for the delivery of the treasure, sir," said Dudley, presenting a paper to Lovel, who advanced to meet him.

Lovel glanced at it for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied by the inspection, observed, "We have been expecting you, sir. The chests are all ready, as you see."

"That is well," said Dudley, scarcely able to conceal his satisfaction. "Let them be embarked at once."

While this brief dialogue occurred, Traitor's Gate was noiselessly returning to its place, and in another minute was closed. The conspirators, however, were too much occupied with what they had in hand to notice this suspicious circumstance. The oarsmen now got out of the barge, and were preparing to place the uppermost chest on board, when Osbert Clinton suddenly stepped forward, and said, in a low voice, to Sir Henry Dudley,

"We are betrayed. See you not that the gate is shut?"

"Ha!" so it is!" cried Dudley. "Why is this, sir?" he added, fiercely, to Lovel. "How comes it that yon gate is closed?"

"I did not know it was so," replied the other. "There must be some mistake. But I will cause it to be reopened instantly."

"There is no mistake," cried Xit, in his loudest and most important voice; "it is by my orders that Traitor's Gate has been shut, and it will not be opened again. Traitors, ye are caught in a trap. Ye have come here, with wicked and felonious intent, to carry off the King's treasure, but instead of departing with your plunder to stir up rebellion, you will be lodged in the dungeons of the Tower, and ere long expiate your manifold and dire offences on the scaffold."

At this address the conspirators stared aghast, and laid their hands upon their swords.

Osbert Clinton, however, signed to them to keep quiet, and said to Lovel, "What means this, sir? Is it some ill-timed jest?"

"I will tell you what it means, Master Osbert Clinton," interposed Xit. "It means, that you, and all those with you, are my prisoners. I arrest you all for high treason. You yourself, Master Osbert Clinton—you, Sir Henry Dudley—you, Sir Anthony Kingston—you, Master Udal, and all the rest of you. Deliver up your swords."

"This is droll," cried Osbert Clinton, forcing a laugh; "but the jest may prove no laughing matter for thee. Get the gate opened," he added to Lovel. "We will have the treasure in spite of them."

"Traitor's Gate shall *not* be opened," screamed Xit. "I forbid it, and ye shall find whether or not I shall be obeyed. Stir a single foot, thou traitor Lovel, and thou art a dead man." And drawing his sword, he presented it at the breast of the keeper of the

treasure, exclaiming, "I arrest thee, also, on a charge of conspiracy and treason."

"An end must be put to folly," cried Osbert, fiercely. "By the time you have got the treasure on board I will have the gate opened," he added to Dudley. Then drawing his sword, he commanded Xit to stand out of the way.

"Help me, my faithful giants!" cried Xit, retreating. "Help me!"

And at the words, Og and Gog issued from the passage, where they had remained concealed, and with their halberds opposed Osbert's advance.

"Back!" roared Magog, in a voice of thunder, "or you rush upon your death."

"You had better yield," cried Xit. "You cannot escape. You will more easily cut your way through the solid beams of Traitor's Gate than you will hew a passage through these living walls."

"I will cut a way through both sooner than surrender," rejoined Osbert. "Follow me, friends."

And he was about to fling himself upon the giants, who awaited his attack unmoved, when his desperate purpose was averted by the sudden ringing of the alarm-bell. This sound, which proclaimed that the fortress was alarmed, paralysed his energies, and caused him to drop the point of his sword, while the rest of the conspirators looked equally disheartened. Other sounds, calculated to increase their apprehensions, were now heard, and the trampling of feet, accompanied by the clatter of arms, showed that a number of men were collecting in the outer ward. It was plain that the conspirators were betrayed, and the glances they exchanged betokened that they felt so.

"You had better yield with a good grace," cried Xit, "and not compel us to take your swords from you by force."

"I will die rather than yield," cried Osbert Clinton.

"So will we all," responded the others.

"Resistance is in vain," cried Lovel, suddenly changing his manner. "It is time to throw off the mask. You are prisoners to the King."

"Ha! it is thou who hast brought us into this snare," cried Dudley. "Take the reward of thy treachery," he added, passing his rapier through his body.

"Ha! I am slain!" exclaimed Lovel, as he fell backwards into the water.

At this moment the massive portal communicating with the outer ward was opened, and an astounding spectacle revealed.

Beneath the gloomy archway of the Bloody Tower stood the King, the torchlight flashing upon his stately figure; and commencing to his countenance a stern and sinister expression.

With him was Sir Henry Bedingfeld. At the back of the arch-

way rose a grove of pikes, while on the right and left was ranged a strong guard of halberdiers, several of whom held torches, which gleamed upon the steel caps, corslets, and partisans of their comrades.

At this unlooked-for spectacle the conspirators recoiled in confusion and dismay. Flight was impossible, and as Bedingfeld advanced towards them with an officer, and demanded their swords, telling them they were his prisoners, they had no alternative but submission.

By the King's commands, the conspirators were then brought before him, and he surveyed them for some moments with a smile of gratified vengeance.

"Soh, traitors!" he exclaimed, at length, "you thought you had devised a cunning to carry off my treasure. But you have been outwitted. Your plans have been revealed to me, and I have allowed you to proceed thus far in order to ensnare you all. You have fallen like wolves into the trap set for you."

"The wretch who betrayed us has met his reward," cried Sir Henry Dudley. "He has perished by my sword."

"Is Lovel slain?" exclaimed Philip. "I am sorry for it."

"He richly deserved his fate," cried Osbert. "I now see how we have been duped."

At this moment Xit made his way towards the King, and said, "An please your Majesty, these rebels and traitors were captured by me. I claim the reward."

"Retire, thou presumptuous and intrusive varlet," cried Bedingfeld. "This matter is too serious for thy interference."

"But for my interference, Sir Henry," rejoined Xit, proudly and indignantly, "the plot would not have been discovered."

"There thou art wrong," rejoined Bedingfeld; "the plot has been all along known to his Majesty. It was revealed to him by Lovel, who, it seems, has gone to his account."

"Lovel is killed, sure enough," said Xit. "But I trust my services will not go unrewarded."

"Thy claims shall be considered hereafter," said Philip. And as Xit, satisfied with this assurance, bowed and retired, he addressed the conspirators. "For the heinous crimes and offences you have committed, you cannot doubt what your sentence will be."

"We are all prepared for our fate," said Dudley, resolutely. "In engaging in this enterprise we well knew the risk we incurred. Having failed, we are ready to pay the penalty."

"Do you deem your base attempt consistent with the principles you profess?" demanded Philip, contemptuously.

"Ay," rejoined Dudley. "Your gold has been one of the chief weapons used against this unhappy land; and it was the part of true Englishmen—as we are—to deprive you of it."

"Ye are robbers and felons, and shall die the death of such vile miscreants," said Philip, coldly. "By this foul act you have forfeited your privileges as gentlemen."

"What!" exclaimed Osbert Clinton. "Are we to die like common felons?"

"Such will be your doom," rejoined Philip, sternly.

"Your Majesty is too magnanimous to stoop to such an unworthy revenge," said Osbert Clinton. "Let us die upon the scaffold. 'Tis the sole grace we ask of you."

"Ay, spare them this ignominious ending, I beseech you, sire," said Mauger, advancing from the guard, among whom he was standing, "and let them fall by my hand."

"I owe thee a guerdon," rejoined Philip, "and will give thee their heads. As to you, Osbert Clinton," he added, "I could devise no worse torture for you than your own bitter reflections will furnish. Had you not engaged in this last design, you might have been pardoned your former offences, have been restored to my favour, and have wedded Constance Tyrrell. Reflect upon this when you are alone in your dungeon."

"This is only said to torture me!" cried Osbert.

"It is said that you may be aware of the happiness you have so recklessly thrown away," rejoined the King. "At the intercession of Cardinal Pole, I had consented to pardon you, and, moreover, had promised his Eminence not to oppose your marriage with Constance. But there will be no pardon for you now—no Constance."

Osbert made no reply, but covered his face with his hand.

After a brief pause, the King turned to Sir Henry Bedingsfeld, and ordered him to remove the prisoners to their dungeons. "Tomorrow they will be privately interrogated," he said, "after which their arraignment, condemnation, and execution will speedily follow. You will not have to wait long for your fees," he added to Mauger.

"I humbly thank your Majesty," replied the headsman.

On this, the conspirators were led off by the guard, and placed in different state-prisons in the inner ward, a cell in the Flint Tower being assigned to Osbert Clinton. Shortly afterwards, the King rode back to Whitehall, attended by a mounted escort.

As soon as tranquillity was restored, Og returned to his bride, whom he had left in care of Dame Trusbut, at the Stone Kitchen. A very substantial supper was in readiness for him, and to this he sat down with his brothers, Xit, Rodomont Bittern, Simnel, and Holiday, and, despite the previous occurrences, they made a right merry night of it.

Next day, the treasure-chests, which had been left on the platform in Traitor's Gate, were removed from the Tower, and safely deposited in the Exchequer.

End of the Seventh Book.

JOHN LAW:

THE PROJECTOR.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Prologue.

BEAU WILSON AND HIS WIFE.

I.

HOW THE LAIRD OF LAURISTON FIRST SET FOOT IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET.

ABOUT noon on a charming day towards the latter end of May, 1705, a sedan-chair was set down opposite White's Coffee-house, in Saint James's-street.

There was nothing unusual in the circumstance. Two or three chairs, indeed, had just discharged their freight on the same spot without attracting the slightest attention; but the case was very different with the remarkably handsome man who emerged from the sedan in question, and stepped lightly upon the pavement.

On taking out his purse, this gallant-looking personage could find nothing in it but gold, and as the glittering pieces caught the eyes of the chairmen, who were evidently from the Sister Isle, one of them said, in a coaxing tone, and touching his weather-beaten hat:

"Bless yer hon'r's handsome face, giv us one ov them yallow boys. Shure an it wouldn't become a fine jontleman like yerself to pay like common folk. 'Twould be a raal pleasure to Pat Molloy—that's my brother cheerman here—and to myself—Terry O'Flaherty," again touching his hat, "to carry yer hon'r for nothing at all. Nay, for the matter o' that, we'd readily giv a guinea, supposin' we had it, for the mere pride and delight ov bringin' yer hon'r here from the Hummums in Covent-garden—wouldn't we, Pat?"

"Troth, and that's true, Terry," replied the other. "By the powers! the jontleman's the noblest-lookin' fare as ever the pair ov us carried, and 'a guinea ought to pass on one side or the tother to celebrate the event."

"Then I suppose it must pass on mine," said the gentleman, giving them the coveted coin. "You appear to have discovered that I am a stranger in London," he added, with a smile.

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"Shure and yer hon'r doesn't say so?" exclaimed Terry, with affected astonishment. "Well, that bates everything. Is it a stranger ye are, sir? Only think of that, Pat! The jontleman's a foreigner, and us takin' him all the while for a born and bred Lunnoner."

"Bedad! I should never have guessed it," cried the other chairman. "To look at his hon'r's iligant manners and attire—and above all, to hear him spake—one would never take him for a Frenchman."

"Neither am I, friend," replied the gentleman. "I am a Scotsman, not a Frenchman, and am only just arrived from Edinburgh. I have never been in London before."

"Then you're heartily welcome to Town, sir," rejoined Terry; "and I only wish there was more Scotchmen like you. But there's not many crosses the Tweed with a purse so well lined and a hand so liberal as yer hon'r's. If your countrymen has any money, they buttons up their pockets, and keeps it there. But we'll drink long life and prosperity to yer hon'r in a glass of usquebaugh afore we're an hour older."

"By the powers will we!" cried his comrade. "But we'd like to couple a name wid the toast. 'Twould make it sound all the heartier."

"'Tis a noble name his hon'r has got, I'll be sworn," cried Terry. "Maybe it's the great Duke of Argyle himself."

"You are wrong again, friend. I am a simple Scottish gentleman, without any pretension to title. In my own country I am known as Mr. Law of Lauriston."

"And a famous name it is," rejoined Terry. "I've often heard ov it. Wasn't the furst Master Laa ov Larrystown a great laayer, yer hon'r?"

"The first laird of Lauriston, my father, was a goldsmith of Edinburgh," replied Law. "He purchased the estate, whence I derive my territorial designation, from the Dalgleish family, about twenty years ago. Now you know all about me—who I am, and what I am—and I trust your curiosity is fully satisfied."

"Lord love yer hon'r, it ain't curiosity, but interest," replied Terry, with his best bow; "and we're both fully sensible ov your hon'r's great condescension in takin' us into yer confidence. A purty name you've got, Mister Laa ov Larrystown, and well known 'twill be in the world one ov these days. You won't be offended wid me if I say you're born to good luck. I can read it in yer face. You'll win more riches than you'll ever spend, and gain higher places than you expect to reach."

"How do you know, rascal, what sums I hope to win, or what high places I expect to reach?" cried Law. "But you are more nearly right now than you were before. I am master of a scheme that will infallibly make me rich, and of necessity advance me to any high place I may aspire to."

"Didn't I say so?" cried Terry, delighted. "I'm a true prophet, if ever there was one. I knew in a twinklin' that his hon'r was a great schaymer."

"If the Scotch Parliament had adopted a plan I laid before it, I should have trebled the revenue of the country," observed Law.

"Wot thunderin' big blockheads the Scotch Parlimint must be not to adopt the plan," replied Terry, shrugging his shoulders with contempt. "But you'll find the English members more alive to their own interest. I only wish yer hon'r 'ud giv Pat and me the chance ov treblin' our capital, and teach us how to turn one guinea into three."

"I could teach you how to make a hundred guineas out of one, and a thousand out of a hundred," remarked Law. "But that's a secret I keep to myself."

"No wonder," rejoined Terry, with a somewhat incredulous grin. "It ud nivir do to teach all the world how to grow rich. Bedad! yer hon'r must be a greater conjuror than one o' them graybeards as we see i' the print-shops, sittin' beside furnaces, peerin' into long-necked glass bottles, and changin' lead into gowld."

"No, friend," replied Law, laughing. "I don't pretend to transmute metals. In fact, I would dispense with gold altogether, and substitute paper-money."

"Dispense wi' gowld, and substitute paper!" exclaimed Terry, with a comical grimace. "Then I fear yer hon'r's plan won't suit us any more than the Scotch Parlimint. Fairy money, they say in Ireland, turns into dry leaves, and lest this guinea should turn into paper, we'll be off to the Blue Posts round the corner, and spend it."

"A very sensible resolution," observed Law. "But one of these days you'll call to mind what I've said to you."

"Divil doubt it!" replied Terry. "Many's the time we'll think ov yer hon'r. And if ever you want a sedan-cheer, Terry O'Flaherty and Pat Molloy is the boys as 'll carry you to the world's end and back aguin. So come along, Pat. We're only takin' up his hon'r's precious time."

With this, they both shouldered their straps, caught hold of the poles, and trotted jauntily off with the chair.

This discourse was not lost upon a group of loungers collected near the steps of White's Coffee-house, and possibly Mr. Law might have intended some of his remarks for their benefit.

All these personages were young beaux, noticeable for gay velvet coats of various hues bedizened with lace, and powdered perukes of the latest fashion, and being leaders of ton, and law-givers in regard to dress, they felt themselves called upon to criticise the stranger's deportment and attire. Not that either was open to censure, for Mr. Law's habiliments were rich and elegant, and of the newest mode—being, in fact, fabricated in town—while

his manner was singularly graceful; but these foppish censors were resolved to find fault.

Accordingly, the Hon. Charlie Carrington declared that the handsome laird's blue velvet coat, laced with silver, was ill made, though it fitted to perfection, and was manufactured by Charlie's own tailor, Rivers. Sir Harry Archer ridiculed Law's peruke as exaggerated and badly powdered, though it was fresh from the hands of the court perruquier, Houblon. Dick Bodville said the Scot's figure was too slight, though he could not deny its symmetry. Tom Bagot thought Mr. Law too tall, and Jerry Ratcliffe not tall enough. Bob Foley, who was as stiff as a poker, pronounced him awkward and boorish, though he was contradicted by Law's every movement; and drawling Joe Lovel said the fellow had a strong Scotch accent, though it was nothing more than a very agreeable Doric.

Envy all. Not one of the sneering coxcombs but secretly acknowledged that the laird of Lauriston was one of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking men that ever trod the pavement of Saint James's-street. But let us see what he was really like.

John Law then was just thirty-four, but he looked almost ten years younger. His personal advantages were remarkable; figure tall and commanding, slight, but admirably proportioned; features classical and regular in outline; eyes large, azure in colour, and somewhat prominent; complexion delicate as a woman's. Yet, with all this apparent effeminacy, a very manly spirit dwelt in his breast. John Law was remarkably active, excelled at tennis, rode boldly and well, was an ardent sportsman, expert in the use of pistol and small-sword, and his courage had already been proved in more than one encounter.

Though no shallow fop, who thought only of decorating his handsome person, John Law did not disdain the aid of dress, but, as we have seen, set himself off to the best advantage, just as he sought to improve his great natural endowments by study and art. In his manner there was perhaps a little—very little—haughtiness, but it was totally devoid of insolence and assumption, and the pride he manifested seemed almost inseparable from the consciousness he could not fail to possess of great mental powers and personal advantages. When he was resolved to please, his manner was so fascinating that he was quite irresistible.

Whether that smooth and serene brow could ever be darkened by frowns, that soft and suave expression be obliterated by angry passions, those eyes of summer blue and almost dove-like tenderness emit terrible and scathing glances,—whether any such changes as these could be wrought, will be seen as we proceed with our history.

At present we have only to exhibit the gallant laird of Lauriston

as he was at this particular juncture, brilliant in exterior, captivating in manner, disposed to enjoy himself, and having ample means of doing so; with a head full of schemes, and a heart full of ambition, resolved, like a desperate gambler, to throw for the largest stake in the game of life, win it, or beggar himself in the attempt.

On the death of his father, William Law, goldsmith and banker, Edinburgh (goldsmiths were bankers in those days), which occurred several years previously, John Law came into possession of a considerable fortune, including the lands of Lauriston—an extensive property situated on the south shore of the Firth of Forth. Hence it being wholly unnecessary for him to follow any occupation, he led the life of a young man of fashion, dressed gaily, choosing idle and extravagant associates, who led him into all sorts of follies, and losing a great deal of money at play. At this period, from his somewhat effeminate appearance and manner, he was known amongst his intimates as Jessamy John, while those less familiarly acquainted with him were wont to call him Beau Law. After leading this dissipated life for a few years, the young spendthrift found it necessary to retrench, and committing the management of his property to an excellent mother, who, luckily for him, was still living, he passed over into Holland, and engaged himself as secretary to a Scotch mercantile house in Amsterdam. His object in doing so was to study the operations of the great Dutch Bank, for he had now made up his mind to abandon his former frivolous pursuits, and become a man of business. At an earlier period he had sedulously devoted himself to the study of arithmetic and geometry, and had mastered the science of algebra, and he now laboured hard to acquire a perfect knowledge of political economy, and having a great taste for the subject, as well as extraordinary capacity, he speedily succeeded in his aim. He remained in Amsterdam for three years, and on his return to Edinburgh, being now a proficient in all financial matters, he voluntarily devoted himself to the arrangement of the Scotch revenue accounts, and rendered important service to the commissioners. Having thus introduced himself to public notice under a new and more promising aspect, he sought to establish his reputation by publishing a pamphlet, entitled "Proposals and Reasons for constituting a Council of Trade," wherein he brought forward an able and elaborate plan for reviving the trade and manufactures of Scotland, which at that time were greatly depressed; but though the scheme did not meet with the encouragement it deserved, it had the effect of introducing him to some of the most eminent men of the country, and amongst others to the Duke of Argyle, his sons the Marquis of Lorn and Lord Archibald Campbell, and the Marquis of Tweeddale. Subsequently, he published another work, containing a proposal for supplying the nation with money, and followed

it up by laying before the Scottish Parliament a plan for removing the difficulties under which the kingdom laboured from the great scarcity of specie, suggesting for this purpose the establishment of a National Bank on a new plan.

But this second plan, though supported by the court party and the Squadrone, was likewise rejected. Finding that nothing could be done in Scotland, Law began to turn his attention to the Continent, where he felt sure his plans would be adopted by some needy state, which they must speedily enrich. Before going abroad, however, he resolved to communicate them to the English government, and with this design set out for London.

Up to the time of leaving Edinburgh, Law had been in the utmost request in society; and as he had a very large acquaintance, general regret was expressed at his departure—the more so, as he held out no hopes of a speedy return, but expressed an intention of passing several years abroad. When he quitted Edinburgh, it was felt that he had left a blank behind him, which could not readily be filled up. The northern metropolis had lost the first of its beaux and its choicest spirit—many pleasant circles missed their chief attraction—and many a bonny damsel sighed to think that the handsome laird of Lauriston was gone, having taken her heart with him.

Efforts had certainly been made to detain him, especially by some of the syrens just alluded to, but Law was proof against them all. Ambition was the dominant passion in his breast, and ambition pointed out that Edinburgh was too circumscribed a stage for the full display of his powers, so he resolved to transfer himself to London, and, if he failed there, to pass over to the Continent, where he felt assured of success. So he bade a tender adieu to many weeping fair ones, who vowed they should continue inconsolable, but who, nevertheless, were easily consoled, shook hands with his companions, and stepping into his berlin, posted up to London as fast as four horses could carry him, arriving, without any hindrance from highwaymen, on the fourth evening, when he alighted at the Hummums, in Covent-garden. His first visit, next morning, was to White's Coffee-house, which had been established about six or seven years previously, and was then in great vogue, and where he expected to meet some persons to whom he had letters of introduction.

As he was about to enter the coffee-house, Law bowed to the group of young cockcombs stationed at the door, but his salutation was very slightly and coldly returned by them. Nevertheless, he paused, and with great politeness of manner inquired whether any of the gentlemen could inform him if Mr. Angus Wilson was in the house.

"The waiter will inform you, sir, if you will take the trouble to enter," rejoined the individual nearest him.

Quite unconcerned at the dry and repelling tone of this answer, Mr. Law said, "May I venture to inquire whom I have the honour of addressing?"

The young coxcomb looked at him impertinently for a moment, as if considering what reply he should make. At last he said, "You are a stranger, sir, and, as such, unacquainted with the usages of society, which forbid a gentleman to address another without a formal introduction. I am therefore willing to excuse the irregularity, and beg to inform you that I am Sir Harry Archer."

"Faith, I'm delighted to hear it," replied Law. "Then I hope Sir Harry Archer will allow me the pleasure of shaking hands with him."

"Sir!" exclaimed Archer, drawing back, "you presume——"

"At least, allow me to give you this letter of introduction from the Marquis of Lorn," said Law, presenting a note to him.

"A letter from the Marquis of Lorn!" exclaimed Sir Harry, opening it, and hastily glancing at its contents. "Ah! my dear Mr. Law, I'm enchanted to make your acquaintance. Lorn speaks of you in the highest terms—the very highest terms—and begs me to introduce you to all my friends, which I shall not fail to do, and I will commence with those present. Gentlemen," he added to the others, "let me make Mr. Law of Lauriston known to you—a most accomplished gentleman—tres répandu among the Edinburgh beau monde—and who cannot fail to prove a most agreeable acquisition to our own society."

Bows were then made by the whole party, who professed themselves charmed to know any friend of the Marquis of Lorn.

"We could not help overhearing what passed between you and your chairmen, Mr. Law," observed Sir Harry, laughing, "so we are to a certain extent acquainted with your history."

"Oh! I was merely diverting myself with them," replied Law. "I have heard that your London chairmen are odd characters, and wished to see what they are really like."

"You got hold of two good specimens of the class," observed Sir Harry. "Most of them are Irishmen, and are free and easy enough, as you have just discovered. They take us everywhere, and consequently become spies upon all our actions; but I must do them the justice to say that they rarely blab. But let us go in. We can continue our conversation as we sip our chocolate. Have you breakfasted, Mr. Law?"

"More than three hours ago," replied the other. "But I am quite equal to a cup of chocolate. I am an early riser, Sir Harry."

"Ah! that shows you keep good hours. But before you have been a month in Town you will lie in bed late. What with the playhouses, the opera, ridottos, masquerades, Ranelagh, and Vaux-

hall, petits soupers, and other amusements, we are obliged to sleep off our fatigues, and are fit for nothing before noon. We are wonderfully early this morning, considering we were all at a masquerade last night."

"Tis a pity you were not there, Mr. Law," observed the Honourable Charlie Carrington. "It was vastly amusing. There were plenty of charming masks."

"Charlie would have you believe that half a dozen of them showed him their faces," remarked Bob Foley. "But that won't pass with us. We know better."

"One person discovered herself to me," rejoined Charlie, "and that was enough, for she had the loveliest face in the room."

"How can you tell that, since you beheld none of the others?" said Dick Bodville.

"Because she is allowed by all of you to be the Queen of Beauty," said Carrington.

"Then I know whom you mean," drawled Joe Lovel.

"Guess as you please, I shan't enlighten you further," rejoined Carrington.

"Poh! You have said enough to give us to understand that you allude to the beautiful Belinda," observed Sir Harry.

"Think so, and welcome. I say nothing," replied Carrington.

"May I, without indiscretion, inquire who the beautiful Belinda is?" asked Law.

"She is the finest woman in Town, and the universal toast among the young men of fashion, all of whom are dying for her," returned Sir Harry. "That is all I dare tell you about her. But don't believe a word that Charlie Carrington has just said. Belinda would never unmask to *him*."

"But I maintain she did," rejoined Carrington, "and gave me a full view of her lovely features."

"Ha! ha! ha! you have betrayed yourself," cried Sir Harry, laughing. "Well, if Belinda did permit you a glimpse of her countenance, it was not so much to gratify you as to plague her jealous spouse, for I'll be sworn he was watching her."

"Now I think on it, there was an Othello not far from us at the moment," said Carrington. "It might have been the tiresome old dotard."

"'Twas he, rely on't; and he is like enough to run you through the body for daring to breathe a word of love to his fickle Desdemona."

"I desire nothing better than to cross swords with him," said Carrington. "I'll kill him, and marry his widow."

"So the fair Belinda is married, I find?" said Law.

"Unhappily for herself—happily for us," rejoined Sir Harry. "She is a most exquisite creature—as you will own, for you are sure to know her—who is united to a man thrice her own age, and

who is horribly jealous of her. But you shall know more anon. Let us to breakfast."

Upon this, they entered the coffee-house.

The principal room on the ground floor was full, and a great deal of conversation was going on amongst the company. Most of the guests were fashionably dressed young men, like those Law had first encountered, who were seated at different little tables, taking coffee or chocolate, reading the newspapers, discussing the politics of the hour, singing the praises of Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle, settling a cock-fight, or betting upon a race about to come off at Newmarket. The laird of Lauriston attracted considerable attention as he entered the room; but it was soon known who he was, for Sir Harry introduced him to several of the company.

A large table placed in a bow-window overlooking the street was reserved for the party with whom Law had become associated, and as soon as they were seated, their cups were filled by the officious waiters with frothing and delicious chocolate.

While the chocolate was being served, Sir Harry inquired of one of the waiters whether Mr. Angus Wilson had been there that morning, and, on receiving an answer in the negative, he remarked to Law, who was sitting next him:

"I scarcely thought he would show himself so early, as he was at the masquerade last night. By-the-by, Mr. Law," he added, with a smile, "are you personally acquainted with Mr. Wilson?"

"I am not, Sir Harry," replied Law, "but the Duke of Argyle has favoured me with a letter to him."

"You could not possibly have a better introduction, for Mrs. Wilson was a Campbell. But since you don't know him, I may as well tell you his history. Five-and-thirty years ago, Angus Wilson was a page to his Majesty King Charles the Second, and was then a sufficiently beau garçon to be much admired by the ladies of that pleasant court. On the death of the merry monarch, Angus enjoyed the favour of his successor, and became so much the fashion, that he acquired the title of Beau Wilson, a designation which he still retains. He served in Ireland with distinction under James the Second, and fought at the battle of the Boyne, where he was wounded in the hip, and, after his sovereign's disastrous defeat, accompanied him to St. Germain. It was only on Queen Anne's accession to the throne that Mr. Wilson made his peace with the powers that be, and returned to England."

"Then I presume that he still remains attached to the cause of the Stuarts?" observed Law.

"It is so understood," replied Sir Harry. "However, the old beau doesn't trouble himself much with political intrigues and

state plots now, having quite enough to do to manage his own affairs. Last spring the belle of the season, who turned all heads and captivated all hearts, was the lovely daughter of Colonel Grant Campbell; and you will scarce credit that such a charming person should be induced to give her hand to Mr. Wilson."

"He must be a bold man to venture upon the step," observed Law, laughing.

"No one would have thought him capable of such folly," said Sir Harry, "for he is a thorough man of the world, and fully alive to the risk he ran, but he was completely infatuated by the charms of la belle Campbell. She had plenty of admirers, but none who suited her so well as the wealthy old beau, so she accepted him. However, she has not found him quite so tractable as she expected. He is desperately jealous and suspicious, so that she can scarcely lead a happy life."

"You can't conceive, Mr. Law, two greater contrasts than this ill-assorted pair afford," remarked Charlie Carrington. "She, scarce twenty, and witching as Venus—he, old, ugly, and limping, like Vulcan, from the effects of the wound in the hip which he got at the battle of the Boyne. She, captivating in manner and smiling on all—he, sour and sarcastic, and jealous as the devil."

"No wonder, with such a wife," said Sir Harry. "You would be just as jealous of her yourself, if she were Mrs. Carrington. But you don't do quite justice to Beau Wilson. He is neither so very old nor so very ugly as you represent him. He is certainly lame, and rather high-shouldered, but he has very polished manners, and is a high-bred gentleman, though of the old school."

"Of the school of our grandsires," rejoined Carrington.

"Well, our grandsires were just as fine fellows in their day as we are in ours," retorted Archer. "You don't imagine the gallants of Charles the Second's time were inferior to the wits and beaux of Queen Anne's day. Angus Wilson, I maintain, is a refined gentleman, and Mr. Law, I am quite sure, will be of my opinion when he sees him—provided he doesn't make the old beau jealous."

"I now know who were the Othello and Desdemona of last night's masquerade," remarked Law.

"Don't fall in love with Belinda, and you will have a fast friend in her husband," observed Sir Harry. "From what you let fall just now, Mr. Law, I fancy you have some project which you desire to bring forward?"

"I have an important financial scheme, which I mean to lay before Lord Godolphin," replied Law; "and I fancy Mr. Wilson can obtain me an interview with his lordship, or with the chief secretary of state, Lord Sunderland."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Sir Harry. "Beau Wilson stands so well with the Duchess of Marlborough, that through her grace he can readily procure you access to the Queen or her ministers."

"So the Duke of Argyle informed me," said Law. "If I can only get the Duchess of Marlborough to take up my scheme, it will infallibly be adopted."

"Well, we are all to have a share in it, that is understood," said Sir Harry, laughing.

"Quite so," rejoined Law, seriously; "and I engage that the shares will be eagerly sought, and rise so rapidly, and to such a height, that if you buy a thousand pounds' worth you shall win ten thousand in less than a month."

This assertion elicited exclamations of astonishment from all the party, and Sir Harry shouted out,

"Bravissimo! That's the scheme for my money. I shall go for a thousand shares."

"And I for ten thousand, if I can get that amount of shares," said Charlie Carrington. "I can borrow the money for a month."

"We'll all go in for ten thousand!" cried the others. "Make a fortune while we are about it. Success to your scheme, Mr. Law!"

"I hope you'll bring it forward without delay, Mr. Law," said Jerry Ratcliffe. "Thirty thousand would set me up."

"It depends upon her Majesty's ministers, not upon me," replied Law. "If Lord Godolphin entertains the project, the thing is done."

"And our fortune made," added Sir Harry. "All the influence we possess shall be brought to bear upon the project, and I think we can do something with Godolphin and Sunderland—eh, gentlemen?"

"We'll try, at all events," rejoined the others.

II.

HOW MR. LAW PLAYED AT BASSET, AND BROKE THE BANK.

SHORTLY afterwards, the whole party adjourned to an inner room, where play was going on.

Like the principal coffee-room, this *salon de jeu* was full of company. In the centre of the apartment was a tapis vert, at which a *tailleur* presided, and round it several young men of fashion were seated, playing basset. A good deal of interest was excited in the game, as considerable sums were staked by the punters, whose purses were speedily emptied. Others, however, just as eager to risk their money, took their places, so the game went merrily on, with pretty nearly the same result to those engaged in it.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Law?" said Sir Harry.

"Presently," replied the other. "I want the bank to grow rich before I assail it. I will show our friends how to play basset, and give those fellows," glancing at the *tailleur* and *croupier*, "a lesson."

"I am glad to find you so confident, Mr. Law," said Archer. "When I first handled a card and rattled a dice-box, I made sure of winning, but I'm not so sanguine now."

"Success in play may be rendered matter of certainty by calculation," rejoined Law. "I once played badly myself, but I don't do so now. Will you go halves in my winnings or losses, Sir Harry?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "If I have not entire faith in your skill, I have a strong conviction that fortune will favour you. Therefore, play for us both, and stake what you please."

"Don't be uneasy," said Law. "You won't regret the partnership."

At this juncture, Charlie Carrington, who had sat down at the tapis vert, got up, railing loudly at his ill luck, and Law instantly took his place. Sir Harry drew near to watch the Scotsman's play, and, surprised at the indifference he exhibited, began to think he had not made a very prudent arrangement. However, he soon altered his opinion, for though Law appeared as unconcerned as ever, and even continued to chat gaily, he went on without a single reverse from his *couche* of twenty guineas to *trente et le va*.

When this large stake was won, Sir Harry could not contain his excitement, but Law remained wholly unmoved, and, though the company began now to crowd round him, and every eye was bent upon him, he appeared less interested than any one present in the issue of the game, making it evident that he not only possessed great skill, but extraordinary coolness.

"Are you going on?" whispered Sir Harry.

"To be sure," replied Law, with a smile. "I have done nothing yet."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Sir Harry. "The deuce you haven't! Why, you have won six hundred guineas. I shall be quite content with my share of it."

"I'll stop, if you desire it," replied Law, without manifesting any emotion; "but it is a pity not to follow it up. You may as well have six hundred as three."

"Well, do just as you please," rejoined Sir Harry. "What a devil of a fellow he is!" he added to Carrington. "He plays just as coolly as if he were staking a few crowns. Why, the very *tailleur* can scarcely deal the cards. Look how his hand shakes."

"He knows he's doomed," laughed Law.¹

"By Heaven! there never was such luck!" cried Carrington.

"It's not luck, but good play," said Law. "I told you I should win. I always do win."

"The deuce you do!" said Carrington. "I wish you'd give me a lesson. It's just the contrary with me. I always lose."

"I am giving you a lesson now, if you can profit by it," replied Law. "*Soixante et le va*," he called out to the *tailleur*.

This challenge, which, notwithstanding the high play that went on there, had rarely been uttered in that room, caused general excitement both among the lookers-on and the punters, and the *tailleur* was perceptibly agitated. He called out in a tremulous voice, "Ace wins, five loses, knave wins, seven loses, ten wins——"

"Then we win—that is, Mr. Law wins!" cried Sir Harry, unable to contain himself.

"Not yet, Sir Harry," observed Law, quietly. "The cards must be dealt a second time. But we *shall* win."

And so they did. After much shuffling of the cards, and agonising slowness in dealing them, the pallid *tailleur* faltered out "Ten wins," and then sank back in his chair with a groan.

On this declaration Law arose, with a slight smile of triumph on his countenance, to receive the congratulations of his new friends, all of whom pressed eagerly round him. Sir Harry shook him cordially by the hand, and said,

"On my soul, Mr. Law, I want words to thank you. You've made me above six hundred pounds richer than I was when I entered this room, and my gratitude ought to be proportionate to the obligation. Command me in any way you please. I am yours for ever."

"Don't say a word more, Sir Harry," rejoined Law. "I am happy in being able to convince you, and the gentlemen to whom you have made me known, that you may confide in me."

"I will embark my whole fortune in any scheme you may propose," said Sir Harry. "And I think you may count upon my friends."

"Mr. Law may count upon me," cried Charlie Carrington.

"And upon all of us," chorused the others.

Of course there was no more play, the bank being broken, and indeed it could not quite meet Law's demands upon it. Mr. White, the keeper of the coffee-house, was then summoned by Sir Harry, and the money deposited with him.

III.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN BEAU WILSON AND CHARLIE CARRINGTON.

"Is not that Beau Wilson?" inquired Law, calling Sir Harry's attention to an old gentleman, richly clad, and of very courtly appearance, who had just entered the room.

"Yes, that's old Angus, sure enough," replied Sir Harry. "But how the deuce did you recognise him?"

"Merely from your accurate description," replied Law, with a smile. "But do me the favour to present me to him."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Sir Harry. "Come along."

Divining their object, Mr. Wilson advanced to meet them, and his lameness was then very evident. Unquestionably, the old gentleman merited the designation he had gained, for his attire was of the gayest, and hardly in accordance with his years. He was dressed in a flowered velvet coat embroidered with gold, and cut in the last fashion, while his waistcoat was of rich silk sprigged with gold, and his long ruffles of the finest Brussels lace. Pearl-coloured silk hose, rolled above the knee, cased his shrunken though still shapely legs, and a well-powdered peruke flowed over his rounded shoulders. His lameness rendering support indispensable, he carried a crutch-handled cane.

Though long past his meridian, and derided as an antiquated beau by the fops of the day, Angus Wilson was in very good preservation, and, judging from appearances, likely to last for several years to come. Years ago, when page to Charles the Second, and in the bloom of youth, he was no doubt handsome, but little remained of his former good looks. His nose was aquiline, his brows black and bushy, and his eyes surprisingly quick and penetrating. Moreover, his teeth, which he took care to display, were still white and even. His scrupulously shaved cheeks and chin looked perfectly blue. The hand of time had somewhat reduced his stature by embowing his shoulders, but even now that he was thus robbed of a few inches, he was scarcely below the middle height.

When Law was presented to him by Sir Harry, the old beau manifested great pleasure at the introduction, and after the first civilities had passed, said with great earnestness, "I shall be delighted to see you at my house in Berkeley-square, Mr. Law, whenever you will honour me with a visit. His Grace the Duke of Argyle and the Marquis of Tweeddale have both acquainted me by letter with your intention of passing a few months in town, and I need not say that I will do my best to make your time pass agreeably. They both allude to your plan of a National Bank—of which I had heard, of course—eulogise the scheme, and reprobate its rejection by the Scotch Parliament. They also advert to some other project which you have in petto, but we will speak of this at a more convenient opportunity. Something may be done with her Majesty's ministers. I flatter myself that I have some little interest, and all I have shall be exerted in your behalf."

Law was expressing his warmest acknowledgments, when Mr. Wilson interrupted him by saying, "Enough, my good sir. Thank me when I have served you. So you have signalled your entrance into Town life by a coup de maître—have broken the bank, eh? Be ruled by me, and stop with your first success. Bassett is a ruinous game, as several of the gentlemen here present can testify. 'Tis a modification of the old Royal Oak Lottery,

which decoyed so many pigeons to the net in the days of thy royal master, Charles the Second. For my own part, I have long forsworn play, and never now touch cards or dice."

"Because you have lost the capacity for enjoyment, that is no reason why you should debar us from it, who are in the hey-day of youth," observed Charlie Carrington, impertinently. "The passion for play, like all other passions, except that of avarice, dies out with age. In thirty or forty years' time Mr. Law will give up basset and hazard, or basset and hazard will give up him. He may, perhaps, console himself for the deprivation by a young wife."

"I trust I may be so fortunate," remarked Law, noticing with some uneasiness the cloud gathering on the old beau's countenance.

"There are some people upon whom all counsel is thrown away," remarked Wilson, glancing contemptuously at Carrington; "but I do not concern myself with such fools, save to chastise them if they trouble me."

"Then it is for that purpose you carry a cane, and not from lameness, as we have hitherto supposed?" observed the young man, with a sneer.

"I carry a sword as well as a cane, sir," retorted Wilson, sternly.

"Pshaw! you are too old to use a sword—better keep to the stick," said Carrington, in a taunting tone. "You must have slept ill after the masquerade last night, and have got up in a bad humour. No matrimonial altercation occurred, I trust, at breakfast? I should really be concerned if I have unwittingly been the cause of any misunderstanding between so amiable a couple."

"Hold your peace, sir, or by Heaven! I will strike you to the earth," cried Wilson, goaded to fury, and raising his cane.

He might have carried out the threat if his arm had not been seized by Law, while Sir Harry and Bagot threw themselves between him and the object of his wrath.

"No necessity to make a disturbance here, Mr. Wilson," observed Carrington, coolly. "If this is not a mere ebullition of temper, likely to subside as quickly as it rose, and you are really desirous of a hostile meeting with me, it can be arranged without more ado."

"Be it so," replied Wilson. "Your impertinence shall not pass unpunished. Mr. Law," he added, turning to him, "you are almost a stranger to me, but I know you to be a man of honour. Allow me to claim your services in this affair."

"I cannot refuse the request, sir," replied Law. "Indeed, I most readily accede to it, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation——"

"Reconciliation is impossible, Mr. Law," rejoined Wilson, per-

emphatically. "I will accept no apology. The meeting must take place."

"Of course it must," rejoined Carrington. "I promise myself the pleasure of cutting Mr. Wilson's throat. Sir Harry, I know I may count upon your friendship. All I ask is, that the meeting be not delayed beyond to-morrow morning."

"I am as impatient as yourself, sir," said Wilson, "and shall breakfast better after an airing in Hyde Park."

"You will never eat another breakfast, if my hand does not fail me," said Carrington. "Pray recommend Mrs. Wilson not to wait for you—or I will call upon her after the meeting."

The old beau did not deign to notice the impertinence.

"Do me the favour to let me know what arrangements you make for me, Mr. Law," he said. "You will find me on the promenade near the basin of water in Hyde Park an hour hence. I will remain there till you come."

"A word before you go, Mr. Wilson," said Carrington. "If you have not made your will, I counsel you to do so without delay, and leave all your property to your wife."

"A truce to this ill-timed jesting, Charlie," observed Sir Harry.

"Let the puppy snarl on," said Wilson. "I will silence him effectually anon." And bowing formally to the company, he limped out of the room.

"By my faith I was not jesting, Sir Harry," said Carrington, as soon as Wilson was gone. "I have a prodigious interest in the old beau's will, since I mean to make Mrs. Wilson a widow, and out of gratitude she must needs bestow her hand upon me. *Au revoir, messieurs.*" And he too made his bow and departed.

It was then settled between Sir Harry and Mr. Law that the meeting should take place in a retired part of Hyde Park at nine next morning; but Law being entirely unacquainted with the locality, Sir Harry proposed that they should drive to the Park forthwith and select the ground.

Accordingly, they called a coach, and proceeded in it to Hyde Park Corner, where they alighted, and passing through the gates, shaped their course across the turf till they came to a group of trees, near which was a clear piece of ground, very well adapted to their purpose.

"This spot will suit us exactly, Mr. Law," observed Sir Harry, after they had examined it. "Make these trees your mark, and you cannot miss it. Notwithstanding my principal's bloodthirsty intentions, I trust the affair may not have a fatal termination. Indeed, I am by no means sure that Carrington will have the best of it. The old beau is a very skilful swordsman, and just as cool and collected as Charlie is rash and hot-headed."

"As far as I can judge, I think the chances are in Mr. Wilson's

favour," said Law. "In addition to the skill which you say he possesses, he has certainly the quicker eye of the two, a steady hand, and strong wrist. The old man is full of vigour, with muscles like iron. Depend upon it he will prove no despicable antagonist. Besides, he has an affront to avenge, so Mr. Carrington had better look to himself."

IV.

BELINDA AND LADY KATE.

THEY then turned to other topics, and continued chatting together till they reached the "Ring," as the drive round the sheet of water on the Kensington side of Hyde Park was even then denominated. Of course at the date of our story there were neither the numerous brilliant equipages nor the throng of gay equestrians of both sexes to be seen as now-a-days in the same region; but still the "Ring" was the most fashionable drive in Town, and every grand gilt coach found its way thither. Moreover, there was a very agreeable promenade by the side of the water, and on fine days the fair occupants of the carriages usually got out to take an hour's exercise there, and at the same time display their finery and personal charms.

At the hour when Law and Sir Harry approached the Ring, the road was full of coaches, many of which were as richly gilt and as magnificently appointed as my Lord Mayor's state coach, and would put to shame our plain modern vehicles. The coachmen and footmen appertaining to these gorgeous carriages were as fine as gold lace, silk, powder, and costly liveries could make them. Among the long line of superb equipages drawn up near the basin, Law noticed one richer than all the rest, and to which six splendid horses were attached, and learnt to his surprise that it belonged to Mrs. Wilson.

"No duchess has so handsome a coach as Belinda," observed Sir Harry, with a smile, "and very few have richer jewels. She has only to ask and have. Old Angus can refuse her nothing, and would ruin himself to gratify her slightest whim. But she must be on the promenade, so you will see her, and judge whether we have overrated her personal attractions."

Forcing their way through a phalanx of gorgeously-arrayed footmen, who appeared to guard the promenade from vulgar intruders, they joined the gay throng sauntering along the margin of the water. Sir Harry met numerous acquaintances, and pointed out several beauties and distinguished personages to his companion. Law, from his handsome exterior, gallant bearing, and gay attire, attracted general attention, and frequent inquiries as to who he was were addressed to Sir Harry. Owing to repeated

stoppages they moved on somewhat slowly, and had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when Law descried Beau Wilson coming towards them from the opposite direction. The old gentleman was limping along between two ladies, both of whom were young, exquisitely attired, and surpassingly beautiful. Both, indeed, were so beautiful, that Law, fairly perplexed, and unable to guess which was Belinda, applied for information on the point to Sir Harry.

"The lady on the old beau's left is his wife," replied Archer. "The other is Belinda's cousin, Lady Kate Knollys, whom some people think quite as charming as Mrs. Wilson herself—but I am not of that opinion. Lady Kate is a widow—so you may have a chance with her, Mr. Law, if you are so minded. She is the third daughter of the Earl of Banbury, and married a Mr. Senor, whom nobody knew anything about, save that he was rich—but he very considerably died within a year of their marriage."

"She is certainly very handsome," observed Law, "as indeed is Mrs. Wilson. On my soul I can scarcely tell which I admire most."

"You will be better able to decide anon," rejoined Sir Harry, with a laugh.

Both ladies, as we have just said, were beauties, but in totally different styles; Belinda being a brunette with large black eyes, jetty brows, and a rich glowing dark complexion, ruby lips, and pearly teeth. Her raven tresses were magnificent, but spoiled by powder. The powder, however, gave piquancy and effect to her dark eyes, brows, and warm complexion. Lady Kate's charms were of another order. Eyes of tender blue, a delicately fair skin, pencilled eyebrows describing a perfect arch, a forehead white as Parian marble, a cheek that dimpled when she smiled, and light locks, formed part of her attractions; but she had many others that we cannot pause to particularise. Both ladies were in the full *éclat* of their charms, and both, it is almost needless to say, dressed to perfection, in silk and brocade, with furbelowed scarves, laced commodes, and diamond solitaires. Both carried fans; and both wore patches; but neither, we are happy to say, had sought to heighten the beauty of her complexion by paint. The two fair cousins were nearly of a height—neither of them being very tall—and both were slender and graceful of figure, their slim waists being charmingly defined by long bodices.

Such were the two lovely creatures who now dazzled the eyes of Mr. Law, so bewildering him, that, although not usually overcome by the sight of a pretty woman, he had scarcely recovered from his confusion when the party came up, and Beau Wilson stepping forward, formally presented him to the ladies. The smiles with which he was greeted at once dispelled his confusion, and the sweet accents of the low-voiced Lady Kate fell

like music on his ear, and almost instantaneously found a way to his heart. However, it was Belinda who first addressed him. "We are charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr. Law," she said. "We have heard such wonderful accounts of you from the Duke of Argyle and the Marquis of Tweeddale, both of whom have written to my husband, describing you as the most extraordinary arithmetician, mathematician, and financier of the age, that we have been dying to behold you."

"Mr. Law doesn't in the least resemble the picture I had painted of him in imagination," remarked Lady Kate Knollys. "He will forgive my saying that he has more the air of a man of fashion than of science."

"Your ladyship is excessively obliging," replied Law. "I am gratified by the compliment, because having acquired all the knowledge I care to obtain, I now only desire to make a figure in society. But though your ladyship may not credit it, I have worked hard."

"Oh! I will believe anything you tell me, Mr. Law, however incredible it may sound, even if you declare that you have spent whole days and nights in the most abstruse studies."

"Such is the literal fact," he replied; "but henceforward I mean to devote my days and nights to amusement."

"I am glad to hear it," observed Belinda. "All the men of science I have known have been ugly, dull, ill-bred, awkward, and, shall I venture to say it, terrible bores. Now I don't think, Mr. Law, that you will prove a bore."

Lady Kate Knollys looked as if she didn't think so either.

"You forget, madam, that the Duke of Argyle described Mr. Law as a very accomplished and very agreeable man, as well as a person of extraordinary scientific attainments," interposed Beau Wilson. "You have travelled a good deal, I believe, Mr. Law?"

"Merely in Holland," he replied. "I resided for some years in Amsterdam, in order to investigate the mysterious operations of the great Dutch Bank, and during the time I contrived to penetrate all its secrets."

"I fear you didn't find the Dutch frows very handsome, Mr. Law," remarked Sir Harry.

"Not to compare with our own charming countrywomen, of course," replied Law; "but still some of them are extremely good looking. But I own that I didn't bestow much thought upon them, my time being fully occupied."

"With banking operations, of course," laughed Belinda. "But as those mysterious transactions don't interest us, we won't seek for any revelations concerning them. You must dine with us to-day, Mr. Law—I won't take any refusal, for you can have no engagement—and we'll take you afterwards to the Haymarket to see the 'Constant Couple'—my husband and myself are called the 'Con-

stant Couple,' I ought to tell you. You'll be charmed with Wilks in *Sir Harry Wildair*, and Mrs. Oldfield is an enchanting *Lady Lurewell*."

Law having bowed assent, she turned to Sir Harry, and gave him a similar invitation, but he excused himself, pleading a prior engagement. They then continued their promenade by the water, and during the walk Sir Harry devoted himself so exclusively to Lady Kate Knollys, that Law could not help thinking that he was by no means as indifferent to her ladyship's attractions as he had stated. Be this as it might, whether from coquetry, or some other motive, Lady Kate seemed anxious to talk to Mr. Law; but she could not accomplish her object, since he was engrossed by Belinda, who had now taken complete possession of him. Beau Wilson, whose lameness did not allow him to take much exercise, now sat down on a bench, and left them to themselves; and the little restraint he imposed upon his wife being thus removed, she became more lively and bewitching than ever, and Law was perfectly enraptured with her.

After an hour spent in this manner, Belinda thought it time to go home, so summoning the old beau, they proceeded to the spot where the carriage was stationed. On arriving there, they found a valet standing near the coach, who, bowing respectfully to Belinda, handed her a note. On opening it, and glancing at its contents, her cheek flushed angrily, and giving the note to her husband, she said to the man, "Tell your master that Mr. Wilson will send him an answer." On this the valet bowed and departed.

"'Tis from that audacious coxcomb, Carrington," observed the old beau, in a whisper to Law. "He begs permission to wait upon my wife at noon to-morrow."

"Insolent puppy!" exclaimed Law, who was now in his turn becoming jealous of Carrington. "You will put it out of his power to do so."

Beau Wilson smiled grimly, and signed to Law to get into the carriage.

Mr. Wilson's mansion in Berkeley-square, whither Law was now driven, was large and magnificently furnished. The entrance-hall was full of powdered lacqueys, amongst whom were a couple of black pages, dressed in Oriental costume. No other guests being invited, our friends formed a pleasant *partie carrée*. The dinner was perfect. The old beau, being somewhat of a gourmand, kept a first-rate French cook, and the wines were just as good as the dishes. The champagne circulated freely. Belinda was in high spirits, and seemed bent upon completing her conquest of Law. Strange to say, the old beau manifested no sort of displeasure at his wife's almost undisguised flirtation with their handsome guest. But Lady Kate Knollys appeared annoyed at it.

As soon as dinner was over, the party set off to the Haymarket

Theatre, where Law, who had never seen Mrs. Oldfield, was charmed with her grace and beauty, as well as with her admirable acting. At the close of the performances, as he handed Belinda to her carriage, she told him that she hoped to see a great deal of him during his stay in town, to which he could not fail to make a suitable answer—and was about to add a few words of rather more passionate import, when he caught Lady Kate's eye fixed somewhat reproachfully upon him—and desisted. The old beau, however, cordially seconded his wife's invitation, and Law had to repeat his expressions of obligation. Before getting into the carriage, Wilson inquired in an under tone at what hour of the morning he had appointed the meeting, and being informed, said he would be ready.

The coach then drove away, and as Law proceeded to the Hummums, he felt that the enchantress, to whose fascinations he had been subjected, had cast a spell over him so potent that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to shake it off. He could not banish her image from his thoughts, and it haunted him in his dreams.

V.

THE DUEL IN HYDE PARK.

NEXT morning Law arose before seven, and as soon as he had completed his toilette, he bade his valet bring him his mantle and a couple of swords, which done, he sallied forth with the swords under his cloak, called a coach, and drove to Berkeley-square. Sir Harry having promised that a surgeon should be in attendance on the field, he did not give himself any concern on that score.

On arriving at Mr. Wilson's habitation, he found the old beau waiting for him, and they proceeded together to Hyde Park. On the way they talked together of indifferent matters, as if both were anxious to avoid allusion to the business on hand, but at last Law remarked,

"I hope you have kept your hand in practice, Mr. Wilson. If so, I shall have no doubt as to the result of the encounter."

"I have not been at a fencing-school, or handled a foil in private, for several years," replied Beau Wilson; "but I have not forgotten how to use a sword, as Charles Carrington shall find. I have fought several duels, and had determined not to fight another, but this has been forced upon me. If I did not punish this impertinent coxcomb, I should be subject to like annoyance from his friends. I am too much a man of the world, Mr. Law, not to be aware that I am ridiculed—justly ridiculed, perhaps—for marrying a young wife of great personal attractions, like Belinda. But the ridicule does not disturb me. Were I forty

years younger I could not be more passionately in love with my wife than I am at sixty-five, and though the assertion may savour of vanity, I believe she loves me in return. At the time when I was page to my royal master, Charles the Second, old Sir John Denham, the poet, who had laughed at marriage all his life, became desperately enamoured of a lovely young creature, and wedded her. Everybody laughed at him, and I among the rest, and we all thought the beautiful Lady Denham fair game, and sought an opportunity of making love to her. Whether she really favoured any one I can't pretend to say, but Sir John thought so, and terribly avenged the supposed injury to his honour."

"He poisoned his wife, I believe," remarked Law.

"He did; and I would do likewise, were I wronged in the same manner," rejoined Wilson, sternly. "I blamed Sir John Denham then, but I don't blame him now. I know what jealousy is."

"Sdeath! sir," cried Law, alarmed at the serious tone in which the old beau spoke, "you don't entertain any suspicions of your wife? If so, for Heaven's sake cast them off, as I am quite sure they must be groundless."

"I entertain no suspicion, sir," said Wilson, moodily. "If I did——" And his countenance grew dark, and he became silent.

Law made no attempt to continue the conversation. A feeling of horror almost struck him dumb, and nothing more passed between them till they reached the entrance to Hyde Park, where they alighted, and set out in the direction of the place of rendezvous.

The old beau's lameness caused them to proceed very slowly. The morning was beautiful, all nature seeming to rejoice in the bright sunshine. A herd of deer were couched near the group of trees towards which they were steering, and some cattle were quietly grazing at a little distance.

The emotions inspired by the contemplation of this peaceful scene made the errand on which they were engaged appear peculiarly distasteful to Law, but he gave no utterance to his sentiments.

"How charming the park is at this early hour," observed the old beau, "and how fresh and exhilarating the air feels! It quite renovates my youth. I shall come here often of a morning—but no! I cannot. We keep such abominably late hours—plays, drums, ridottos, masked balls, and the devil knows what besides!—night after night—night after night."

"Your young wife must be amused, sir," said Law. "But we shall be first on the field. Those deer would not be lying yonder if any one were near."

"True," replied Wilson, "but we are not quite there yet. I must halt for a moment. My leg pains me excessively."

While they were thus pausing, Law noticed three persons coming from the Kensington side of the Park, and pointed them out to the old beau, who said,

"Ay, there they are. But they must wait for me, or come on here, for I've fallen dead lame, and scarce think I can move a step farther. Lend me your arm, sir, and I'll try to hobble on."

With Law's assistance, the old beau limped slowly on, but he was obliged to stop every fifty yards, and long before he reached the trees, the deer had been roused, and their places occupied by Carrington and his second — the person with them being the surgeon.

As Mr. Wilson approached, his opponent advanced to meet him, and after a cold and formal salutation had been exchanged between them, retired, and prepared for the combat, while the old beau, with Law's aid, proceeded to divest himself of his velvet coat, waistcoat, and laced cravat.

The sight of his adversary appeared to have restored the old man to his pristine vigour. His eye blazed, his lameness forsook him, and he stood more erect than he had done for years. Law, who had begun to have some misgivings concerning him, was astounded at the sudden change, and conceived better hopes.

Meanwhile, the swords having been measured by the seconds, a weapon was delivered to each combatant, who proceeded to try the blade. Satisfied with the essay, they approached each other, saluted, and the old beau beat the appeal with as firm a foot as his young antagonist. In another moment they were engaged.

The conflict was of brief duration, but sufficiently long to show that, though Carrington was a skilful and active swordsman, he was no match for so wary an antagonist as Beau Wilson, who, moreover, displayed a quickness and precision that could scarcely have been expected from his years. The old man dexterously parried every thrust made at him, and after a lounge in *carte* over the arm, returned in *seconde* with such rapidity and force, that his point pierced his adversary's right side, inflicting a severe though not dangerous wound.

"I think you have had enough, sir," said Beau Wilson, as the blood poured down Carrington's breast, and the sword dropped from his grasp.

At the same time the seconds and the surgeon rushed to the wounded man's assistance.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

On a bright September day, in the year 1811, the inhabitants of Dantzic, more especially the fashionable part, were in a state of great excitement, and early in the morning all the windows in the houses on the Langenmarkt were occupied by spectators, principally ladies, up to the garrets. The reason of this excitement was very remarkable; a French officer belonging to the garrison, and a knight of the Legion of Honour, was about to be publicly branded as a thief in the presence of the troops.

The unhappy gentleman was universally popular. No party, either civil or military, was arranged without his advice, and the fashionable routs were hopeless without his presence. In the public carnival processions he distributed the characters among the members of the garrison, and everybody willingly followed his arrangements. To this must be added that he spoke German fluently, sang merry songs to the guitar, played various tricks to amuse the company, danced gracefully, and frequently took part in the sports of the children. He was a handsome man of some forty years of age, and had acquired the respect of the higher classes by always behaving in a very quiet way in company, and never appearing where he was not invited.

Captain Alswanger had been lodging for some time with a dealer in fancy goods, whose business had greatly fallen off, and, so to speak, had gone out of fashion. Hence the proprietor had no assistant, but in his sales often requested the captain to act as his interpreter.

After a while, some inhabitants having complained about having troops quartered on them, a change took place, and the captain was ordered to remove to other lodgings, for which both his landlord and his family were very sorry. They took leave of their friend with tears in their eyes.

Shortly after his departure the shopkeeper missed a signet ring, nearly the most valuable article he possessed. It was impossible to account for its disappearance, as it was always kept in a glass-case with other gold articles, and as no stranger, not even the servant-maid, entered the shop, the loss of the article seemed extraordinary. Any suspicion of the captain was repulsed with horror by the family, and at last, as no trace was to be found of the ring, they put up with its loss.

Some months after this occurrence the tradesman went on a Sunday morning to see the guard mounting on the market-place; here he met an acquaintance, on whose finger he noticed the missing ring.

"Where did you get that ring from?" he asked, eagerly; adding, "it was stolen from me."

The other carelessly answered, "I bought it of a French officer for five dollars."

"What do you say?"

With this question an officer, who understood German, walked up to the two men, who tried to withdraw in a state of great alarm. An imperious "Halt!" however, rooted them to the spot. Producing a pocket-book, the Frenchman asked their name, calling, and dwelling-place,

which he noted down, stating that the charge must be more fully gone into. He also asked the present owner of the ring whether he knew the officer. On his replying in the negative, he was requested to describe his appearance; but he had scarce uttered a few words ere the robbed man exclaimed, in horror, "Why, it is Captain Alswanger!" The examiner gave such a violent start that it took some time ere he recovered, and at length asked, in a trembling voice, "Do you persist in your statement?" And as both answered resolutely "Yes," he forbade them leaving the spot, under disagreeable consequences if they did so. The two men were extremely sorry that the matter had so soon attained publicity, and would much sooner have settled it quietly; but it was too late, the people standing round them had overheard the conversation, and were pressing round the two tradesmen in order to wait for the further dénouement of the drama.

A field-officer, accompanied by the accuser and the captain, who had been called up, found some difficulty in making their way through the crowd. "Do you know these persons?" he asked the captain. The surprise was so sudden that he turned pale, lost his self-possession, and stammered a hardly audible "Yes." The colonel requested the ring to be handed to him, and asked, "Did you sell this ring to this person?" And as the accused, after a great effort, replied in the affirmative, the colonel continued, "Where did you get it from?" He answered, somewhat more calmly, that he had received it as a present from his married sister, who was staying in Paris at the time. "What have you to say to this?" the robbed man was asked. The latter turned to the captain with the question: "Do you know the secret of the ring?" He looked at him in some alarm, and slowly replied "No."

"In that case, M. le Colonel, I will prove to you that the ring was formerly my property, and impart the secret to you."

The two walked to a more open spot, when the owner pressed with a penknife one of the small knobs that surrounded the stone: a small plate sprang out from the inside, and a hollow was visible under the stone, in which a small piece of paper or poison might be concealed. The colonel silently looked at the ring, slowly pressed the plate back into its place, and stood for some time in deep thought. Then he returned to the two officers, and said, with evident emotion, "Follow me."

The colonel made his report to the general commanding, who ordered four non-commissioned officers to take the captain to the rear. At this moment Governor Rapp, pleasant as usual, cantered up with his brilliant suite, rode down the line, placed himself in front of it, and gave the town-major orders to carry out the prescribed manœuvres. The commanding officer, however, had not sheathed the word "March!" when the governor was informed of what had occurred. In a great passion he ordered the general who made the report to at once proceed to the preliminary examination, and to inform him of the result. On being asked whether the captain under arrest should be brought up, he declined it with a wave of his hand and with averted face. Without waiting for the customary marching past, he galloped off on his barb at such a pace that his suite were hardly able to keep up with him.

On the departure of the troops, the officers warned for the duty assembled in a room of the town-hall, and the court of inquiry was formed.

When the prisoner was brought forward, the auditor-general, an old friend of his, addressed him in a trembling voice :

"Captain Alswanger, you are accused of stealing a ring: what have you to say in answer to the charge?"

In a firm voice he said: "The matter is clear, and I will admit the truth. I allowed myself to be so led away as to steal the ring, and was stupid enough to sell it in the town."

All were silent through amazement, and it was some time ere the presiding general was able to speak: "Captain," he said, "do you know the consequences to which you expose yourself by this self-accusation?"

"Yes, excellency. As I am well acquainted with the laws of the army, I know that I shall be expelled from the officers' corps with dishonour, and not be allowed to tread the soil of France again."

By order of the president the report was drawn up, and the prisoner signed it with a firm hand. It was at once delivered by an adjutant to the governor, who heard it read to him in the presence of his suite. When it was ended, he threw himself on a sofa, with his hand over his eyes, and repeatedly said: "Extraordinary! Extraordinary for such a man!" He, however, soon regained sufficient coolness to perform his duty as governor. He ordered the captain's sword to be taken from him, and to place him under arrest.

When the committee of inquiry came into his presence, General Rapp walked towards them, and said: "Gentlemen, we have witnessed this day a most unheard-of event, and lost, through his own confession, a man whom we all respected, even loved, for he was a brave soldier, a true friend, and a pleasant comrade. The harder will it be to us, in consequence, to condemn him in accordance with military laws. Through his confession the affair has been greatly simplified, and hence the court-martial can assemble here to-morrow, over which I will request you, M. le Général O., to preside. Let us finish the painful task without any delay."

The auditor-general, at his own request, was discharged from taking any part in the trial.

The food which was brought to the prisoner was cut up small, and he employed the spoon laid by its side with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and the remark, "An unnecessary precaution." He was earnestly entreated by the friends and comrades who visited him to offer some defence, which they would willingly support. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I thank you for your sympathy, but decline the proffered assistance. My part is played out. I will submit to the punishment which the law orders, and earnestly request you to kindly spare me any further visits."

On the following day the court-martial assembled. After a three hours' sitting, the report containing the sentence was signed by all the members, and the president appointed a deputation of four to carry it to the governor for confirmation. The sentence was to the following effect, omitting the introductory formula:

"As Captain Alswanger has declared himself guilty by signing the procès verbal of the preliminary inquiry, he must be punished as a common thief. He will be cashiered as infamous in front of his company, removed from the officers' corps as morally dead, confined in a fortress for a year, and then sent back as a private to the company he has

hitherto commanded. We recommend him, however, to the mercy of the Emperor, on account of his previous good conduct and services."

With a long-drawn breath the governor remarked: "The sentence, gentlemen, is severe; but as the crime of Captain Alswanger is of the lowest description, for the honour of the imperial army we cannot punish it otherwise. The sentence must be published to the prisoner this very day, and I nominate General R. to carry it into effect to-morrow morning on the Langenmarkt, in the presence of all the officers belonging to the garrison."

The condemned man was fetched in a close carriage, and the sentence was read to him in the presence of all the members of the court-martial. He trembled, but firmly answered in the negative an inquiry as to whether he would appeal against the verdict. He also declined the offer to request mercy of the Emperor, by stating that he would undergo his sentence. He signed the separate protocol with a trembling hand, after which two soldiers came into the room with a light chain to place on his hands. He fervently begged that this might be spared him, but when the president assured him that "the law ordained it," he only said in a faint voice, "This too, then," and allowed the rings to be locked on his wrists. The general compassionately had a cloak thrown over him, and he was removed to his prison on foot, amid the general sympathy of his comrades.

The news of the impending ceremony ran like wildfire through the city, and at an early hour not only were all the windows looking on the Langenmarkt occupied, but the square was covered by a surging crowd. The troops were drawn up in the shape of a horseshoe, and when the officers had taken their places inside, and the general commanding rode up with his staff, the unhappy prisoner was brought up. When his cloak had been removed he was seen to be in full dress uniform. The auditor walked up to him with the inquiry whether he had anything to say. On his replying decidedly in the negative, two officers advanced, one of whom carried a red velvet cushion. The other cut the order from the prisoner's chest with a pair of scissors, kissed it, and laid it on the cushion, which was immediately taken away. After this an officer drew the prisoner's sword, broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. Next two non-commissioned officers stepped forward, who cut through his scarf and the silver cords of his shako, pulled off his epaulettes so violently that the shoulder-straps hung down over his uniform, then took off his shako, placed a common foraging-cap on his head, and laid all the articles at his feet. During this execution several ladies were carried away in a fainting state, and many men belonging to his company wept.

When the sentence was carried out, preparations were made to put the chain on him again, but he advanced and said to the general, "Excellency, will you allow me to remain at liberty for a moment, as I have an important communication to make."

"Speak," the general replied.

"As a condemned captain, I have endured my punishment, and hence I give you back the name I have hitherto borne. I am not the son of the deceased banker Alswanger, of Rome, but of Diderici, a petty tradesman at Strasburg."

"How do you explain this?"

"Excellency, the affair is too long for me to tell it you here in the street: if you will allow me to accompany you there (pointing to the town-hall), I will give you a faithful statement, which I can confirm by documents."

General Rapp, to whom this interlude was at once reported, was no little surprised at it, and said that he was now less unpleasantly affected by the sentence, as it had evidently fallen on an impostor. Still he was obliged to confess that the fellow, whoever he might be, was behaving honourably.

The tables for the reporters were speedily arranged, as well as seats for the officers, and the prisoner was brought in. He stepped out of the circle of officers surrounding him, and said:

"Excellency, up to the present day I have borne the respectable name of Alswanger, and rendered it honourable by my military career and general conduct. My unhappy destiny, however, renders it a duty for me to guard it from disgrace; hence I openly confess that I am not the son of the banker Alswanger, who died two years ago at Rome, but the son of one Diderici, of Strasburg. I will be as short as possible in my further explanation.

"I was a wild fellow, the place behind the counter was too narrow for me, for days I lounged about in the open air, learned by compulsion to read, write, and calculate a little, and, when in my ninth year, was apprenticed to a shoemaker. At the end of seven years, during which the strap had frequently subdued my exuberant spirits, I was set at liberty. Rejoicing like a lark, I passed out of the gates of Strasburg, and, after a few days, came across a travelling company of actors and mountebanks, whom I joined with great pleasure. I soon acquired all their tricks, easily learned to accompany myself on the guitar, and became the buffo of the company. But at the end of a few years I felt disgusted with my position, as I longed for more substantial employment; I therefore gave up my engagement, and started on my travels alone with my guitar. Unfortunately, wherever I applied for work I was turned away, as only Germans were wanted who understood heavy work, while I had only been taught to make ladies' shoes. In this way I reached Lyons, but found no work there, and went on in good spirits to Marseilles. My exertions to obtain employment were also fruitless here, and I found myself again compelled to earn a livelihood by singing in taverns and public-houses. At one of these places I met a ship-captain, who had got into a terrible quarrel with the company, and whom I liberated from the hands of his assailants by my resolute conduct. In gratitude, he took me with him to Leghorn, for it was a matter of perfect indifference to me where I went. He dismissed me there with a handsome present—at least, in comparison with my circumstances at the time. Here, too, I found no work, in spite of all my efforts, but trusted to my guitar, which had hitherto procured me a livelihood, and wandered onwards in good spirits. In this way I arrived at Aquila at the end of a year, and sat down in a lemonade-shop in a very melancholy mood. As my earnings had been very small latterly, and I found no work here either, the sight of several officers I noticed in the shop suggested enlistment to me. I soon noticed considerable excitement among them, and I fancied that I was the object of an animated conversation, which annoyed me, and I at length looked at them in-

quiringly. They had hardly seen my full face, however, ere they burst into a general laugh. One of the gentlemen then walked up to me, and asked me who I was. I was quite startled when I looked at him! I fancied that I must be gazing at my own portrait in a glass, so perfectly did the man resemble me, even to the cut of his beard. In my surprise, I was only able to answer that I was a shoemaker in search of work. 'Very good; in that case you are free,' the officer replied; 'and I ask you whether you would like to be my valet.' I gladly accepted, as in this way I had no further anxiety about a dinner.

"The next day I was dressed, and became the well-appointed valet of Lieutenant Alewanger, only son of a rich banker at Rome. My duties were light, for I merely had to wait on my master, and the rest was done by the other servants. When my long hair had been cut, my resemblance to my master became even more striking, so that the gentlemen invited to a supper-party were amazed, and declared that twins could not be more alike. At these meetings, sometimes abroad, sometimes at home, the guests were so convivial that I was often obliged to help my master—whom I accompanied everywhere—home, and put him to bed. My master several times went out in my livery to invite his guests in his own name, which caused him great amusement, as he told me. On one occasion I was obliged to put on his uniform at a party of the sort, and take his place at table, though I avoided talking much, lest I should betray myself by my dialect and mode of speech. Suddenly, one of the officers exclaimed, 'Jack, sing us one of your merry songs.' My master laughingly took off the livery, saying, that he had been indulging in a joke, at which the guests seemed rather offended; but the new supply of Syracuse and Cyprus wine brought up restored their good temper, and the jest was laughed at.

"On a cold, wet autumn night I accompanied my reeling master home, and he complained of a violent headache and giddiness. I quickly prepared a glass of cooling lemonade——"

"Or perhaps a glass of poison," the general interrupted him.

"Be kind enough, general," the prisoner replied, "to hear me to the end. The lemonade as well as a wet towel round his head appeared to do him good, and within an hour I was enabled to put him to bed, almost quite recovered, after fastening a second bandage round his head. The next morning I went into the bedroom to prepare as usual the chocolate, which my master was accustomed to drink in bed. I noticed that he looked remarkably pale, and on drawing nearer, started back, for he was cold, dead, and stiff. Like lightning a thought flashed across my mind. What was more natural than that I should immediately change shirts with him—which was not at all easy—and then lay the dead man in my bed and myself in his. At the end of an hour I shouted for Jack, and as he did not come I rang for the other servants, who informed me that Jack was lying dead in his bed. I had myself dressed, and at once sent off for the regimental surgeon and two civilian surgeons. At the end of an hour the gentlemen appeared, and during the delay I had been settling my nerves by a long draught of the fiery wine. When the doctors had been informed of the occurrence, the regimental surgeon, who had noticed my faintness, came up to me, felt my pulse, and said that the living must be cared for first, and sent off a prescription to be at once made up. After a careful examination of the corpse, all the surgeons declared that as

attack of apoplexy had taken place, and I requested them to draw up a certificate of the fact, which all three subscribed. The regimental surgeon ordered me to bed, and said he would call again the next day. I asked him, as I felt very unwell through the shock I had sustained, to procure me from the general sick leave for a week. I employed it in making myself fully acquainted with my late master's affairs from his papers and letters, and in imitating his handwriting and signature. In the presence of my supposed friends I behaved as if painfully affected, and declared that I should soon follow my twin brother, as they had called him, which notion they tried to talk me out of, and to cheer me up by pleasant conversation. I sent the certificate of the death, as well as the wages and effects of the deceased valet, to the burgomaster, with a request that he would return the former to me, countersigned, and forward the other to the address of his relatives in Strasburg. That no suspicion of any possible deception was aroused, either among the officers or civilians, although our resemblance had been town-talk, is a thing which has remained a riddle to me to the present day. I accepted no invitation to dinners, gave no supper-parties as of yore to my comrades, and when I appeared in public always seemed very solemn.

"At the end of the third week the regimental surgeon, on paying me his daily visit, declared that things could not go on thus. I must go away, which I heard with secret delight, and earnestly requested his intercession to procure my transference to France. He behaved most kindly, for in three days he brought me leave for a month, informed me that the general would employ his interest on my behalf, and, as it was certain I would join my parents at Rome, I should hear further there. I heard the news with real delight, bade farewell to my comrades, who would not let me go without a parting carouse, requested one of them to sell the effects I left behind and remit the proceeds to my father, and I started, without servants, for Ancona, where I slightly raised my oppressive mask. I diligently studied Italian, read much, and tried to write the language, because a serious trial awaited me in the visit to my supposititious parents. I had informed them by letter of my intentions, and promised to pay them a visit so soon as the weather became a little more favourable. At length I was obliged to set out: I was received by my father with hearty kindness, by my sister with delight, but by my mother rather coolly, almost with hesitation. Prudence advised me not to notice this, especially as in our further meetings I detected distrustful glances, in which I read her suspicions that there was some deception in the affair. I paid hurried visits to the friends and relations of my parents, and kept as much as possible in the open air, for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of localities. Four days after my arrival I received orders from the general to proceed at once to Lyons, and join General Soult's corps. In my joy I almost let the mask entirely fall, but I at length bade farewell, with an affected sorrow at being torn so speedily from the arms of my family. My father said good-by to me with a hearty embrace and a large draft, my mother with 'Go, in Heaven's name!' and my sister with more than a brotherly kiss. I have never seen any of them again. I need scarcely say that I arrived in France with a lightened heart, for the oppressiveness of the fraud was removed, and my native cheerfulness was soon fully displayed. I conclude my statement with the remark that the military documents will prove when I was made first-lieutenant, when

captain, and how I was decorated for my behaviour at Jena. My papers will confirm my story."

He silently held out his hands, was chained, and led away. All present watched the prisoner retire with tears in their eyes, and regretted his fate.

General Rapp, who, of course, received a report, became so furious, that he spoke about shooting the prisoner at once. He had never been seen in such a state of excitement, and his generals had some difficulty in pacifying him by reminding him that the Emperor alone sanctioned sentences of death. The first thing done was to examine the prisoner's effects, whether proofs for or against his statement were to be found among them. The auditor-general and two officers were ordered to examine his lodgings, on which the seals had been placed immediately after his arrest. They found a mass of letters from his supposed parents, his sister, and former companions, a number of billets-doux from ladies, which were at once burnt, and a sealed-up packet of papers, inscribed "My Will." It contained a record of his life from the moment of his arrival in France, much fuller than his statement, and several interesting episodes from his vagabond life, described in lively colours. A careful list was drawn up in the presence of the landlord, and the ready money and papers were removed.

The Emperor received a detailed report of the affair, with the documents to substantiate it, and the future punishment of the prisoner was left to him.

At the same time the widow Alswanger, at Rome, was informed of the occurrence. She answered, a few weeks later, that at the first sight of the young man she had been agreeably surprised, for she fancied her son stouter than he had been two years before; but for all that a slight suspicion was aroused in her, because his restless movements and almost timid glance did not agree with her son's friendly manner and almost childish behaviour, especially towards herself. When she called her husband's attention to this striking change, he expressed his opinion that it was produced by the merry life in a garrison town. Her doubts were heightened by the letters she received, in which she sorrowfully missed her son's former affectionate remarks. She felt truly grateful for the information, which certainly had wrung her heart, but afforded her the consolation that *her* son had not acted in an unworthy manner, and she was glad that her mother's eye had not deceived her.

Several months after an order arrived from the Emperor, by which he approved of the treatment of the captain, acquitted Diderici of the suspicion of murdering Lieutenant Alswanger; but for the appropriation of a strange name, by which he had deceived and defrauded the Alswanger family, he was to be branded as a thief between the shoulders, temporarily conducted to the fortress of Weichselmünde, and on the first favourable opportunity be sent to Brest, to pass the rest of his life at the galleys. The unfortunate man heard this sentence with indifference.

At the execution of it the heart-breaking scenes of the degradation were repeated in an even increased degree: there was a regular shower of filled purses and bouquets upon the scaffold, the former of which the auditor appropriated after the execution of the sentence, while the culprit concealed the flowers under his jacket while gracefully bowing around.

SIX WEEKS AT HUNSDON MANOR.

PART IV.

I.

"Who can tell a good ghost story?" asked, one evening, Lady Julia Lyster, whose versatile nature had probably wearied of the usual amusements of dancing, round games, &c., and who had, apparently, during an unwonted silence on her part of some minutes' duration, been casting about in her mind for some novel and exciting suggestion. "This is exactly the house for that kind of thing. Let us go into the hall, which looks so delightfully ghost-like in the firelight."

The proposal was, of course, unanimously seconded and carried. A good ghost story, or anything touching upon the supernatural, never fails to meet with success. Being out of the groove of ordinary life there is, doubtless, a certain pleasure in the natural feelings of awe and curiosity inspired by such subjects, touching, as they do, the latent chord of superstition in our nature.

The hall certainly answered to Lady Julia's description, as "looking delightfully ghost-like." It was entirely panelled with oak, almost black with age. The wood fire, burning on the enormous hearth, sent its flickering light fitfully and partially over the life-sized portraits, looking down upon us from the walls; now revealing suddenly the dark face of some grim knight in armour, or playing for a moment on the fair face of his lady-wife. The large and richly-carved screen at the farther end of the hall was thrown into shade, as likewise were the dark corners, which the uncertain flame failed to illuminate.

Some timorous individual, having hazarded a wish for lights, was instantly shamed into silence by the general dissent to her proposal, the idea being scouted by the rest of the party as one totally out of keeping with the mysterious charm of a ghost story.

The evening was chilly, rendering therefore the warmth sent out from the piled logs not otherwise than pleasant. Rupert—a large bloodhound of Guy's—lay stretched at full-length before the fire, and as we drew the massive square-backed chairs in a circle round the hearth, he raised his huge handsome head in lazy remonstrance at the intrusion; but finding that he was not called upon to vacate his comfortable quarters, with a satisfied growl he relapsed into his luxurious slumbers.

"Now, Sir Willoughby, you promised to tell us a ghost story," said Constance Meredith, who seemed, by some fatality, always to hit upon the identical qualification the object of her admiration was not possessed of. I cannot precisely recall the substance of Sir Willoughby's story, I only remember that the ghost was so exceedingly matter-of-fact, and rational in his proceedings, that he might have served as a pattern for any respectable young man of the present day. Even the nervous member of the party, who had proposed the addition of candles, could scarcely have required their reassuring light during the story of the well-behaved spirit. It is true that Constance Meredith chimed in occasionally with exclamations, such as, "How shocking! How very dreadful!" which I

consider to have been libellous accusations, totally uncalled for by any act of the inoffensive ghost. Lady Julia Lyster, with more bluntness and candour, observed, "Why, I should hate an insipid ghost of that kind! I shouldn't mind meeting it in a churchyard by moonlight! Now, Mr. Aylmer, I know that Hunsdon is haunted. You must tell us the story actually belonging to the place."

"Yes, Guy," said Lady Margaret, "do tell us the story of the Lady Millicent."

"You, surely, have heard it often enough, Margaret," returned Guy.

"No, not often enough. I am never tired of it; besides, it is new to every one but Ethel and myself, you know."

"Gracious! is Hunsdon really haunted?" cried Constance Meredith.

"Yes, by a goose at present," whispered Bob to me.

"Now pray begin, Mr. Aylmer," urged Lady Julia. "I only hope it is a terrible story this time."

Guy was a good "raconteur." He told a story simply, without any effort, but with a certain dramatic effect that could scarcely fail to rivet the attention and enlist the interest of his listeners; and during the course of his recital I saw many a nervous glance thrown over fair shoulders towards the darker end of the hall.

In the reign of Charles I., the possessor of Hunsdon was Sir Guy Aylmer, who, together with his fair name and broad lands, had inherited the deep attachment to the house of Stuart, and the devotion to the cause and person of the ill-fated monarch, for which his father had been remarkable.

"Your God first, and then your king!" had been the last injunctions of that brave old cavalier as he lay dying. "I have done but little for my dear master, though I have done my best. I have loved him well, and have served him faithfully. Let me die, my son, with the assurance that you will never fail the king in the troublous times that, alas! my heart tells me are coming but too surely. Swear to me that the allegiance which has never faltered in the heart of an Aylmer, and the loyalty that has known no stain, will remain unchangeable even unto death!" The son, kneeling by his father's death-bed, kissed the broad brow, on which the dews of death were gathering, and vowed solemnly to devote his lands and life, if needs be, to the cause his father had loved so well. Faithfully and religiously he kept his oath, and in the unhappy dissensions—brought about, it must be owned, as much by the fatal indecision of mind which led the king to a continual change of measures as by the fierce rage of the parliament—the strong arm of Sir Guy Aylmer was never found wanting, and the greater portion of his large revenues were placed, when required, at the service of his sovereign.

Amongst the ladies of the queen was the Lady Millicent Dacre—an orphan who had been reared by the gentle Henrietta Maria in almost conventual seclusion. When, at length, this fair star dawned in the hemisphere of court society, her lovely face made wild work amongst the nobles and cavaliers of that august circle, and it was whispered that many an iron heart, unflinching before mortal foe, had quivered to the tone of her sweet voice; and proud eyes, accustomed to look at death face to face, fell beneath the witchery of her soft glance. Foremost in the long train

of her suitors stood Sir Ralph de Lisle, and in the coronet of hearts laid at the feet of the Lady Millicent, perhaps this conquest was the most envied her by the fair rivals whom she had distanced; for, in addition to his princely territories and high repute, he was one who had never before bent the knee to woman, rendering him, therefore, a prize all the more worth winning to these fair daughters of Eve.

On the cold, proud, handsome face not a trace of soft emotion or kindly feeling was discernible. Brave as a lion, and implacable as death, he was a terror to his foes, and a rock of defence to his allies. Friends he had none. No one, perhaps, cared to dive beneath the dark surface of his character, which seemed inaccessible to any conciliatory advance; and though there was no doubt touching the existence of the fierce passions of anger and hatred that sometimes glittered in the dark eyes, or were marked in the lines of the firmly compressed lips, yet the deep feelings, also lying beneath that impenetrable reserve, none ever dreamed of, so carefully were they concealed in the lonely recesses of that proud, solitary heart; and this indomitable, haughty spirit had also succumbed to the spell of the fair maid of honour! I cannot but find it in my heart to pity that bold, resolute man—one capable of great things, for good as well as for evil, who, in the lottery of love, had he but drawn a prize, would have been softened, and perhaps transformed, under the mellowing influence. And now to find, too late, that he had cast his all on the die and had lost! For so it was, alas! with him. He had urged his suit with the passionate earnestness of a man, the very depths of whose being are stirred for the first time. He had pleaded with a humility foreign to his arrogant nature, and he had been rejected! The death-blow to his hopes, it is true, had been dealt by a gentle hand, couched in terms of courtesy and kindness, but still it was a rejection.

Perhaps if the lovely Lady Millicent had spoken truly the thoughts of her heart, she would have said that love for that dark, stern man could never, under any circumstances, have found place there. I know not. As it was, however, she had long since plighted her troth to Sir Guy Aylmer of Hunsdon, who had wooed and won her during the pleasant summer days in the quiet glades of Esher.

The gentle queen rejoiced to see her favourite happy, and the king himself bestowed the hand of the fair Lady Millicent on his faithful and well-beloved adherent. But Sir Ralph de Lisle! How did that proud heart wrestle with the bitterness of its disappointment? Who can tell what that haughty spirit endured? for no outward demonstration marked the devastating ravages of the storm within, and the desolation of a love thrown back upon itself, saving, perhaps, an increased reserve and a darker humour. He went out from the Lady Millicent's presence with jealousy and revenge deep and bitter in his heart—a reckless and unscrupulous man, a prey to the baffled passion, which, had it met with requital, would have touched his dark nature with an angel's wing. Time sped on. In the occasional lulls of those perturbed times, Sir Guy Aylmer and his young wife passed a happy existence in the quiet retirement of Hunsdon. There were no clouds in their horizon but those menacing the king and the court, and even these they sometimes fondly hoped would disperse.

Two years had nearly elapsed, in the course of which an heir had been

born to Hunsdon, when Sir Guy was summoned from his peaceful home to take part in the contest between the King and the Commons. Many battles were fought, and Charles withdrew to York, where his chief nobility and adherents flocked around him, tendering their services, and expressing their duty and unalterable attachment. The storm, long gathering, was about to burst with disastrous fury, and the king had good need of the loyal and true hearts that clung to him in his hour of necessity—hearts never blenching before danger or distress.

Sir Guy Aylmer, therefore, scrupled not to leave the wife he loved more than life, and the infant son in whom the pride of his house was centred, for the sake of the king he had sworn to serve. And the Lady Millicent, though her bright eyes were dimmed and the colour in her fair cheek faded, yet her spirit belied not the long line of ancestors from which she had sprung, and her heart never questioned for a moment the paramount duty that called her husband from her. With loving hands she busied herself in the preparations for his departure, and when at last she was locked in that strong, passionate embrace, her lips only moved in prayer that God would speed and preserve him. No mortal eye could have fathomed the mute agony of that last farewell. The days passed slowly and wearily now at Hunsdon Manor, where the Lady Millicent remained in strict seclusion with her child. Rumours of the stormy times continually reached her, forming a strange and startling contrast to the quiet tenor of her daily life. Not idly, indeed, was that life spent, for no one, however lowly, ever sought comfort or relief at the hands of that fair and gentle lady in vain. Over many a humble death-bed was that sweet face bent, and in many a dying ear that soft voice spoke words of consolation and peace, fulfilling in the round of her existence the command issued from divine lips, "Be ye kind one to another."

That eventful day, the 3rd October, 1642, at length arrived, on which was fought the battle of Edgehill, where the loss on either side was equal, and neither gained a victory. At the onset, Prince Rupert had borne down everything before him, but ere the day was ended his rash imprudence had lost all that his intrepid valour had won; and no good accrued to the Royalists from that bloody and desperate fight, in which also the king's general, the gallant Lord Lindsay, was numbered among the slain.

For some days previous to the battle, the Lady Millicent had been constantly on her knees, in deep and supplicating prayer for the safety of her beloved husband. Three days later a messenger arrived, hot and travel-stained, bearing the glad tidings of Sir Guy Aylmer's safety, and that the next evening, God willing, he would be at Hunsdon, having snatched a brief interval from the cares and duties of his career to gladden his heart with a glimpse, transient though it might be, of that young wife whose sweet face had come before him in the battle, and whose fond voice he had seemed to hear amid the din of war, nerving his heart to action and his strong arm to the fight.

II.

JOY reigned in the old manor of Hunsdon, for high and low revered and loved their gallant master and sympathised with the happiness of their fair young mistress.

It was a calm, warm evening. The October sun, long in dying, had at last sunk to rest, and the bright streaks in the western sky were growing fainter and fainter in the gathering twilight. In a large tapestry-hung room, by the side of her child's cradle, sat the Lady Millicent, awaiting the arrival of her husband. On a table near burned a solitary lamp, throwing its soft refulgence over that portion of the apartment, and leaving the rest in shadow. The large bay-windows still admitted the waning light, and in one of their recesses sat that fair young wife.

Truly beautiful she looked, with the bloom on her cheek deepened by the happy expectation of the coming her heart yearned for. Her dress, of pure white, fell in graceful folds about her person, unadorned by any ornament but the one large white rose placed amid the golden tresses of her luxuriant hair and the string of orient pearls, scarcely whiter than the rounded throat they encircled.

Her eyes were fixed on the sleeping child, as he lay with one dimpled arm pillowing the round rosy cheek, on which curled the long lashes of his closed eyes. Ever and anon she would stoop and softly kiss the broad white eyelids, too gently to disturb the infant's profound repose, or perhaps even in his baby dreams he felt the lulling influence of his mother's caress. Alas! fair young wife and mother, is there no sign to warn thee that the vulture hovers about thy calm retreat, that other steps than the beloved one's are invading its sanctity? There is one who is drinking in the beauty of that picture, who pauses spell-bound to gaze upon the holy loveliness of that mother and child.

Suddenly she starts as a tread falls upon her ear! She turns quickly round in glad and eager anticipation. A dark tall figure suddenly emerged from the gloom, and—not her husband, but—Sir Ralph de Lisle stands before her.

With a low shriek she started to her feet, and gazed in terror on that face, looking pale and ghastly in the lamplight. For some seconds a silence deep as death reigned in the apartment; maybe that bold, ruthless man, whose inflexible will had been never known to bend before human obstacle, was hushed into involuntary reverence by the hallowing influence of the sanctuary he had dared to intrude upon.

The Lady Millicent was the first to speak. In accents where indignation mastered fear, she demanded the reason of his unwelcome and unlooked-for appearance. At the sound of her voice the intense feelings of love, jealousy, and despair, hitherto stifled and kept down by the iron will, surged up in one overwhelming tide, breaking down the barriers of stubborn, indomitable pride which had until now controlled them. The stern features writhed under their sway, and in tones trembling with long-suppressed passion, he poured out his unlawful love-tale, his bitter anguish, his desperate resolve. While he spoke, a change came over the face of the Lady Millicent, a look of withering scorn flashed from the

deep blue eyes, where, ever before, their depths had been haunted only by the light of love and kindness. The crimson colour flushed to her very temples, and then as quickly receding left her face pale as marble. The slight, graceful figure was reared to its full height, and with one hand resting on the cradle of her child, as if instinctively protecting him from the baneful presence of the man who had thus insulted her, she replied to him in a voice rendered distinct and clear by the intensity of her anger.

He looked at her as she spoke; she who had been the idol of his dark and lonely manhood—the wreck of all his hopes. His proud head was lowered in agony of spirit, as in bitter terms she upbraided him for this daring affront. The outraged wife and mother stood there, fearless and undaunted, confronting *him* before whom, ere now, strong men had quailed. When he opened his lips in reply, his voice came in hoarse whispers, and his tone was changed and pleading. “Ah! Lady Millicent, if then you would have deigned to deprecate that wild spirit, by one word of calm and restraining kindness, perchance the storm, even then, might have been quelled at once and for ever.” She only reflected that her pure wifehood was insulted by his profaning presence, and in cold contemptuous tones she bade him begone. The blood mounted to the pallid and convulsed countenance of her hearer. In a low, hissing tone, he gasped out, as he grasped her arm, “Have a care, for God’s sake! Tempt me not!” But, unheeding, she continued, telling him in her anger that his tone was an insult and a humiliation to her—that it *never* could have found an echo in her heart, which had beat but for *one* in the world. As she thus proudly asserted her love for her husband, a spasm passed over Sir Ralph de Lisle’s face. Stung to the quick by her contempt, maddened by the raging passion and despair which possessed him, on the impulse of the moment he drew a loaded pistol from his breast, and discharging it full into the Lady Millicent’s bosom, with one faint groan she fell lifeless at his feet!

For a few moments her destroyer stood rooted to the spot, staring wildly at the upturned face, from whence life had fled, and then, struck to the heart by terrible remorse, he turned and fled from the spot.

The quiet stars looked down from the skies through the deep bay-window, sole witnesses of the fearful deed; and Sir Guy is nearing his home, his true, loving heart filled with the anticipation of that longed-for meeting. All recollection of the fatigues and struggles he had endured faded away and forgotten in the all-absorbing power of that one sweet thought.

And now his heart beats higher and higher as he approaches his old manorial home, where the lights are glancing from many a window, and where his attendants are crowded at the entrance to meet and welcome their dearly-loved master. Scarcely does he linger to respond to their greetings; already he is on his way to the terrace-chamber, where his heart tells him he will find *her*.

He pauses at the door, expecting, perhaps, to hear the sweet tones of her voice singing a lullaby to his boy; and then he enters gently, thinking how that beloved wife will spring to his arms in glad welcome. With beating heart he advances into the room; but, God help him! what sight instead meets his longing gaze? The lamp is still burning on the

table, its subdued and mellowed rays lighting up that *sad sad* scene of horror. On the floor, with her head resting on the cradle of her child, lies the lovely form of the Lady Millicent. From her side a dark stream is issuing slowly, dyeing with crimson the folds of her white robe. The child, awakened, doubtless, by the report of the pistol, and reassured by the sight of his mother, is playing with the long golden curls that are streaming over his pillow, pulling with infantine glee the petals of the white rose, laughing as he scatters them, in the sweet murmuring tones of babyhood—a fitting requiem for the fair young mother, who is lying close to him, dead. The little innocent hands now and then pat in playful caress the sweet face, or touch the closed eyelids, half in wonderment that they do not open upon him. Now he presses his red cheek against that soft one, white as the rose-leaves he has been toying with, and nestles his golden head against the fair throat, round which his tiny arms are wont to twine.

Poor motherless babe! Alas! never again will those loving eyes rest upon that cherub face; quenched in the long sleep of death is their tender light. She hears no more the sweet prattle that fell like music on her ear, and the lips, which ever answered with soft kisses those baby wiles, are closed in silence. This was the scene that awaited Sir Guy Aylmer's return—that brave, loyal soldier, and true, devoted husband, whose courage had never swerved, whose faith had never faltered. It is probable that such fiery ordeals are sent to those high natures, who will reap their guerdon in that world where "he who endureth unto the end, shall receive a crown of life."

Little more remains to be told of Sir Guy Aylmer's history. He met his death at the battle of Marston Moor, fighting to the last, with the zeal and energy for which he had, through all dangers, been distinguished. He was found the morning after the battle covered with wounds, and with his life fast ebbing away. To the priest who attended him during his last moments he delivered his instructions concerning his child; and drawing from his breast the withered leaves of a white rose, and one long curl of golden hair, he pressed them thrice to his dying lips and expired. All attempts to solve the mystery in which the Lady Millicent's tragical end was enveloped, had proved unavailing. After the final and disastrous battle of Naseby, the same priest who had closed the eyes of the gallant but ill-fated Sir Guy Aylmer, was summoned to the pallet where lay dying the once proud and powerful Sir Ralph de Lisle. In broken accents of anguish and remorse he unfolded to the horror-struck and pious old man the deed of blood which, in the turbulence of his rage and despair, he had committed. His crime had met with retribution, and tears of agonised repentance fell down the hard, stern face; ay! tears of blood were they, drained by bitter remorse from his heart's core. And who shall say that the deep repentance of that strong, tortured nature, was unavailing in the hour of death? We may hope that his prayer for mercy and pardon was acceptable before God, who is more merciful than man.

Years rolled on, and generation succeeded generation at Hunsdon Manor. It was currently rumoured that the spirit of the Lady Millicent appeared sometimes in the home of which she had been the light and the life.

During the reign of George III., towards the middle of the year 1796, a guest was sleeping in the far-famed terrace-room.

It was a hot summer's night, and the moon shone brightly through the open window.

The occupant of the apartment was suddenly awakened by a low, sweet, and unearthly-sounding chant, accompanied by a measured rocking sound. Starting up, he distinctly perceived, seated in the deep embrasure of the window, with the bright moonbeams streaming on her fair head, the figure of a woman clad in a white dress, down the side of which was a deep red stain of blood. Horror-struck he gazed, paralysed by an indescribable awe, produced by the weird appearance of that fair apparition. As he looked, the rocking noise suddenly ceased, and the figure slowly glided across the room and vanished from his sight. The next morning, as the same guest was passing through the gallery, on his way to the breakfast-room, his steps were arrested by the sight of a full-length picture, representing a lady, in whose fair lineaments he immediately recognised those of his mysterious visitant of the preceding night; and on relating, afterwards, the singular occurrence to his host and hostess, he observed them exchange a perturbed and curious glance. Once again the spirit was affirmed to have been seen by one of the members of the family, at a late hour of the night, pacing slowly along the eastern terrace, under the windows of the terrace-room, looking cold and beautiful in the clear moonlight, and singing softly the same murmuring lullaby. The white rose was in her hair, and her blue eyes seemed to look mournfully and dreamily at the awed spectator, who, as she glided noiselessly by, perceived the same dark blood stain on the white folds of the long sweeping garment she wore. Presently she vanished, and he never again beheld the apparition.

III.

FOR some moments after the termination of Aylmer's story, a dead silence reigned amongst the fairer portion of his audience, which must have satisfied him on the score of its having made a decided impression. Even Lady Julia Lyster's face wore an unusual look of seriousness, and little Miss Grey's large eyes were opened wide in undisguised terror; doubtless the poor child was turning over in her own mind how she should face that night the dreaded solitude of her own room, and she sat motionless, unmindful even of the fact that the bold Bob, under cover of the partial gloom, had possessed himself of her hand. I certainly do not ordinarily partake of any superstitious feelings, but the touchingly mournful fate of that fair young wife did not fail to impress me in a measure with its sad story, and, were such things possible, I could imagine the gentle spirit revisiting the home where her life had passed like a bright, though transient dream.

"I don't believe the part about the ghost, you know!" suddenly exclaimed Bob, though his rather uncertain tone gave a slight denial to his assertion.

"Are you sure of that, Bob?" asked Lady Margaret, roused by his remark from a fit of dreamy abstraction.

"Quite sure, Margaret!" And then, more truthfully, he added: "Of course, it wouldn't be pleasant to meet with a ghost, all the same."

"Where is the terrace-room?" asked Lady Julia.

"It is supposed to be the one over my father's library, as that is the only tapestried room," said Guy, "and a rather curious discovery led to the impression. When my grandfather was a boy, there being occasion to take up the flooring, some dark stains of blood were found marked in the boards, leaving very little doubt on the subject of the room being the scene of the murder."

"Dear me! How glad I am that I do not sleep on that side of the house," said Constance Meredith.

"I occupy *the* room," observed Ethel, "but I have never either seen or heard anything."

"Do you really sleep alone there?" asked Miss Grey, in compassionate astonishment. "How brave you must be!"

"Well! I must say I don't see the fun of sleeping in a haunted room," said Lady Julia, "particularly with such a story attached to it! And besides which, you are some way off from other people, Miss Mordaunt, if that is the room at the end of that long gallery."

"I am not afraid," returned Ethel, laughing; "I have never met with anything to alarm me as yet. I am not quite alone in the gallery: Bob sleeps not very far off, and I think Mr. Vernon is quartered somewhere at the end of it."

"My windows look out on the terrace, as yours do, Miss Mordaunt, but the door of my room opens on another corridor."

"Well! at any rate, I have no fears on the subject of the haunted room," repeated Ethel. "I do not think my repose is likely to be intruded upon by any ghostly intruders."

"I have it at last!" suddenly exclaimed Lady Margaret. "I never could recollect who it was you were so like, Ethel; it is the picture of the Lady Millicent."

Guy slightly started, and looked at Ethel.

"How strange!" he said, "that I should not have remarked the likeness before."

"I really think, Guy, that you believe in that ghost, and are rather sorry to find that Ethel is her very counterpart," said Lady Margaret.

"By all means let us go and see the picture," cried Lady Julia, starting up. "Come and show it to us, Mr. Aylmer."

The door opened as she spoke, and Lady Aylmer looked in:

"Well, young people, have you finished your ghost stories?" she said.

"I declare I am afraid to move!" exclaimed Constance Meredith.

"I should die of fright if I were to see or hear anything to-night!"

"You need be under no alarm, Miss Meredith," said Guy. "The ghost, if ever there were one, must have been laid long ago, for I have never seen it."

"Don't you be too sure of that, Guy," said Lady Margaret. "As a punishment for your incredulity, the Lady Millicent might appear to you this very night."

At the top of the great staircase at Hunsdon there was an immense landing-place, from which diverged the different galleries. Large full-length portraits were hung round it, forming a kind of picture-gallery,

and amongst them was the picture of the Lady Millicent. A lamp, suspended from the ceiling, threw its full light upon the painting, enabling us to see distinctly the whole of the figure. Beautiful, indeed, was that sweet, fair countenance—one you could gaze at until the features seemed to start from the canvas, and the lips to move with the spirit of life—stamping the picture as the production of some great artist, who, in copying that lovely face, must have caught and embodied the real expression of the original. The date, 1640, in the corner told that the likeness must have been taken about the period of the Lady Millicent's marriage; and there was something bridal in the profusion of white lace and satin of her dress. The golden hair was arranged more in the fashion of an after date than in that characterising the court of the Queen Henrietta Maria, for in the place of the short curls clustering over the forehead, as was then in vogue, the wavy folds were drawn carelessly off the smooth white temples, falling in rich and careless masses on the graceful shoulders.

There was a look of quiet, dreamy happiness in the eyes, telling that the measure of her content was full. Yet at the same time you were impressed by a certain mournful expression in the delicate mouth, fore-shadowing, as it were, the doom awaiting that bright young bride. My eyes wandered from the picture to Ethel. Lady Margaret was right! The likeness was striking, not only in form and in feature, but especially so in expression. The very look that I have before described as existing in the Lady Millicent's face, comprised one of the chief charms in Ethel's—that same touching shade of seriousness, which lent a peculiar attraction to its youthful character. It was a strange coincidence, but if Ethel had sat for her picture in that garb and fashion of other days, the resemblance could scarcely have been much stronger, and we were all simultaneously struck by the fact.

"By Jove! Ethel, I wish you were not so like the ghost," said Bob, whose nerves (whisper it not in Gath!) I strongly suspected were a little shaken by Guy's story.

"Why not, Bob?" asked his sister. "I am proud of bearing the faintest resemblance to one so charming and so good. It does not follow, you know, that there must likewise exist a similarity in our fates."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Aylmer, hastily, who was standing next to me.

I could not account for the evident uneasiness that had settled on his face since the random remark of Lady Margaret's respecting the resemblance between Ethel and the Lady Millicent's picture, and I began to think that Guy really possessed a certain vein of superstition in his nature, the existence of which I had, by the way, at odd times before remarked.

"Well! but it is queer, Ethel, that you should chance to have the identical room in which the poor thing was murdered. If you were to take to somnambulism, we should not know if we saw the ghost or real flesh and blood. Hang it, my dear, I hope you won't!"

"No fear of that, Bob. I am not given to such practices," returned Ethel, laughing. "I begin to feel myself quite a heroine, since I have discovered how much importance is attached to sleeping in a haunted room."

"If you are at all nervous, Ethel," said Lady Margaret, "I will

sacrifice myself to the cause of friendship, and take up my quarters in that formidable chamber with you. I shouldn't mind so much tempting the Lady Millicent's society in company, though to do so single-handed would be, perhaps, beyond me."

"No, thank you, Margaret; I am too proud of the distinction I have gained to share it with any one. I really never was in the society of so many ghost believers before. Good night. I promise faithfully to render a strict account of my interview with the Lady Millicent, should she honour me with a visit to-night."

"You had better accept Margaret's offer, Ethel," said Guy, as he bade her good night. "I wish I had not told that foolish story."

Perhaps a certain disquietude in his tone struck her, for there was a look of wonderment in her face as she answered, laughing:

"My dear Guy! you don't suppose I could really be alarmed by a ghost story?"

"No; but still you might possibly feel nervous," persisted Aylmer.

"I can assure you that such an idea would never enter my head, Guy," replied Ethel, amused by his pertinacity; and, in a lower tone, I heard her say, "Don't make yourself uneasy on that account. Good night, dear Guy."

He whispered something in reply, and his eyes followed her as she walked down the gallery, accompanied by Lady Margaret, who, conformably with that invariable rule common amongst young ladies, of course had some last words to say, for which there had been no time during the day.

Think not that I wish to impugn this or any other feminine idiosyncrasy. Why, indeed, should not the fairer part of creation hold their conclaves of nocturnal confidences in the privacy of their apartments, as we men hold ours in the retired precincts of the smoking-room? Who would presume to dispute their right to the indulgence?

But though bachelors must remain mute on a subject so completely beyond their province, yet it occurs to me that the unlucky Benedick who patters up and down his cold dressing-room in light marching costume of dressing-gown and slippers, wondering when that apparently interminable and mysterious conference between his wife and Miss Brown will come to a conclusion—it occurs to me, I repeat, that the same much-tried individual may possibly consign the young lady—mentally—to the depths of the sea; or, in a milder form of condemnation, wish that such practices were not prevalent amongst women—particularly when at last the verbose young woman has taken her departure, he is not yet free to drown his chagrin in slumber, but is compelled to remain awake for another hour listening to a second-hand edition of Miss Brown's sentimentalities, from the treacherous lips of her confidante his wife!

Such were my reflections as I followed Aylmer to the smoking-room, which on that particular night presented even a more than usually cozy and comfortable aspect.

After all, there are few things better than a good cigar. Under its soothing influence how many cares are hushed temporarily to rest! How often do we not enter the smoking-room at night with our nerves ajar, our tempers chafed by the occurrence of some vexatious incident during the day, tending perhaps to the subversion of certain schemes or che-

ished hopes—in fact, with everything on the cross, we sit down before the fire, gloomy and desponding, inclined to consider our case as one thoroughly hopeless, when lo! before the second cigar is finished we begin to look at the adverse circumstance from a different point of view. Our irritation is charmed to rest by the talismanic power of that never-failing panacea, and yet women, in their short-sightedness, would deprive us of this our comfort and our consolation!—never deeming, moreover, how much *they* sometimes owe to this same much-abused cigar. When that long-dreaded bill of Madame Laure at last arrives, displaying to the gaze of the indignant husband a long account of crinoline and silk, culminating in an alarming total, and inciting him to stern resolves of reformatory restrictions on the subject of her future expenditure—is she not, I ask, in gratitude bound to that “weed,” under the calming and soothing effect of which, acting as an anodyne on the ruffled and resentful feelings of her angry spouse, he gradually and insensibly begins to look more leniently on the extravagance of his pretty wife, until his resentment softens into the soliloquy, “Poor little thing! After all, perhaps, she didn’t mean to spend so much, and those milliners are such confounded harpies! How lovely she looks, too, in that ruby velvet with diamonds in her hair!” The menaced lecture likewise fades away into the following mild observation, when he next meets the fair delinquent: “Darling, I think that Madame Laure knows how to charge!”

On the night in question, the potent spell, whose efficacy I have been thus lauding, failed to dispel Guy’s unaccountable restlessness of mood. One man after another wished us good night and went to bed, until only Sir Willoughby Gresham and Bob, besides Aylmer and myself, remained. The worthy baronet was didactic and pompous in the extreme on this occasion, something having possibly occurred to disturb his usual equanimity and self-complacency, the even-course of which, it must be allowed, was but rarely ruffled. After a time he also departed.

“Thank Heaven, he’s gone!” exclaimed Guy, knocking the ashes from his cigar. “That fellow is at times a great bore.”

“I should rather think he was,” chimed in Bob.

“Come now, Bob,” said I, laughing, “you are rather hard upon Sir Willoughby; you know he has never poached upon your manor.”

“I’ll take precious good care he doesn’t, too,” rejoined Bob, with the utmost coolness; “besides which, no girl worth twopence would look at him!”

“Halte-là, mon ami! You include in that low valuation a very pretty girl.”

“Do you mean Margaret?” asked Bob, hotly, rising suddenly from the recumbent position into which he had thrown himself.

“Certainly not,” I replied, gravely. The boy looked at me for a moment, and then burst into one of his merry peals of laughter:

“Oh, if you allude to Constance Meredith, I should say they were well suited—good looks and siller versaus brains!” After a pause, he added, “What do you think the old fool asked me the other day? In which form I was now at Eton? Does he suppose that men remain there until they are middle-aged?”

Aylmer and myself exchanged amused glances as the boy thus unconsciously betrayed his private grudge against Sir Willoughby, who had

insulted his amour propre by the question. Guy laid his hand affectionately on Bob's shoulder; he always humoured him, partly, perhaps, because he was so like his sister.

"Never mind, old boy," he said, with his kind smile; "you will have a fair passage through life if the time never comes to you which will make you wish you were an Eton boy again."

"I have had jolly times at dear old Eton," said Bob, struck, perhaps, by compunction on reflecting that, inadvertently, he might have implied a slight on that school, which, in after life, men look back upon with feelings akin to those filling the heart of an old soldier, who, through the long vista of his past campaigns, turns a fond, backward glance on the incipient glory of his first fight. "Well, I must be off!" said Bob, breaking the silence that had ensued, caused, perhaps, by old memories his words had conjured up coming back to me, like the distant chime of bells—reminiscences of the dear old days when I also was an Eton boy. "I must write to the governor before I go to bed."

"Why not put it off until to-morrow, Bob?" asked Aylmer.

"No, I shan't have time to-morrow. I'm going to Shrewsbury with Lord Grantham, and I promised Ethel to write; so good night."

"Well, perhaps I shall look in upon you before I turn in myself," said Aylmer.

"Then, in all probability, you will find me locked in the arms of Morpheus," returned Bob, as he closed the door.

Aylmer and I continued to smoke on in silence. I made one or two remarks, but he replied absently, as if his thoughts were far away from the subject; and at length he rose from his chair, and began walking up and down the room in a restless, disquieted manner. I strove to break the apparently unpleasant train of his thoughts by another attempt at conversation, but this time it was met by no response. Suddenly he stopped in his walk before me, and said abruptly: "Vernon, do you believe in presentiments?" And, without waiting for my reply, he went on: "I do! And I have a kind of feeling, which I cannot get rid of, that there is something of evil going to happen to me."

"Nonsense! old fellow," I replied, mystified by this unusual mood of Aylmer's. "You are not well—hipped, or something of the sort."

He sat down again without immediately answering, fixing his eyes on the fire. After a pause, he said:

"You may laugh at me, Vernon—you may think me absurd, childish even—and certainly, as you can testify, it was never my wont formerly to be affected by any such fancies, chimeras—call them what you will—but to-night I feel as if a shadow was about to fall" (and here his voice slightly faltered) "on the happiness which, indeed, I have sometimes thought was too great to last."

I endeavoured to disabuse Aylmer's mind of this extraordinary prepossession, using arguments very logical and specious, no doubt, but yet quite inefficacious. Indeed, I doubt the wisdom of combating any impressions of the mind by syllogisms. Where they cannot be reduced to a natural cause, reason is about the last auxiliary to be enlisted in their defeat. I was much concerned to see Aylmer so unhinged and depressed, and I did my utmost to reanimate his lowered spirits. Dropping the bantering tone

that I had at first ignorantly assumed, and falling more into the spirit of his reflections, we talked seriously and gravely for the next half-hour, and when I wished him good night, I hoped that he had in a measure thrown off his gloomy forebodings. As I passed through the picture-gallery on my way to my room, I paused for a minute before the portrait of the Lady Millicent. The likeness to Ethel was certainly singularly strong, but I was at a loss to divine why this fact should have so materially discomposed Aylmer, who was about the last fellow in the world I should have imagined likely to attach importance to so trifling a coincidence.

My room, as I have already mentioned, faced the eastern terrace. Before retiring to rest, I opened my window and looked out upon it. The night was clear and beautiful. The moon, almost at the full, touched everything with the radiance of day, flooding with its cold light the garden below, in which the separate forms of the flowers were distinct, though their bright hues were pale by the intensity of the light. The terrace, with its long, low balustrade, stretched immediately beneath, the smooth-gravelled breadth, white as snow, chequered every now and then by the long shadows thrown across it by the mullioned windows. In the distance, the outline of the black mass of wood, forming an effective background, cut sharply against the sky, in which thousands of stars were glittering. The plashing of the fountains fell with a lulling sound on the ear, and at intervals the wild, dreary hoot of the owl broke the prevailing quiet of the night. It was a fitting hour for spirits to wander about this fair earth. If, indeed, aught can tempt them to return to it, and had I possessed but a particle of that faith requisite for the entertainment of such a belief, I should have expected to see the shadowy form of the Lady Millicent glide along the broad terrace in the bright moonlight. But no such vision greeted my sight, and the air being sharp and chilly, I closed the window and sought my pillow.

I had been in bed about half an hour, or rather more, and had fallen into that pleasant intermediate state between sleeping and waking, where consciousness is just fading into dreamland, when suddenly a long, piercing shriek broke upon the stillness of the night. I started up. That fearful cry, as of one in a desperate death-struggle, seemed to float round the windows, echoing along the building, and then subsiding into silence. For a few seconds I remained motionless, almost doubting the evidence of my hearing; and then, springing to the window, I tore aside the curtains, and!—Was it indeed a vision, or an appalling reality that met my gaze?

IMPERFECT CRIMINALS.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

Quam propè ad crimen sine crimine? How nearly may a man approach to guilt, without being guilty? was a favourite topic or vexed question when Casuistry flourished.

One of Mr. Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales is concerned with "a venerable gentleman, one Mr. Smith," whose silver hair is the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature,—whose solitude is one night broken, allegorically, by the entrance of Fancy with a show-box, wherein he is made to see himself committing sins which may have been meditated by him, but never were embodied in act. Not a shadow of proof, it seems, could have been adduced, in any earthly court, that he was guilty of the slightest of those sins which were thus made to stare him in the face. "And could such beings of cloudy fantasy, so near akin to nothingness, give valid evidence against him at the day of judgment?" Such is the query propounded, such the problem discussed, such the grave question vexed, in the *fantasiestück* entitled: FANCY'S SHOW-BOX: A MORALITY.

For to meditative souls in general, and to curiously speculative Mr. Hawthorne in particular, it is, as he says at starting, a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract guilty stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which have never come into outward and actual existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? It is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clenches its gripe upon the guilty heart, and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, our author argues, "sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand-fold more virulent by its self-consciousness.

"Be it considered, also, that men over-estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are dimly seen, they can bear to contemplate it. They may take the steps which lead to crime, impelled by the same sort of moral action as in working out a mathematical problem, yet be powerless with compunction, at the final moment. They knew not what deed it was that they deemed themselves resolved to do. In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled and full resolve, either for good or for evil, except at the very moment of execution."

Mr. Hawthorne would hope, therefore, in conclusion, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

There is another story* in the same volume which tells how two

* David Swan.

villains were just about, for plunder's sake, to stab to the heart a traveller sleeping by the wayside, when interrupted by approaching footsteps. Hereupon each ruffian quietly takes a dram on the spot, and together they depart, *et infectâ*, "with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing." In a few hours, it is added, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. (But does this square with the writer's previous conclusion?)

The recording angel's book-keeping is altogether divergent from that of clerks of sessions and criminal courts. It is not theft, as lawyers advise us, to determine to steal a purse, nor to follow the man who carries it for the purpose of stealing it, nor to stretch out the hand for the purpose of taking it, nor even to lay hold of it with the same intention. The definition is not satisfied—we quote an essayist on the Morality of Advocacy—"till the purse is actually removed from its place; but as soon as that is done, the crime is complete, whatever may have been the temptation, however rapidly repentance, and even confession and restitution, may follow. The servant who sees a halfpenny lying about, takes it into her hand with the intention of stealing, and immediately changes her mind and puts it back, is a thief. A professional criminal, who has planned a robbery for weeks together, who has gone out with the full intention of committing it, and who runs away at the last moment because he sees a policeman coming, has committed no crime at all." This injustice, if so it must be called, at any rate this ethical anomaly, is inevitable here below. But they manage these things differently in another place.

Le mal qui ne se fait pas, observes M. Desiré Nisard, "n'est su que de celui qui seul connaît le nombre des bons et des méchants et qui pèse les sociétés et les siècles."*

For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will.†

The ancients frequently touched on this subject of a guilty will. It is the *animus*, and not the act, that constitutes the crime, says Juvenal:

—*Scelus intrâ se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
Facti crimen habet.*

Seneca teaches that he who is about to commit an injury, has committed it already: *injuriam qui facturus est jam fecit*. So Keats, in an admired passage,† speaks of the "two brothers and their murdered man," meaning the man they were taking away with them, for the purpose of murdering him.

Benvenuto Cellini relates, in his autobiography, how he had formed a resolution, in case he could meet with that malicious fellow, Bandinello, one of the blackest (painted) of Ben's many black beasts, "to fall upon him, and punish his insolence" without quarter. One evening, just as Cellini arrived at the square of St. Domenico, in Florence, Bandinello entered it on the other side—as Ben knew to be Ban's nightly wont.

* *Etudes d'Histoire*, p. 259.

† Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.

‡ *Isabella*; or, the Pot of Basil.

Whereupon, writes Ben, "I came up to him with a full resolution to do a bloody piece of work upon the spot. I looked up, and saw him upon a little mule, which appeared no bigger than an ass, and he had with him a boy about ten years of age. As soon as he perceived me, he turned as pale as death, and trembled all over; I, who knew what a cowardly wretch he was, cried out to him, 'Fear nothing, vile poltroon! I do not think you worth striking.' He gave me a look of the most abject pusillanimity, and returned no answer.

"I thereupon resumed just and virtuous sentiments, and returned thanks to the Almighty for preventing me from perpetrating the rash action I intended. Being in this manner delivered from the diabolical frenzy by which I had been agitated, I recovered my spirits," &c.*

Ben (italicè) it was for Ben that he stopped just in time, and that Ban became not his ban—in the shape of a life-long remorse (if at least Ben was capable of that sort of feeling).

— Oh yet,
Thank Heaven that you have not quite barter'd regret
For remorse, nor the sad self-redemptions of grief
For a self-retribution beyond all relief !†

Possibly the author of these lines was not unmindful, as he wrote them, of a near relation's picture of "nobler bliss still" than the sudden relief of pain—the rapture of the conscience, namely, at the sudden release from a guilty thought. We refer to Harley L'Estrange, when "the sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision." He had meditated foul wrong towards his oldest friend. And thus already had he been apostrophised on the eve of its meditated accomplishment: "But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if to-morrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished. . . . Wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain?"‡

So again Adam Smith moralises on the case of a man who, having resolved, and perhaps taken measures to perpetrate some crime, has fortunately been prevented by an accident which put it out of his power—such a man being "sure, if he has any remains of conscience, to regard this event all his life after as a great and signal deliverance." He can never think of it, our philosopher goes on to say, without returning thanks to Heaven for saving him from actual guilt, and therefore from life-long horror and remorse:—but though his hands are innocent, he is conscious that his heart is equally guilty as if he had executed his resolve. Still, it gives, practically, great ease to his conscience, to consider that the crime was *not* executed, though he knows that the failure arose from no virtue in him. "To remember how much he was resolved upon it, has no other effect than to make him regard his escape as the greater and more miraculous: for he still fancies that he has escaped, and he looks back upon the danger to which his peace of mind was exposed, with that terror, with which one who is in safety may sometimes remember the hazard he was in of falling over a precipice, and shudder with terror at the thought."§ For, by one stroke and

* Life of Benvenuto Cellini, book iv. ch. iv.

† Owen Meredith, *Lucile*.

‡ My Novel, book xii. chapters xxviii. and xxxi.

§ Adam Smith, *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, part ii. sec. iii.

—in one moment, we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of Night.*

Shakespeare had thought deeply, and has touched repeatedly, on this general subject. The distinction broadly drawn by human judgments between a guilty design and a guilty deed, he illustrates in Bolingbroke's answer to Aumale, when the latter rushes in, and implores pardon beforehand for a yet unavowed crime :

Bol. Intended, or committed, was this fault ?
 If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
 To win thy after-love I pardon thee.†

To which a parallel passage might be quoted in Isabella's plea for the life of Angelo :

Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he died :
 For Angelo,
*His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
 Intent is but merely thoughts.‡*

Suffolk less charitably pleads, a special pleader, against the spirit of leniency such as this, where he supposes the case of one

Who being accused a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.§

It is too truly objected by English critics, that a French dramatist's notion of virtue would seem to resolve itself into the conception, in the first instance, of some base design against the honour of a friend, or the chastity of a woman, and a valiant conquest of the meditated villany at the last moment. His hero must sin greatly in thought, before he can prevail upon himself to exhibit a little virtuous instinct in act. His example is that of loose and vagrant passions checked on the eve of consummation by an impulse. "In England, we place the morality of the stage on a different basis. We do not dramatise mental violations of the Decalogue, and take credit to ourselves for the non-commission of crimes which we hold it to be demoralising even to contemplate." We do not sit in the playhouse "merely for the satisfaction of seeing an imperfect criminal retreat from his purpose in the end."||

When with a sudden revulsion his heart recoils from its purpose,
 As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.¶

Let us hope that the French conception of virtue, as thus delineated, may not take root downward and bear fruit upward, on English soil ; and that few censors of our press may have to say of native fiction what

* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iii.

† King Richard II., Act V. Sc. 3. ‡ Measure for Measure, Act V. Sc. 1.

§ King Henry VI., Part II. Act III. Sc. 1.

|| Westminster Review, New Series, V. 96. Art. : The English Stage.

¶ Longfellow, The Courtship of Miles Standish.

a discerning judge* said of a novel entitled "Creeds," that the author's definition of innocence, so far as it could be made out, is, to be ready and willing to do wicked things, but not yet to have done them.

True, most true, that between the crime designed, and the crime committed, there is a great gulf fixed—by the *communis sensus* of practical ethics. When C  none reasons with Ph  dre,

Quel crime a pu produire un trouble si pressant ?
Vos mains n'ont point tremp   dans le sang innocent ?

the wo-begone queen replies,

Gr  ces au ciel, mes mains ne sont point criminelles.

But for all that, in her case, it is due alike to rhyme and reason to add,

Pl  t aux dieux que mon c  ur f  t innocent comme elles !†

But it is something, it is much, that besides her self-reproachful *Pl  t aux dieux !* she can vent, as regards criminal action, an earnest *Gr  ces au ciel !* She has not crossed the gulf, which, deep as it may be, it takes but one step to cross. She has not come to the pass of the accomplished criminal, who, in virtue or by vice of his accomplished fact, must fall into the strain of guilty Hesperus, and say,

Wickedness,
How easy is thy lesson ! Now I stand
Up to the throat in blood ; from Mercy's records
For evermore my guilty name is razed.
But yesterday, oh blessed yesterday,
I was a man ;
And now—I start amazed at myself.‡

It is a remark of Mr. Disraeli's, that the pursuit of gaming, oftener than any other, leads men to self-knowledge. Appalled, he argues, by the absolute destruction on the verge of which the gamester finds his early youth just stepping ; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thralldom, and with a ruined fortune and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, and his conscience clear   from those dark stains which Ph  dre deprecated, from that one "damned spot" of which all the perfumes of Arabia could not cleanse Lady Macbeth's little hand.

It is Horace's teaching, in one of his seriously reflective moods, that not Heaven itself can annihilate or undo a deed done—*non tamen irritum Quodcumque retro est, efficit ;*

—neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.||

* In *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, II. 463.

† Racine, *Ph  dre*, I. 3.

‡ Beddoes, *The Brides' Tragedy*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

   See "The Young Duke," book iv. ch. vi.

|| Hor. *Carm.*, III. 29.

Oh the fierce sense
Of hopelessness! *The fault is done!* No keen
Remorse, no holy law of penitence,
Not God himself *can make it not have been*;
Tho' Angels whisper peace, that thought comes in between.*

Premeditation, writes Mr. Carlyle, is not performance, is not surety of performance; it is perhaps, at most, surety of *letting* whoso wills perform. From the purpose of crime, he adds, to the act of crime, there is an abyss; wonderful to think of. "The finger lies on the pistol; but the man is not yet a murderer; nay, his whole nature staggering at such a consummation, is there not a confused pause rather—one last instant of possibility for him? Not yet a murderer; it is at the mercy of light trifles† whether the most fixed idea may not yet become unfixed. One slight twitch of a muscle, the death-flash bursts; and he is it, and will for Eternity be it;—and Earth has become a penal Tartarus for him; his horizon girdled now not with golden hope, but with red flames of remorse; voices from the depths of Nature sounding, Wo, wo on him!"‡

We may apply in this stern, solemn sense, what Oswald says in Wordsworth's tragedy:

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betray'd:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.§

But this same Oswald is a daring sophist; and in his sneering disdain of compunctious visitings on the part of the man he is tempting to crime, he thus touches on the contingencies of criminal action—

What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.||

This consideration of contingencies, this question of to be or not to be, is forcibly illustrated in Schiller's *Wallensteins Tod*. In the first act of that tragedy, Wallenstein soliloquises in this strain of quasi-fatalism: *Can he no longer what he would?* no longer draw back at his liking? he must *do* the deed because he *thought* of it?

By the great God of Heaven! it was not
My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolved.
I but amused myself with thinking of it.

Again and again he pauses, and remains in deep thought. Anon comes the reflection:

* Chauncy Hare Townshend, *The Mystery of Evil*.

† So Longfellow, in the context of a passage already cited:

"Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine."
Miles Standish, § v.

‡ Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, part iii. book i. ch. iv.

§ *The Borderers*. A Tragedy. Act III.

|| *Ibid.*, Sc. 6.

My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom :
 Once suffer'd to escape from its safe corner
 Within the heart, its nursery and birthplace,
 Sent forth into the Foreign, it belongs
 For ever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man conciliated.

And the scene of agitated hesitancy closes with the moody man's self-gratulation on his conscience being, thus far, free from crime:

Yet it is pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this threshold yet—so slender is
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.*

Happier he that can put himself in Hubert's case, and honestly affirm,

—This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,—
 Not painted with the crimson drops of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought.†

A happiness only to be rated aright, perhaps, by an actual "murderer," like the nameless one from whom Shakspeare wrings the most natural, most unavailing cry,

O that it were to do!—What have we done?‡

Well it is, for all of us, that we cannot discern the thoughts and intents of the heart, one in another—cannot detect the almost culprit, the imperfect criminal, under the fair outside of the seemingly perfect gentleman. There is a poem of Barry Cornwall's, devoted to what some might consider a morbid analysis of a friend's "Interior" (that is the name of the piece), in which the person addressed, hitherto reckoned the "flower of jolly, gamesome, rosy friends," is bid

Unloose your heart, and let me see
 What's hid within that ruby round.

The result of the revelation is, that here "our ill-paired union ends." At least, the intimacy is destroyed. The fellowship is, on second thoughts, allowed to continue—on slacker terms, indeed, and by a frailer tenure, but still a recognised existence, such as it may be.

No,—let's jog on, from morn to night ;
 Less close than we were wont, indeed ;
 Why should I hate, because I read
 The spots kept secret from my sight,
 And force some *unborn sins* to light?§

Owen Meredith—if that now transparent pseudonym is still to be used—in the opening soliloquy of his Clytemnestra, makes the guilty queen—guilty in thought, and not as yet in deed—meditate on the compunctious visitings that perturb her bosom, and ask herself the reason of all this incurable unrest. Wherefore to her—to her, of all mankind, *this retribution for a deed undone?*

* The Death of Wallenstein, Coleridge's translation, Act I. Sc. 4, *passim*.

† King John, Act IV. Sc. 2.

‡ King Henry VI., Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

§ B. W. Proctor, Dramatic Scenes, &c., p. 317.

For many men outlive their suns of crimes,
 And eat, and drink, and lift up thankful hands,
 And take their rest securely in the dark.
 Am I not innocent—or more than these?
 There is no blot of murder on my brow,
 Nor any taint of blood upon my robe.
 —It is the thought! it is the thought! . . . and men
 Judge us by acts! . . . as tho' one thunder-clap
 Let all Olympus out.*

In fine, the gist of her wistful self-questioning is, why should she, an imperfect criminal, be tortured with remorse as for a perfected crime?

But it comes across her, in an after-stage of her progress towards accomplished guilt, that

Surely sometimes the unseen Eumenides
 Do prompt our musing moods with wicked hints,
 And lash us for our crimes ere we commit them.

TINTORETTO.

BY DR. MICHELSEN.

In the French Gallery of Drawings in the last Exhibition (Kensington) there was seen a picture by Coignet, bearing in the Catalogue No. 401, and described simply "The Daughter of Tintoretto." It simply shows the latter taking the likeness of his child, who had just died. His countenance is stiff and stern, his eyes are dry, though his heart bleeds within him. But very few, if any, are acquainted with the melancholy and deeply romantic circumstances that brought about the death of the fair Aliza (that was her name) when hardly fifteen years old, as seen in the engraving, an episode-picture to which is still seen in the Louvre, entitled "Lavinia (daughter of Titian) and Tintoretto," where the latter is seen breaking to pieces, in violent rage, the guitar on which Lavinia had been playing before the guests of her father. These two pictures form the two extreme points in the romantic life of Tintoretto, and the reader will, perhaps, thank us for giving him the clue to them by a detailed narrative of the history of that celebrated painter of the sixteenth century.

Giacomo Robusti was the son of a dyer in Venice. Already, at an early age, the boy evinced remarkable taste for drawing, and a peculiar fine sense for the effect produced by a due distribution of colours. His father accordingly apprenticed him to a modest painter of mediocre merit, in whose studio the boy learned to make pencil drawings from sculptured models, and occasionally, also, to handle the painting-brush. Titian, an old schoolfellow of the painter, frequently paid a visit to the studio of his

* Clytemnestra (1855), p. 2.

friend, with whom he used to converse on the topics connected with their art. On one occasion he was accompanied by his little girl, the fair, golden-haired Lavinia, who was running about from easel to easel of the numerous students, whilst her father was engaged in deep conversation with his friend. All of a sudden the deep silence that usually prevailed around them was broken by the girl, who, clapping her hands with childish mirth and loud laughter, pulled her father to the easel of young Robusti, and, pointing to his canvas, on which he was painting a scene from Paradise, exclaimed, "Look, papa, at the dyer (Tintoretto), who besmears his figures with such gay colours as if they were at a bal masqué! Is it not funny, papa?" All the pupils joined in the burst of laughter, and even the master himself could not help smiling at poor Robusti, who looked foolish and ashamed. Titian, however, approached the easel with a benign look at the poor boy, the laughing-stock of the company, and, having attentively examined the picture, said to his daughter:

"You are right, Lavinia; the boy is now certainly only a Tintoretto, but he will one day become a glorious painter, or my name is not Titian!" And, turning to his friend, he said, "Would you give him over to me?"

"With all my heart!" was the reply. "I know that Giacomo will soon beat me in the art. Take him, then, under your tuition, that your prophecy may be fulfilled."

For four years Robusti worked hard in the studio, and under the immediate eye of Titian, and he made such wonderful progress that he soon became the favourite pupil of Titian, who secretly admired the power and boldness of his brush, assisted by a most lively imagination. The compositions of young Robusti, it is true, were frequently too bulky, his figures too open and widely spread, and his illuminations too dazzling, while the tone of his colouring still drew on him the sobriquet Tintoretto; yet every stroke betrayed a glowing fancy, a true artistic soul, and the seed of growing genius. Robusti became, little by little, so used to that nickname, that he soon passed by that name with all his friends and acquaintances at Venice. The child, however, who gave him first that name, had, in the mean while, after the death of her mother, the beautiful Violante Vechio, been sent for education to the convent of the Sisters of the Heart of Christ, at Padua, whence, after the lapse of four years, she returned to the palace of her father at Venice. From that period the life of Titian underwent many changes. A duenna (governess and companion) was taken into the house, and the fair Lavinia began to pay and receive visits, while the halls of Titian's mansion were now opened to gay and distinguished company. Titian himself rejoiced at the tribute of admiration paid to the talents and beauty of his golden-haired Lavinia, and he was lavish in dinner and evening parties, which were honoured by the richest and greatest of the land, and Titian may already, then, have indulged in the bright prospect of seeing his daughter married to some noble grandee or princely duke, for in those times it was considered an honour to be allied with an eminent artist. Titian was, however, soon to learn that the heart of woman does not always aspire to rank and wealth; its choice is of a more refined nature, apart from the gloss and glitter of

social distinction. Young Lavinia cared but little about the admiration of the high and distinguished: her love was fixed on one whose social position was much inferior to that of any of her other suitors; he was only a young sculptor of Bologna, and by name Francesco Bologna, who had resided for some time at Venice.

Lavinia's return to her paternal roof had produced a great change, not only in the mansion, but also in the studio of Titian, which she visited daily for a few moments; and during that short visit the pupils forgot their allotted task in the silent admiration of the new beauty, who walked from easel to easel like a stately princess in a picture-gallery. There was only one of the pupils with whom she exchanged a few friendly words on stopping at his easel, and that was Robusti, whom she had christened Tintoretto, and whose paintings she much admired. The consequence was that Robusti fell deeply in love with the girl, and fancied that his love was reciprocated.

It was customary with Titian to invite his pupils to his evening parties, and you could see them there walking arm in arm with the great and noble of the land as with their equals, for the pupils of the great maestro were looked upon as titular nobility but little inferior to that of birth and family, and it was there that Robusti at last discovered the secret of Lavinia's heart—her love for the young sculptor—and since that discovery a thousand furies of hell had taken possession of his mind, his feelings of revenge and jealousy knew of no bounds, and he frequently, when overcome by such torments, left the studio in the midst of an unfinished task, threw himself into a gondola, and allowed himself to be rowed about, no matter whither, for several hours together. Lavinia guessed his love for her, but all she could return was the assurance of a sisterly affection—an affection that his heart did not covet.

On one of those evenings when the guests had assembled at Titian's, the latter, with his fair daughter, were walking arm in arm up and down the grand saloon, at the side of the celebrated portrait-painter Sebastiano Piombo, with whom Titian was conversing on some topic of the day, when suddenly a ditty, sung by a manly voice and accompanied by a guitar, arrested the step of Lavinia. It was Bologna, who amused the company in the adjoining room with a few songs, accompanied by Lavinia's guitar, which had been lying on the table in that room. Releasing her arm from that of her father's, she stepped into the room whence the music proceeded. At her approach the singer stopped, and, bending one knee before her, he kissed the strings of the instrument, which he handed to her with the request to favour the company with a song. Lavinia did as requested, to the delight of the company, who always admired the sweetness of the voice and the skilful play of Lavinia, who had seated herself on a gold-embroidered stool, while the company, of both sexes, placed themselves on the floor around her. There was only one who stood erect among the seated company; he was leaning against one of the marble pillars, looking gloomily askant at his master's daughter.

"Look at Giacomo Robusti!" exclaimed one of the company; "he alone seems to despise kneeling before the fairest of Venice."

"Never mind," replied Bologna; "he will soon fall to the dust of her

feet at the first sound of her voice. He has, perhaps, never as yet heard her sing. Poor Giacomo !”

A glance of hatred shot from the black eyes of Robusti at the speaker, and a bitter retort was hovering on his lips, when Lavinia, anticipating a scene, said softly:

“Leave my Robusti alone; he is the favourite pupil of my father, and the tender friend of my younger brother, Horatio, and, consequently, also my friend.”

Lavinia having finished her song, she handed the instrument back to Bologna to give, in his turn, a vocal treat. He was about touching the strings, when a powerful hand behind his shoulders grasped at the neck of the guitar, and, with a violent jerk, snatched it from his hands. On turning round the sculptor beheld the ghastly countenance of Robusti, who, with a loud crash, dashed the instrument against the marble pillar, and broke it to pieces. Like an angry demi-god, the culprit stood rolling his dark eyes, while a mocking smile convulsed his lips.

“Curse on him !” shrieked he, with a trembling voice—“curse on him who dares to touch the strings after Lavinia !”

The whole company jumped up with an air of indignation and bewilderment, while Francesco approached towards the excited culprit, and both were measuring each other with threatening looks.

“Are you mad ?” asked Bologna at last, in wrath.

But, without giving time for a reply, Lavinia had approached her lover, and, patting her hand upon his arm, said, softly:

“Don’t be angry with poor Robusti; he is not well; and you, of all, ought and should have pity on him. As for you, Giacomo, you go home immediately. You vowed me even yesterday eternal brotherly friendship: you have broken that vow, and, as a punishment, I banish you from my presence for the whole evening. To-morrow you will hear more from me, and the light of the day will, I hope, show you the madness of your conduct to-night.”

“I go; but do not count on my repentance,” replied he, spitefully. “I would do the same thing over and over again.” Saying which, he bowed to the company, and withdrew.

Having thus satisfied his petty revenge, Robusti felt himself for the moment free and happy. On entering his studio, however, next morning, qualms of conscience saddened his heart, and he longed for an interview with Lavinia, but neither she nor her father made their usual appearance in the studio. After the lapse of some hours, however, Titian entered, followed by his two sons, all clad in their gala suits, and after announcing to his pupils the betrothal of his daughter to Bologna, he turned to Robusti, and said friendly:

“Follow me, Giacomo, to my library, where I am charged with a commission for you from Lavinia.”

Robusti followed him in a sort of stupefaction, but hardly had Titian shut the door of his library and they were alone, than Giacomo awoke to the full consciousness of his wretched condition, and he said with a hateful smile:

“I thought, maestro, that you had destined your daughter for a duke or prince, instead of throwing her away on a beggarly, miserable artist !”

Titian eyed him for some moments in silent pity and sympathy, and then putting his hand softly on his pupil's shoulder, he said :

"Lavinia sends you her best regards and sisterly love, and as a dear remembrance from you, she would like to have from your brush, on parchment, a few holy images to put in her mass-book, that she may remember you in her prayers; and on my telling her that sketches of that sort are not to your taste, she said : 'Tintoretto can do anything with his brush if he will; and I am sure,' added she, 'he will do his best to please his dear sister.' This, Giacomo, she said when about stepping into her carriage an hour ago, on her way to Padua, where she wishes to live a few weeks with the sisters of the convent. There is but little time left for the task, Giacomo, as the nuptials are to take place exactly four weeks hence."

Tintoretto, lifting up his head, exclaimed with wild joy, "Your daughter's bidding shall be done. She is right in saying 'Tintoretto can do anything if he wills it!' The required tablets shall be in the hands of my new sister on her wedding-day, but I do not intend to hand them to her in person, as I only wish to see her after her marriage, when she will be irrevocably lost to me as something dearer than a sister. You must also allow me to paint them in my private apartments. I have never attempted such things, and I should not like other eyes to glance at them over my shoulders while making the attempt. I shall, therefore, entirely absent myself for a while, and return to your studio in proper time."

"Be it so, Giacomo, and thanks in the name of my daughter. Your whereabouts shall be a strict secret until you think proper to make your appearance again."

Tintoretto bowed, and left the house with hasty steps.

From that hour Robusti was no more to be seen; no one knew what had become of him. He had taken lodgings in one of the remotest and but little frequented suburbs of Venice, where he worked at the holy images with a zeal, as if to save his soul from an anticipated purgatory. Neither did he work in vain. Surrounded by fine arabesque models, the images of some of the saints gradually assumed under his hand a vivid expression of holiness, of surpassing excellence and sublimity. He never left his room except late in the evening, when, winding his way through narrow and crooked lanes, he visited a druggist named Zanchetti, who was living in a small decayed cottage in the Guidecca quarter, and of whose chemical skill many wonderful stories, good and bad, were afloat. He seldom received any visits from patients, owing to the rumour that the gloomy Florentine was as skilful in preparing a healing powder as in composing a death draught, and that even his own wife and child had some years back died by his sinister skill. There Robusti used to spend several hours every evening in close conversation with the chemist, and on his stealthy return home he usually met a poor boy in the vicinity of the Rialto hawking holy images before the lamp of the miraculous saint.

The four weeks at last drew to a close, and the promised tablets were also finished. Tintoretto visited for the last time the druggist, and when he departed it was already broad daylight, and busy life was already pervading the bridges and canals. Signor Zanchetti this last time accom-

panied his young visitor to the threshold of the door, and handing him a small box of fragrant wood, to which was appended a small silver key, he said to him in a whisper :

"Therein are enclosed your tablets. I wish you could have left them with me another day, to allow the poison to be better absorbed. However, even as it is, I have no doubt that the hand that will touch them will wither in a very short time, and mortify the whole body. Your tablets I am sure will carry with them certain and speedy death. Adieu ! And should you again require my services, you know where to find me."

Overpowered by conflicting feelings of sorrow, despair, love, and pity, on the one hand, and deep hatred, revenge, and jealousy on the other, he staggered rather than walked through the narrow windings of streets and lanes, when his ears caught the sounds of the bells of San Marco ringing in the marriage ceremonies of Lavinia. The demon of jealousy and revenge now got the mastery over his heart. At that moment he heard close by him the well-known call of the boy hawking his little images. A sudden thought struck him. What if he should be the bearer of the box !

"I'll buy from you the whole of your stock," said he, "if you will run a message for me."

The eyes of the boy sparkled with joy. "Here I am, signor ! Whither am I to go ?"

"What is your name ?"

"Andrea Schiavone, signor."

"Accompany me in yonder gondola ; we shall land near the mansion of Titian, where the marriage of his fair daughter is to-day solemnised. You must hand this box to the bride herself, and say, 'Giacomo Robusti, whom you once called Tintoretto, sends you this ; it contains three tablets for your missal, which he has painted as a souvenir for you ; and he begs, moreover, that you may, when at the altar, take them up and remember the donor in your prayer.' You understand me, boy ?"

The latter looked at him with joyful surprise. "What !" exclaimed he at last, "are you really Tintoretto, the famous pupil of Titian ?"

"Why do you ask ?"

"Because they say that you will soon surpass the master in the art."

"They lie ; it is false," replied the other, gloomily. "Tintoretto is a very poor wretch, whose hand is benumbed and whose brush ought to be cast into the deep sea. They have taken the light from my eyes, my boy, and they think Tintoretto could also paint in sombre darkness, the fools ! But look, here is the gondola ; follow me."

Hardly had Schiavone left him on his fatal mission than conscience returned, and the wretched man became fully alive to the enormity of the crime. He attempted to recal the boy, who was, however, too far gone to hear the call. Sinking back into the cushion of the gondola, he felt as if his heart was breaking with agony. The low singing of the gondolier seemed to him a funeral song, and he fancied he saw already the handsome corpse carried in a coffin to the grave by the pious monks, followed by a train of weeping relations, friends, and acquaintances. How long he remained in that frightful reverie he knew not, for he lay powerless in a half-dreamy vision, and when he at last had strength enough to rouse himself to consciousness, he found that Andrea had not yet re-

turned. Telling the gondolier to wait for him, he jumped out, and entered the mansion (or palace, as it was called) by a back door, but found all the rooms empty and deserted; on reaching at last the small court-yard, where a little fountain was playing (he knew all the ins and outs of the palace), he ascended a small marble staircase leading to the private study of the maestro, and there his eye caught the eye of Andrea, who was seated on one of the steps, occupied in drawing. The fatal box stood wide open at his side, and the light fell glaringly on the uppermost tablet, on which was painted the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms. For a moment Robusti stood as if petrified by the sight, but the next moment he rushed upon Andrea with a loud cry, and, snatching up the box, he shut the lid, hiding the box under the folds of his mantle.

"What have you done?" groaned he, tremblingly.

"Oh, don't be angry!" prayed the frightened boy, falling upon his knees; "don't be angry, sir; I have not touched your tablets; I never attempted to soil the wonderful images even with the tip of my fingers. I was only bold enough to try to copy the heavenly Madonna, to while away my time until their return from church, as I came too late to the mansion. They were all gone when I arrived, and I am waiting for the return of the bride, that I may deliver it into her own hands."

"Never, never! The holy Virgin has done a miracle, and chose you, Andrea, as an organ for my salvation!" said Tintoretto, in a solemn voice; and putting his hand upon the head of the boy, he continued: "You know not, Andrea Schiavone, the important service you have rendered me. Rise, and come to my heart; but tell me, first, whether you feel quite well, and that you have no sensation of pain in your limbs." Saying which, he looked anxiously into the boy's face.

"Since you have pardoned me, sir, I feel as free and merry as a bird in the air."

"Give me your drawing, Andrea." Tintoretto looked with surprise at the neat and bold lines drawn by the small hand; it was, indeed, a facsimile of his own Madonna in every feature and muscle. "Should you like, Andrea, to become a pupil of a great master?"

The boy could for a moment not speak for emotions of joy, and covering the hands of Robusti with kisses of gratitude, he at last stammered out:

"Such was, indeed, the ardent wishes of my heart, and the constant prayers to my patron saint. All the little images I hawk about are painted by myself, and I was always in hope that some day or other they might fall into the hands of a great painter, and that he would then take me as his pupil. How can I sufficiently thank you now for your kind offer!"

"By your silence, boy. Not a living soul must ever know the errand you have been on. Swear it by the soul of your mother!"

"I swear most solemnly."

"And now accompany me home, where I can talk to you more on the subject."

A few days after, when Lavinia had fairly left her father's roof, Robusti returned to the studio, and at his request Titian had taken Andrea as his pupil, who used to sit at a small table near Robusti, occupied in drawing and painting. Titian had at once discovered a rare talent in the boy,

but he was then far from suspecting that a few years hence the reputation of Andrea Schiavone would equal, if not even eclipse, his own, and that the little vendor of images would soon become the creator of those grand frescoes, the admiration of all ages and all countries.

Tintoretto, though he had apparently resumed his work in the studio, was no longer the same cheerful youth as before; deep sorrow and grief had taken possession of his heart. He constantly brooded over the past, and would for hours together sit in his little room looking at the box before him.

"I know, Giacomo, what ails you," said Titian to him one day; "it is, no doubt, the failure of the tablets you had promised Lavinia; but never mind these trifles; compose yourself, and begin something on a new scale in which your skill lies."

But Robusti did not compose himself; he remained sad, sullen, melancholy, and buried in dark reflections. Standing one moonlight night, —as was his wont—on his favourite solitary spot on the Rialto-bridge, looking down into the rippling water and lost in thought, he felt a hand upon his shoulder. Turning round, he beheld the jovial, smiling face of the rich painter Sebastiano Piombo.

"Are you not Robusti, whom Lavinia christened Tintoretto?"

"The same. Does the favourite of Venice know the poor pupil of Titian?"

"Not his person, but his brush. Titian showed me some of your works, and told me also how odd, eccentric, and sullen you have become of late. I know what ails you, man. You must not remain in this place if you wish to shine; no one can see the rays of the stars at the side of the sun."

Tintoretto raised his head, and his eyes sparkled.

"You are right, maestro, I must not remain in Venice," said he, in a low voice; "but whither am I to go? You forget that I am without name or means."

"And you forget that I have both, and am always ready to share my wealth with less favoured brethren. I go to-morrow to Rome, and shall stay there at least a year, and perhaps altogether. Michael Angelo, the greatest of the great, lures me into his enchanting circle; follow me, and I will take care of you as of a son until you no longer need my assistance, Giacomo."

A bright and glorious future at once opened to the glowing imagination of the latter, and seizing the hand of the speaker, he exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"I'll follow you, Sebastiano, to the end of the world; only away, far away from this place! And if you will introduce me to Buonarrotti, I shall begin a new artistic life with the motto: 'the Drawing of Angelo, and the Colouring of Titian!'"

Tintoretto remained for several years at Rome, and returned to his native place only after the death of his friend and patron. He came back a different man; he was more quiet, sedate, proud, and became an eminent artist. Sensual Rome had wrought a perfect change in his disposition; Michael Angelo had kindly taken him by the hand, his friend Piombo liberally supplied him with money, while the gay society of the Eternal City did not allow him much time to brood over the past. Under such

circumstances, his talents were wonderfully developed, numerous paintings issued from his brush, in which the young maestro fully verified his chosen motto: "The Drawing of Angelo, and the Colouring of Titian." But no Madonnas or even saint were amongst those productions; he shrank from reproducing those images which he had once desecrated with criminal thoughts of murder. He never parted with the box and its contents, and it always stood at the side of his easel as a sort of *sacramento mori*. It was long before Piombo had succeeded in drawing him into the circle of the fair sex, and it was also long before he found their society and charms seductive. At last, after the death of his friend, finding solitude irksome, he married a rich young lady at Rome, who adored and followed him to Venice. There he found the palace of Titian deserted; the maestro had removed to Florence, whither Schiavone had followed him. Tintoretto now began to work diligently for himself; his fame soon spread throughout Italy; his works were considered masterpieces, and ere long every palace in Venice had something to shew of his brush and pencil. His growing reputation soon brought back to his studio his former protégé Andrea, between whom and Tintoretto's eldest daughter, Alexia—generally called the prettiest flower of la bella Venizia—mutual love had sprung up, and Tintoretto tacitly approved of their eventual union. Alexia was the pride and darling of her father, while her golden hair and complexion frequently reminded him of the first love of his youth.

"What do you think of Andrea, darling?" asked her father one day.

"He is very kind to me," said she, blushing. "He has painted a Madonna for my missal, since you cruelly refused to do it for me."

Tintoretto, embracing her, said, with deep emotion:

"After I have expiated an enormous sin which has darkened the life of my youth, the saints will again allow me to devote my brush to their service; but don't, dear, question me about it—it gives me pain."

Alexia listened with sorrowful astonishment to these strange words, and continually pondered on them. Neither could her mother unriddle the words, she being totally ignorant of Tintoretto's early life at Venice, but she thought that Andrea might give them some clue to the sin hinted at.

"I am sure," added she, "that he must know more of his sorrows than we do. I frequently hear them hold private conversations, when alone in the study, in such a low voice as plainly to indicate that they are talking about some secret known only to themselves. Speak to Andrea, love, and ask him."

Alexia did speak to Andrea, but he told her that a sacred oath binds his lips, but that the little box that is always at her father's side in the studio contains the evil spell that casts a gloom over his temper. "Pray, Alexia, to the saints," added he, with deep feeling, "who always listen to the devout prayers of the innocent, to free the mind of your father from sad recollections, and restore to him peace and tranquillity."

The same night, when all were in bed, Alexia stole into the study. In one hand she held a lamp, and in the other her missal, which she pressed against her heart. She approached the mysterious box, but it was locked, and the key was not there. However, after much tossing, shaking, and fingering, it flew open; an overpowering exhalation issued from it as she

was bending her face over it. Having deposited her missal in the box, she closed the lid and retired, satisfied that the spell would soon be broken. Early next morning, before any one had yet risen, she again repaired to the studio, opened the lid, and took out her sacred deposit. A fine grey dust lay upon the blue velvet binding of her missal, while its silver clasps had lost their bright gloss. This unusual appearance augured to her simple mind a miraculous token of a change for the better, and encouraged her to repeat the sacred operation for several nights successively, that the evil spirit might entirely be banished never to return any more to torment the oppressed spirit of her dear father. In this firm belief she opened one morning the missal and kissed the Madonna, the gift of Schiavone, her lover. It seemed to her that the bright colours had faded away, or that her own eyes were covered, as it were, with a thick veil; the air seemed hot and heavy, and a few minutes after she lay on the floor in a deep swoon. On opening her eyes she found herself on a couch at the breast of her father, while her mother and Andrea were kneeling at her side, both bathed in tears. Alexia's countenance was wonderfully changed; she looked pale, breathed heavily, while her feet and limbs had become ice-cold. Slowly, and almost inaudibly, she whispered:

"Weep not for me while I am dying; the Queen of Heaven has kissed my forehead, and you, dear father, will henceforth regain the calm of your mind, and paint again holy images, for I have removed the evil spirit from the fatal box. The missal——" Her voice broke.

At these words Tintoretto uttered a terrific shriek of anguish, and fell down senseless close to the couch of his dying child. On recovering his senses, he saw his wife on the floor shedding tears of agony, while at the head of the couch were kneeling pious monks in silent prayer. The candle of death was burning: Alexia was dead!

The maestro then bid them all to leave the room, and leave him alone with the corpse. He sent for his easel and painting materials, and began to take the likeness of his child before the cruel hand of death had time to disfigure the delicate features. Not a tear moistened his burning eyes, not a convulsed muscle shook his hand during the operation, until he had finished the likeness, and when at last he quitted the chamber of death late in the evening, his hair had become white, and his appearance was that of a very old man!

On the day of Alexia's funeral Tintoretto began his celebrated picture of the Virgin, which he afterwards presented to the Cathedral Maria della Salute, and which is considered the most brilliant execution of art. It bears the features of his Alexia.

Ever since the death of his daughter, Tintoretto only painted pious or scriptural subjects. His "Last Doomsday," "The Adoration of the Golden Calf," "The Crucifixion," "St. Agnes and St. Rochus," are amongst the chefs-d'œuvres of the sixteenth century. In 1694, Tintoretto began and completed his largest picture, for the palace of the Doge, "The Paradise." It is thirty feet high and seventy-four long, and contains upwards of one hundred figures. A few days after he had put the last stroke on it, *he died*.

MR. GRIMSHAW'S LITTLE LOVE-AFFAIR.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

[However it may fare with the "immortal part" of authors, it is at least certain that their bodies are by no means exempt from the "ills that flesh is heir to." This unfortunate condition of things has been the reason why our old contributor, Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO, who has filled so many pages of the *Miscellany*, was compelled for a time to suspend his literary labours. We are happy to say that he has now resumed his pen—we trust, to the edification and amusement of our readers.—
ED. B. M.]

XIV.

GRIMSHAW had not forgotten his old friend Fogo, though he appeared to have neglected him. There had been reasons, and cogent ones, why Grimshaw should, for a time, forbear the delights of Fogo's society; but another set of reasons now operated to induce him to seek them again.

The fact is—for between ourselves the truth may as well be spoken—Grimshaw wanted Fogo's advice. He had often sought it in matters of business, and habit now led him to ask it on quite a different subject.

In French tragedies of the classical period, the confidant in all love affairs is the *dame de compagnie*, or lord in waiting, who never, by any chance, has had an opportunity of indulging in the tender passion on her or his own account; and, following the example of French classical tragedy, Grimshaw addressed himself to Fogo, who, though a married man, had achieved wedlock without any of the tender torments which usually precede, if they do not follow, that operation.

It matters little, however, if you have a confidential communication to make, whether its recipient be a qualified person or not; the great thing, in all cases, is to have somebody to confide in, and as there was no one with whom Grimshaw stood on such terms of intimacy as with Fogo, to Fogo he addressed himself.

"Where do you eat your steak to-day, Fogo?" asked Grimshaw of his colleague, after settling the terms of a time-bargain on the morning after his adventure at Conger Hall.

"As usual, at Joe's," replied Fogo, in a careless sort of way.

"It makes no difference, I suppose," said Grimshaw, "if you have it anywhere else?"

"Pro-vided it's tender, and has the gravy in it," returned Fogo, "in course not!"

"Then," said Grimshaw, "let it be at Will's. Quite as good there, you know."

"Well—perhaps!" said Fogo, thoughtfully. "But what makes you want to change? Anythink gone wrong at Joe's?"

"No, nothing!" answered Grimshaw, "only I want to keep clear of Bouncer's lot. I've something rather particular to say to you, and those fellows never let one have a moment's peace."

"Ah, they're desperate skylarkers!" observed Fogo. "They carry on at such a rate that many's the time they've made me swallow my fat without tasting of it!"

"Say the word, then, as soon as you're ready," said Grimshaw, "and we'll go to Will's together."

"I've a few Great South Tolguses to buy first," replied Fogo; "you don't happen to have any?"

"South Tolguses? No! I've some Wheal Mary Anns. They won't do, I suppose! But you'll get 'em of Bluffy. He's a holder, I know. I heard him say so."

"There he goes," said Fogo. "I won't keep you five minutes."

The mining transaction accomplished, the friends linked arm in arm, and departed for Finch-lane.

Selecting a box for two in the upper corner of the room, each ordered his separate refection, and, while it was being prepared on the universal gridiron, Grimshaw broke ground in a subdued voice.

"You missed me yesterday, didn't you?" he said.

"Yes!" replied Fogo. "I was afraid you was poorly, with a return of your old complaint. Nothink of that kind, I hope!"

"No! The fact is, my complaint is a new one."

"God bless me, Grimsher! I beg your pardon, I *must* call you Grimsher. The name you've took don't seem to fit my mouth. What's the matter? You look well enough."

"That may be, but all's not gold that glitters. You've no idea, Fogo, of what I've gone through lately."

"What's it been? Not small-pox, that everybody's having of? You've been vaccinated, I hope! Every one of my servants was done yesterday."

"I was done too—you needn't draw back—it wasn't in the way you mean, though the disease is catching, they say! To tell you a secret, Fogo, I've met with——"

"Two small steaks, one under——" interrupted the waiter, who brought the smoking viands. "What malt liquor, gents?"

"Stout!" said Fogo.

"Pale ale!" said Grimshaw.

"Pints?" asked the waiter.

Both nodded, and the functionary withdrew, but the conversation was not immediately resumed; for Grimshaw, though in love and on the point of announcing the fact, had always a keen appetite at noon, and Fogo, with a rumpsteak, *cuit à point*, before him, could not have listened if he would. When, however, the claims of hunger had been recognised, and the great agent of reflection, digestive cheese, had been set on the table, when Fogo had scooped out his nugget of Cheshire, leaving the knife sticking in the mound that his friend might follow his example, the thread of Grimshaw's narrative was taken up at the point where it had been broken.

"As I was going to say, Fogo, I've met with a lady, quite recently, whom I very much admire!"

"So the wind's in that quarter, Grimsher! Well, I'm not surprised. 'Tisn't the first time, I believe!"

"You must not laugh, Fogo. This is a serious matter, and I want your help."

"Do I know the lady?"

"Not that I'm aware of. But you may be acquainted with her father. Did you ever hear the name of Hardback?"

This last word was uttered in so low a whisper, that if Fogo had heard it before he failed to do so now.

"Hatbox?" he replied. "No! I once knew a man named Topcoat, who might have been a relative of his, though I never was informed that he were. In fact, we was not particularly intimate, and when I say I knew the Topcoat I'm speaking of, it was only in a casual promiscuous sort of way, meeting in the short stage sometimes before the busses was invented——"

"I mentioned neither Topcoat nor Hatbox," said Grimshaw, rather testily—"but Hardback;" and he gave the name a louder intonation through the improvised speaking-trumpet which he formed with both his hollowed hands.

"Oh, Hardback!" exclaimed Fogo, catching the real sound. "You don't happen to mean the rich fishmonger of Lower Thames-street?"

"I mean nobody else," replied Grimshaw. "He is as rich, then, as people say?"

"I can't answer for that, till I know what they *do* say; but, to the best of my belief, he's good for a couple of hundred thousand. Bouncer, however, could tell you better than me. He does all Hardback's share business."

"Hang Bouncer! I shan't ask anything of *him*. Besides, I don't care. It makes no difference to me whether the old gent has two hundred thousand or one. I don't want to be prying into his private affairs."

"Only you'd like to know something about 'em," observed Fogo, dryly. "Well, at all events he's rich enough to give his daughter a handsome fortune. I suppose that's as much as you care for, Grimsher?"

Relaxing from his affected indifference, Grimshaw smiled.

"I've no concealments from you, Fogo. Hardback's daughter is the party I alluded to."

"You almost said as much before."

"But the cash is the least part of the affair," said Grimshaw, earnestly. "I'm not mercenary, Fogo. When a fellow is hit here"—he smote his left-hand waistcoat-pocket as he spoke—"he don't think about money."

"Take care what you're doing of, Grimsher!" exclaimed Fogo, in some alarm; "if I was to give myself a punch in the ribs like that, just after swallowing my steak, I wouldn't answer for the consequences!"

"You never loved!" said Grimshaw, reproachfully.

"Well, but how was it, then?" asked Fogo. "Tell me all about it!"

Thus urged, the ice being sufficiently broken, and the proper amount of curiosity excited, Grimshaw related in detail all that we know already respecting his first meeting with Arabella and the events that followed it, with the natural addition of a few embellishments to heighten the heroism of his own conduct.

"Well!" said Fogo, thoughtfully, when he had heard him out, "as far as the lady goes, I should think your chance was not a bad one. And Hardback, you say, is friendly?"

"Uncommon!" replied Grimshaw; "he drove me up to town in his own trap after sleeping at his house. But——" And Grimshaw sighed.

"What's the matter?" asked Fogo. "Steak hasn't disagreed with you, has it? Take a topper of brandy! That will soon set you to rights!"

"It is not the steak," said Grimshaw, "or anything of that sort."

"What then?"

Grimshaw lowered his voice to the tone of Iago in a soliloquy, deep but penetrating, and ending with something between a gurgle and a hiss: "I fear I have a rival—in a fellow—I des—pise!"

"Well, if you despise him, the odds are you'll cut him out. Who is he? Do I know him?"

"Oh yes—you know him."

"What's his name?"

"Loftus Tippy."

"You don't say so! The Lew-tenant of the Beefeaters!"

"Yes, and calls himself Colonel," said Grimshaw, spitefully.

"Isn't he a colonel, then? Mrs. F. always gives him the title. He's quite a great card with her, you know!"

"And with himself too! What I mean is, that he carries on as if he was a real colonel in the army, instead of being only one of your nominal ones: a bit of military rank stuck on for the sake of the place. He's not in the Army List! I bought one to see."

"If I was you, Grimsher," said Fogo, in an encouraging manner, "I shouldn't think twice of such a whipper-snapper as Tippy. Why, you'd make two of him. You could eat him up in half a minute. If I was you, as I said before, I should just take him by the scruff of the neck, and shake him out of his trowsies!"

Grimshaw thought of the cut from the horsewhip as he leant over Hendon-bridge, which he had not resented, and winced at these words as much as when he felt the lash. But reflecting that that indignity was known only to himself, he recovered his presence of mind, and answered valiantly:

"And I—I will, Fogo, if he gets in my way again. I'll make mince-meat of the puppy—you may take your oath of that!"

"Mind, Grimsher, I don't recommend you to do him a injury. You know I've no spite agin him! A good trouncing, that's all!"

"Oh, of course. I only spoke figuratively. But it's not an easy thing for me to control myself when once I'm lashed up. If it hadn't been for the presence of Miss Hardback the other day, I really do believe I should have thrown him into the river."

"Jealousy, hey?"

"Partly, perhaps. But more from a sort of natural aversion to fops and interlopers. After all, I wasn't jealous—I couldn't be—of such a contemptible little snob, though I saw he was trying hard to make me so. But I kept the feeling down, Fogo—I kept it down. I reserve myself for men—for men, Fogo—not nondescripts like Loftus Tippy."

"Well, I don't fancy, Grimsher, that such a chap as Tippy can do you much harm in a certain quarter."

"Lovers, Fogo, are sensitive. They start at shadows. Besides, women are often caught by mere glitter. Tippy, as I dare say you are aware, talks of being knighted; I heard him bragging about it at your house to Mrs. Bouncer. In fact, they do say his cards, with 'Sir Loftus Tippy' on them, are already printed."

"She would be Lady Tippy, then!"

"Don't madden me, Fogo! But tell me what you can do to help me. You *are* acquainted with Mr. Hardback."

"Promiscuously, Grimsher! I can't pretend to intimacy. We speak when we meet, but, as I said before, Bouncer does his business, and I have heard that they're somehow related. I'll inter-*est* him in the matter if you like. I think I can promise you that."

"I'd rather it was anybody else; he's such a devil of a fellow for quizzing."

"Well, he likes his joke, does Bouncer; but he's a good-hearted chap at bottom."

"I'm not very fond of your 'good-hearted' people, Fogo. You generally get the worst of it when you have to do with them. I once knew a man of that sort. He never uttered a word of truth, swindled right and left, forged a will, set his house on fire, and ran away in everybody's debt; yet all the world said, 'He's such a good-hearted fellow!'"

"Then you don't wish me to speak to Bouncer!"

"Oh, I'm not making comparisons. If Bouncer really would talk over the old fishmonger, I'd forgive him all his nonsense, and be very much obliged to him into the bargain."

"Such being your wishes, Grimsher, I'll sound him the first time we meet."

"Thankee, Fogo, that's friendly. When are you likely to see him, think you? You're going back to the House?"

"Yes. Ain't you?"

"No, not to-day. It wouldn't be delicate for me to be in the way when you talk to Bouncer. I'd rather hear the result by-and-by, for, to tell you the truth, I feel a little nervous on the subject."

"You nervous, Grimsher! I fancied you could stand anything!"

"So I can, Fogo. Anything physical. Mad bull, charge of bayonets, shipwreck, runaway horse, sixty-eight-pounder, whatever you please of that kind. Try my nerves that way, and see how coolly I take it. But when you come to a moral position—like an affair of the heart—then, I own, I *am* sensitive. Finely-organised temperaments *are* susceptible, Fogo. It's their misfortune; they can't help it. Mine is a highly organised temperament."

"I understand, Grimsher. If you see a thing coming, now, you can face it."

"Exactly."

"But if a thing ketches of you unawares—in the dark like—just as my private watchman did on Christmas-day——"

"You're right, Fogo, that was quite a matter of temperament. The fact is, I was wholly unprepared—thinking of something else, in short. If I'd had the slightest idea of an attack at that moment, I'm afraid I

should have killed the poor devil. It was all a mistake, Fogo, so we'll say no more about it, and if—if Bouncer should allude to the subject, which I should hope he has too much good sense and manly feeling to do, you can explain it to him, you know, just as I've done to you. Good-by;—drop me a line by post after you've seen him."

Upon this the friends separated, Fogo to perform his mission, and Grimshaw, as he proceeded homewards, to meditate on his future proceedings, his bosom agitated by the usual feelings that distract a lover—to wit, an absorbing passion for the enslaver of his heart, and a deadly sentiment towards the individual whom he suspected of being his rival.

XV.

As Fogo turned into Capel-court he caught a glimpse of what lady novelists would call "the receding form," but we the broad skirts, of Bouncer ascending the steps of "the House." A sharp cough-note from Fogo caused the portly stockbroker to turn quickly round. He saw who it was, and waited.

Bouncer was one of those men—and they are numerous on the Stock Exchange—whose wit is chiefly displayed in purposed bad grammar, usually followed by a loud laugh of self-applause.

"Why, Fogo," he cried, as the other drew near, "where *was* you to-day at wolwing-time? We missed you at Joe's, and was unconsolable, we was. Ha! ha! ha! Don't go for to do such a thing again, Fogo. We shan't never get the better of it. Ha! ha! ha! Not never no more, shall us, Fogo, my boy? Ha! ha! ha!"

"You're none the worse, though, Bouncer, for your lunchin!" replied Fogo, smilingly appreciating his friend's humour. "If you're not too far gone, I want to have a word with you."

"Twenty if you like, Fogo, and I'll only charge you half-commission."

"Take a turn with me here on the flags, then. It's private. The fact is," Fogo went on, when Bouncer had joined him—"the fact is, what I want to speak about concerns our friend Grimshew."

"Oh, Cut-and-Thrust! What's he been after? Not murdering no more Bobbies, I hope! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ah, Bouncer, you mustn't! I shall take it as a personal favour if you won't speak of that matter again."

"Is that all you had to say?"

"No. It's something a good deal more particular."

"Particular, hey! Out with it, then! He hasn't sent me a challenge, I expect!"

"Nothing of the sort, Bouncer. The message is quite friendly. He wishes to be on the best of terms with you."

"Very well. I'm quite agreeable. I bear him no malice. If he's a rodomontader, Fogo, I can't help it."

"Of course you can't. But you might let him down a little easier."

"He lets himself down, Fogo. That's where it is. As soon as he leaves off being a boasting jackass, I'll leave off laughing at him. But, says you——Go on!"

"Well, as I was saying, Grimsher wishes to be friendly. You're on pretty intimate terms, I believe, with Hardback of Thames-street. Somehow related, ain't you?"

"I should think so. We're brothers-in-law. Abra'm Hardback married my poor sister Sue."

"Indeed! I didn't think the connexion had been so nigh."

"It might have been nigher if I'd been his brother. Only I isn't, you know,—ha! ha! ha!"

This remarkable sally was accompanied by a poke in the ribs, which Fogo received very complacently, looking upon it as a favourable omen for Grimshaw.

"You've heard, I suppose, what happened the other day out at Hardback's place at Hendon?"

"What do you mean?"

"About the saving of his gran'son from drowning."

"Ah, he did tell me that somebody had picked the young pickle out of the mud. What was the gent's name? Stay, I remember—'Manners.'"

"That was Grimsher."

"Grimsher! How can that be?"

"I thought you knew he'd taken the name of Manners."

"Not I! What did he get by it?"

"I can't tell you. Nothink, I believe."

"What made him do it, then?"

"I rather think it was a fancy of his."

"More fool he, if it didn't bring him any money. The name of Grimsher was quite good enough for him! Why, what will become of his business? Has he advertised the change?"

"I can't exactly say, but I know he meant so to do."

"Well, tell him from me he'd better not. Why, he'd never be called for! Our porter, Towler, couldn't be brought to do it. All his customers would fall off in no time. He'd be a ruined man. Though the fellow *is* a fool, I should be sorry for him,—especially after what you tell me, that he really did pull that brat out of the water."

"I'm sure, Bouncer, he'll follow *your* advice, which is the same as I should give him myself."

"Why mine in particular?"

"The fact is, Grimsher has a great respect for you at bottom."

"Oh, has he? Well, perhaps I ought to be obliged to him. At any rate, my brother-in-law ought to. But tell me how Grimsher, of all people, came to be on the spot where the accident happened? I didn't much listen to Hardback when he was talking about it. Greek bonds were looking queer at the time, and I was thinking more of them than of that young imp."

"This brings me to my object, Bouncer. The story is rather a long one to tell, so to make short of it, I may just mention that Grimsher is took with your niece, and while he was a hovering about—they are his own words—in the hopes of seeing her, the boy, Tom,—I think he called him Tom,—run and plunged himself into the water. He was asked to walk in, Hardback found him there, told him to stop dinner and take a bed, all his things being so wet, and as Grimsher says, his feelings was

too much for him, he come away madly in love, and now he wants somebody whose word carries a weight with it to *pro-pitiate* the young lady's father."

Bouncer, as was his custom when anything serious engaged his attention, pursed up his mouth, winked hard, and rattled the silver in his trousers-pockets. He stopped suddenly short, but did not return an immediate answer. At length he broke silence.

"Can you give a guess, Fogo," he said, "at what Grimsher's worth?"

"Hard to say, Bouncer. He never give me a hint. But he's been a member of the House this fifteen year, has a fair amount of business, and, as far as I know, don't live expensively. He's not a sporting man, don't keep a dog-cart, or follow the Baron's 'ounds, or anythink of that kind, but comes in by the 'bus regular, and goes back the same. I should say he was making money."

"All the better for him. Hardback wouldn't look at him if he thought he wanted any. I've heard him say nobody should have his gal that couldn't keep her like a lady."

"He can give her a good deal, can't he?"

"Of course he can, if he likes, but whether he will or no is quite another matter. You don't suppose he made his fortun' to give it away; I shouldn't,—nor no man of sense that ever I heard tell of. You wouldn't yourself, Fogo!"

"A parent, Bouncer, has parental feelings. You and I have no children."

"So much the better for us, Fogo. We've fewer annoyances. And if you fancy that Hardback is troubled with the tenders, you're a good deal mistaken. Bless you! he's no more in that line than one of the eels on his own marble slab. If you skinned him alive you couldn't make him wriggle."

"But don't you think his grattitude might be moved in favour of the man that saved the life of his own gran'son,—his hare, as one may call him? Mind, I'm not saying that Grimsher ain't well off. Only putting the case as so it were."

"That wouldn't be the way to put it with Hardback. As to gratitude, why, he is, to be sure, as fond of the boy as ever he can stare, and would stretch a pint, perhaps, to show it;—but as to touching his till, why you might just as well ask him to shove his hand down his throat and roke up his own vitals. No, no,—if Grimsher wants to do anything at Hardback's in the matrimonial line, he must hand in a clean balance-sheet. According to the figures on the creditor side, so he'll stand with my brother-in-law. I speak from experience. There was a something, two or three years ago, occurred about my niece, which makes me sure I'm right. He was as good-looking a young fellow as ever you saw, and a gent into the bargain, but he hadn't the mopuses, so Hardback turned a deaf ear to all either of them could say, and he went to Australia. He's there now, I believe, and it's to be hoped that Bella's forgot him by this time, though she took on terribly at first!"

"Then you can't do nothink for poor Grimsher."

"If he is poor, certain-*ly* not; Hardback wouldn't have it. But I don't mind saying he's a fine, noble feller, or telling any lie of that sort,

if you think it's of any use, either with my brother-in-law or his daughter. By-the-by, how does he stand with her? Has he said anything to you about that?"

"Nothing downright positive; but I fancy he don't expect much opposition in that quarter."

"Ah, gals are always glad to get married. But I can't waste any more time on stuff of that sort. How are Actives this afternoon?"

"Uncommon flat."

The conversation then took a professional turn, and at its close Fogo betook himself to his office, and keeping the promise he had made to Grimshaw, wrote to tell him that Bouncer was not impracticable. He might have said more had he known what was working in Bouncer's brain.

XVI.

WE left Loftus Tippy on his way home under the care of the surgeon casually called in to look at his disabled shoulder. It so happened that the gallant Beefeater's regular attendant had taken a holiday, and the coast was, therefore, clear for the new comer, who did not mind the distance from St. John's Wood to Piccadilly, provided he secured a patient. Mr. Spike, so he was named, was clever enough in his way, but a great experimentalist, and he soon saw that he had a good subject to experiment upon. Persons of nervous temperament, like Loftus Tippy, are easily persuaded to believe in symptoms which have no existence. He had never suffered from any real illness, and though his present ailment was the consequence of a mere accident, he was quite ready to accept the suggestions of Mr. Spike; indeed, he rather sought than repelled them.

Having put his patient to bed, with strict injunctions not to attempt to leave it till he saw him again, Mr. Spike was early in attendance on the following morning.

"Is that you, Doctar?" feebly inquired Loftus Tippy, as the curtain was withdrawn: "how am I to-day?"

"We shall see," replied Mr. Spike, inwardly rejoicing to find the usual relations reversed. "Show me your tongue—ah, as I expected—let me feel your pulse." After the customary pause, with watch in hand, Mr. Spike spoke again: "Faster than I could wish—irregular, too—skin hot and dry—a good deal of fever! Now let me see the shoulder. A good deal of pain, hey? Tumefaction—discoloration—yes; we must apply half a dozen leeches to the part to allay the local inflammation, and throw in a little cooling medicine to keep down the general fever."

"Good Gawd, Doctar—what did you say, leeches! Will they bite?"

"Yes, but you won't feel them; don't be afraid, they won't hurt you."

"I detest leeches, Doctar—and slugs, and snails, and periwinkles, and catapillars, and grasshoppers, and all that sort of thing."

"You've had leeches on before?"

"Never! Nothing has ever been done to me, except, what do you call it—vaccination—but that, of course, I don't remembar. Will they leave any mark?"

"Very slight ones. And not where they can be seen."

"I'm glad of that, because one wouldn't like to be disfigar'd. I've a particular reason just now for wishing to look my best."

"I make no doubt you will quite recover your good looks when you are able to get out again. But you must have patience."

"Gracious, Doctor! I hope you don't think my confinement will be long!"

"It is impossible to say, my dear sir, in this early stage of the case. But that no time may be lost, we had better begin. First of all we must have the leeches. Have you a good chemist's near this? Where are you in the habit of sending?"

"I never send for leeches. The bare idea makes me shudder!"

"I don't mean that. Restoratives, and so forth. You sometimes require them?"

"Oh yes, very often. I get all my eau-de-Cologne in Piccadilly, close by, at Marsh, the perfumers."

"He won't exactly do for us in this instance. To speak plainer, your medicines."

"I must ask my body-servant, Thomas. Would you have the kindness, Doctor, to ring the bell?"

The bell was rung and the man made his appearance. He gave the necessary information, and was despatched to procure the leeches, with the particular injunction to get them fresh and lively, an instruction which caused a manifest change in the countenance of Loftus Tippy.

"And now," said Mr. Spike, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where I can find materials for writing a prescription."

"My desk on one of the tables in the next room is lying open. Everything you may want is there."

Mr. Spike was not quite so successful as he expected, for on turning over what seemed a sheet of blank note-paper, he found it to be a printed form of invitation, running as follows:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Loftus Tippy requests the honour of company to dinner on _____ at _____ o'clock. The favour of an answer will oblige."

Like the visiting cards already spoken of, the form was prepared in anticipation of coming events. Mr. Spike had taken care to inform himself who and what his patient was, and knew that the promised knighthood had not yet been conferred. He smiled as he muttered: "I fancy, my friend, your first dinner won't come off so soon as you imagine. It will be my fault if it does." He cast a glance towards the bedroom.—"Good for six weeks at least, if I know anything of therapeutics—that is to say, of the exigencies of the profession." So saying, he divided the sheet of paper, and having written on the unprinted half, returned with the prescription to Loftus Tippy.

"We will have this made up immediately. You will take a fourth part of the draught at twelve and six o'clock to-day, and the pill at night, at the usual hour of bedtime. But I shall see you again the last thing. Are you familiar with drugs?"

"Not very, Doctor!"

"Ah! It is as well, however, to let you know what you are taking."

I make a practice of telling my patients, that none of them may think I am keeping them in the dark. Your spirits, I see, are rather depressed. Nature is the best supporter, but we must sometimes have recourse to artificial means of assistance. Here is what I have prescribed: Sesquicarbonate of soda, ether, and four drops—mind, four drops only—of hydrocyanic acid, Scheele's preparation, of course. The pill consists of a little calomel and colocynth, nothing more. Ah, here comes your servant, with the persuaders. Very good, Thomas. You had better remain; you may be useful. Have you a steady hand, Thomas?"

"Which I am no ways given to liquor, sir," replied Thomas, "and, having taken the pledge, I hopes, therefore, that I *can* say my hand is steady, sir."

"Very good. Not afraid to handle leeches?"

"Not afeard to handle nothing, sir, as ever crawled. Heels, hadders, slow-worms, hunderdlegs, or wipers—if so be as I was called upon to face 'em."

A shiver ran through Loftus Tippy's frame as he listened to this enumeration.

"For Gawd's sake, Thomas, hold your dredde tongue. The Doctor said nothing about the hawrid things you mentian—did you, Doctor?"

"Certainly not—though eels are cheerful creatures and excellent nutriment every way, fried, stewed, spitchcocked, or baked in a pie. For that matter, as food—mind, food only—vipers in broth are not amiss; they are said, but I only repeat it on hearsay—I have no personal experience of the fact—they are said to impart vigour to a debilitated constitution, and I see no reason why the flesh of serpents should not be wholesome."

"Can there be people, Doctor, beasts enough to eat snakes?"

"Pliny tells us there were such people in Africa—the Ophiophagists, a tribe of Ethiopians, who lived upon them."

"Thomas!" exclaimed Loftus Tippy, with more of energy than he had yet displayed. "If any of those disgusting Ethiopians come to play before my windows, give them directly in charge of the police!"

"The Ethiopians you allude to," said Mr. Spike, "would rather dine on roast or boiled beef, and I think the police, so far as they are concerned, will have a sinecure. In the Sandwich Islands, I believe, the custom still exists. Eaten, I suppose, between two plantain leaves—primitive sandwiches—you take, Colonel Tippy! Ha! ha! ha!"

Having given this lively turn to the conversation to encourage his apprehensive patient, Mr. Spike now proceeded to business.

"Plump little wrigglers!" he exclaimed, admiringly—"hold the basin well under them, Thomas, and push them back if they try to get out. Now to apply them! Upon my word, Colonel Tippy, you have a good pectoral—a very good pectoral, indeed; but we won't put them on there—a little behind the shoulder is the spot. Steady, Thomas—catch hold of that fellow—why, where the deuce has he gone!"

"There's something, Doctor, crawling down my back. I feel it just in the small!"

"So there is, Colonel! Ah, he made his escape; he was too quick for us, but we've caught him again! Do you feel him nip? Yes—he has

taken—it's all right. Four, five, six—now they're all on! We must let them work away till they've had enough. They will drop off of themselves. No pain, you see, Colonel. They will do you a world of good."

"It's not so shocking, Doctar, as I expected. But, for Gawd's sake, take care they don't stay too long."

"You know what Horace says. 'Non missura cutis, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.' They must have a bellyful. Keep a good look-out, Thomas!"

The process of removal, when the time arrived, having been carefully gone through, though not without many anxious questions on the part of Loftus Tippy, Mr. Spike addressed his patient:

"It was a fortunate thing, my dear sir, that I happened to be so near at hand when your accident happened. If the shoulder had got stiff before it was replaced, the effects of the luxation might have been permanent. Luckily, that misfortune was averted. At present all we require is time—time and watching: the last particularly needful—should unpleasant symptoms supervene. We can trust Thomas, I suppose, to give you all you require—or would you like to have a regular nurse? No! Very well, Thomas can act. You will stay in the next room, Thomas, and be sure to come whenever your master calls you. About diet—yes. That question cannot be too closely considered. The mischief people do themselves by eating wrong things at the wrong moment is past belief. You follow me, I hope. I say 'wrong things at the wrong moment,' because there *are* times when wrong things are quite right; but we will talk about that by-and-by, and you shall have a little dietary scale to remind you of what you ought to avoid,—a matter of much more consequence than telling you what to take. Now, then, let us see. You have a housekeeper? Very good. Let her make you some nice beef-tea. I'll speak to her about it myself. Beef-tea—and toast-and-water? You can take toast-and-water. See to that, Thomas. Oh! they have sent the mixture. I'll see you take the first dose. Not unpleasant, is it? Now, I'll leave you for a few hours. You're drowsy, I see. A little sleep will do you good. Draw the curtains, Thomas, and mind you make no noise. Don't answer me, Colonel—good morning."

Moving on tiptoe across the room, Mr. Spike, having gently performed his spiriting, quietly departed.

XVII.

As Loftus Tippy had not broken any bones or seriously damaged his head—for he fell upon it, and its thickness doubtless saved him—it was with no surprise that Mr. Spike found him better in the evening, and better again on the following morning when he repeated his visit; but he was much too politic to loose the captured animal's tether, and, independently of the natural desire to profit by a wealthy patient, the opportunity of making an experiment was too good to be lost. It was his habit to argue with himself in this manner: Health is a relative condition of the body. After five-and-forty, we all have a screw loose somewhere, and our object is to find it out. We know, to a certain extent, the remedies for particular maladies. If the symptoms are latent we must bring them out. This can only be done by trying the effect of the remedies adapted to the

supposed disease. If they don't happen to produce what we expect, they will most likely be the cause of something turning up that we didn't look for;—and if the worst comes to the worst,—if there should previously have been nothing the matter with the patient, why, then, we make him ill and know how to cure him.

Acting on this system, Mr. Spike made no account of Loftus Tippy's recovered appetite, or of any other signs of recovery from an indisposition which was simply caused by the medicine which had been administered. He already saw, besides, that Loftus Tippy would rather be ill a little longer; he evidently took pleasure in the inquiries which were made at his door, when the news of his accident was spread abroad. That it had been somewhat widely bruited he learnt from the *Morning Goose*, the journal of his predilection, in which paper, by some singular chance, which Mr. Spike might possibly have been able to explain, the following circumstantial paragraph made its appearance:

"We deeply regret to state that a serious accident happened on Wednesday afternoon to Lieutenant-Colonel Loftus Tippy, of Her Majesty's Royal Pantry Guards. The gallant Colonel, with his groom, was driving a favourite pair of thorough-bred piebald horses, for which he had given a large sum at Tattersall's only a fortnight before, and when in the vicinity of St. John's Wood Park, the spirited animals were startled by the appearance of an individual mounted on a velocipede, which was coming rapidly round the corner of the Boundary-road, and, taking fright, dashed off at furious speed towards the Regent's Park. The inimitable coachmanship of the gallant Colonel would, without doubt, have been equal to the occasion, but the near wheel of the phaeton, when the horses swerved, came in contact with a heap of stones by the wayside, and this unperceived obstacle imparting a sudden jerk to the vehicle, the gallant Colonel released the firmness of his grasp of the reins, and was precipitated from the driving-seat of his phaeton into the middle of the road, the ungovernable piebalds, no longer restrained by any guiding hand, pursuing their mad career in an onward direction, to the consternation and alarm of all who witnessed the fearful catastrophe. The first person to approach the fallen charioteer was the unhappy cause of the accident, Charles White by name, but better known throughout the district as 'the Royal St. John's Wood Cats'-meat-man,'—an old soldier who, for his services in the Crimea, wears upon his breast the medal and ribbon, with three clasps, bestowed by his country's government on the heroic men who, led by the late Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., defeated the Russians under Prince Gortschakoff, on the heights of the Alma, in the gorges of Inkermann, and during the memorable siege of Sebastopol. To raise the gallant officer from the ground was with the veteran warrior only the work of a moment. Perceiving that he was stunned by the fall, White placed him on his own velocipede, and supporting him from behind, carefully conveyed him in this manner to his (White's) humble dwelling, situate at a distance of something rather less than three hundred and fifty yards, where he (White) resides with his wife and four young children. It is a most providential circumstance—and such it proved on this occasion—that at No. 4, Cataplasm-place, in the immediate vicinity of White's abode, resides one of the most skilful practitioners of St. John's

Wood,—Richard Spike, Esq., M.R.C.S.,—to whose house White at once directed his footsteps, inquiring if the medical gentleman was at home. Fortunately, and it was a rare occurrence, so great is the demand for Mr. Spike's services, the eminent practitioner was then engaged in his laboratory preparing medicines which required his personal superintendence—the case being that of the Dowager Countess of Catspaw, who, we are happy to say, is now progressing favourably after her recent severe indisposition,—and ever ready at the call of distress, whether the applicant be of high or low degree,—Mr. Spike lost no time in taking down and putting on his hat, and providing himself with a case of instruments, bandages, and other necessary appliances, and, guided by White, rushed over to the cats'-meat-man's cottage, where, stretched upon a bed in the inner room behind the front parlour, and directly facing the kitchen, he found the gallant Colonel, who was groaning audibly, having by that time regained his senses after the overwhelming fall. With that promptitude which is one of the leading characteristics of the distinguished surgeon, Mr. Spike discovered that Colonel Loftus Tippy's injury was confined to luxation of the left shoulder, no fracture of the clavicle had occurred, the humerus was not shattered,—as he had at first been led to imagine might have been the case,—the osseous parts were entirely sound, and the muscular integuments free from laceration. In an incredibly short space of time the disabled limb was replaced, and so established as to give rise to sanguine expectations that in the course of a few days it might, under the same skilful care, move once more freely in its socket. The question now was the removal of the gallant Colonel to his own residence in Piccadilly. It was ascertained, on inquiry, that the runaway piebalds had been stopped by Busfield, the keeper on duty at the Macclesfield Gate, Regent's Park,—and neither they nor Colonel Tippy's groom, John Bickers, had received the slightest injury; but as it would have been too hazardous, in the condition in which Colonel Tippy then was, for him to have attempted to re-enter the phaeton, Mr. Spike, sent directions to prepare his own brougham, and attaching himself unreservedly to his unexpected patient, proceeded with him to Piccadilly, and did not quit the sufferer till he fully satisfied himself that it was no longer unsafe to leave him for the night. Colonel Tippy, who handsomely rewarded the old soldier, White, was, we are happy to add, considerably better yesterday, and hopes are entertained that, unless unfavourable symptoms should declare themselves, in the course of the next fortnight or three weeks the gallant officer may be again restored to convalescence, and to that society of which he is so distinguished an ornament."

"How beautiful, Doctor," said Loftus Tippy, wiping his eyes, as he read the paragraph to Mr. Spike—"how beautiful, and how true! What wonderful things the newspapers are. They get hold of everything the moment it occurs."

"They do," replied Mr. Spike, using his own handkerchief freely. "The press is a wonderful institution. It may be called the safety-valve of the nation. If the views of this inestimable journal," he added, as he laid down the paper, "should be a little too rose-coloured, we must not blame it for that. I trust it may have cause, Colonel Tippy, to hail your

reappearance in the *beau monde* as speedily as it supposes, but we must precipitate nothing. *Festina lente*, you know, is a very good rule."

"I forget what that means, Doctar!" said the invalid.

"Hurry no man's cattle, but let them be jogging," returned Mr. Spike.

"You don't think, then, that it will do for me to get up to-day?"

"Certainly not. A most imprudent thing. Not to be thought of. Colonel Tippy," pursued Mr. Spike, gravely; "up to the present moment I have directed my attention chiefly to the damaged shoulder, but I have not, in the mean time, been unmindful of other things. It rarely happens that such a shock as your frame has undergone passes away without awakening some dormant disease. Observe, I do not say that you have any hitherto-concealed malady, but such a state of the case is always possible, and it may be so in the present instance."

"Good Gawd, Doctar!" exclaimed Loftus Tippy, taking fright at Mr. Spike's serious manner, "what is the mattar with me? Have I anything dredfle? You said I had a good pectoral!"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear sir. I said nothing to alarm you. Be so good as to give me your undivided attention. There are no present grounds for apprehension, and I earnestly trust I may discover none, but I should not be performing *my* professional duty, nor acting justly towards *you*, if I did not attempt to ascertain the general state of your health, and clearly satisfy myself that every organ in your body satisfactorily performs its functions. You do not object to this?"

"Oh no, Doctar! I should be very glad. I have long wanted to know all about my interior, for I have very singular sensatians sometimes."

"Allow me, then," said Mr. Spike, "to examine your chest. We need remove nothing. It is better so."

With the extended fingers of the left hand, hammered on by the knuckles of the right, Mr. Spike travelled over the region referred to.

"Do I hurt you anywhere?" he asked.

"No, Doctar! But you put me in mind of a song I often sing—when I am in voice—"The woodpecker tapping."

"Very good! That cheerfulness is an excellent sign! I like to encourage cheerful thoughts. 'Woodpecker tapping!' Very good indeed! We call it percussion! Now, then, for another kind of trial."

He took a stethoscope from his pocket as he spoke, and, having screwed the parts together, went through the process of auscultation.

"Am I sound, Doctar?" inquired Loftus Tippy, when the examination was over.

Mr. Spike was not wholly without a conscience, but he always qualified his opinions with a certain amount of reserve; for, as he used to say to himself, where would our profession be if we always made a clear breast of it? So he answered smilingly: "Nothing organically wrong there—so far as I can discover. But appearances are often deceitful. Notwithstanding the progress of modern science and all its useful inventions, we cannot, in certain cases, arrive at distinctly definite conclusions while the patient is actually living. There are some conditions of the vital organs that can only be ascertained by autopsy."

"Gracious, Doctor! That means dissection!"

"Strictly speaking, the word signifies 'personal observation;' but I am bound to admit that it comes to the same thing."

"You don't intend to dissect me to find out——?"

"Certainly not, my dear sir. In that case we should have to kill you—and our object is to keep you alive. My meaning is this: you must be carefully watched. Though, as I said before, I find no organic disease, there are local indications which require time for studying their absolute tendency. That tendency may be right or it may be wrong. Let us hope the former. For the present, then, we must keep quiet—as quiet as possible, and take what is prescribed. You don't object to bitter infusions?"

"No, Doctor, I rather like bittars. I often take them before dinner."

"We will try chiretta first, and if that does not produce exactly the effect we anticipate, we will take calumba, or salicine, or some of the milder tonics: we are not yet quite fit for steel."

With oracular discourse of the description cited, and with medicines which, for variety's sake, if for no other, were changed every alternate day, and which did Loftus Tippy no more harm than make him imagine he stood in need of them, the gallant Beefeater remained the patient of Mr. Spike. Of course he became somewhat languid under the combined influence of bed and physic, but he did not lose sight of the objects that had interested him before he got into the Doctor's hands.

Foremost amongst these was Miss Arabella Hardback, whom, with the persistence which was a part of his nature—a nature that could not be brought to understand a rebuff—he continued to picture to himself as smitten by his perfections.

"If that wretched boay had not begun screaming at the critical moment, the thing would have been settled long ago. And then that offensively muddy character must needs make his appearance! Quite enough with his horrid odor to stifle any demonstration of the tender passion. If I had not been afraid of dirtying my boots, I would have kicked him back again into the river. Luckily, it is only my left arm that was injured. I am strong enough, I think, to use my right hand. I will write and make a formal renewal of my proposal."

In what manner Loftus Tippy executed his intention, and what resulted from it, in more ways than one, we shall see hereafter.

AUSTERLITZ.

On the evening of September 30, 1805, the château of Monrepos, situated at the foot of the Hobenasperg, in Suabia, was the scene of one of those fêtes champêtres which the Elector Frederick of Würtemberg was wont to hold there. On this day he was keeping up the marriage of his second son, Paul. The lake in the park had reflected the gay colours of the fireworks, and dancing was going on in the central hall of the villa. Prince Eugene of Würtemberg—whom we met last month at the age of thirteen* under very painful circumstances, and whom we may again meet hereafter in a most honourable position—was dancing with his pretty cousin, Catharine, who, in her youthful merriment, did not dream that she would be so unhappy as to become Queen of Westphalia, and wife of a prince of Napoleonic making, who already possessed a wife most legitimately attached to him. While the young people were waltzing, a group of gentlemen was formed at the end of the hall, in the centre of which the tall, enormously stout form of the Elector was prominently displayed. A whisper was going round, though anything but a cheerful one. The brow of the ruler was overcast—very overcast. News had just arrived from the Austrian head-quarters at Ulm—news of a serious nature. For, as the figment of the German Empire still existed, the vicinity of the imperial army might, perhaps, be intended as a hint to his Electoral Highness that he had duties to perform as a Prince of the Empire. No less serious news had also arrived from other quarters. The Emperor Napoleon, immensely delighted that Austria had thrust herself forward as whipping-boy for England, and had thus freed him from his colossal embarrassment called the Camp of Boulogne, had thrown his masses with lightning speed on the Rhine and across the Rhine, in order that the storm collected on the Channel coast might be discharged over Germany, which country would again have the honour of serving as the battle-field for the contending nations of Europe.

For Mr. Pitt, the overseer of the great coalition spinning factory in the Foreign Department, had, in the mean while, completed the warp of the third old monarchical alliance designed against France. He had not found this very difficult; he had only inserted a promise of subsidies in the secret alliance formed between Austria and Russia in 1804. In the summer of 1805, then, the third coalition was ready to put a final stop to the excesses of the "French, or rather Corsican, usurper," and on April 11th England signed a treaty with Russia, which Sweden at once joined—poor Gustavus IV., it will cost you dearly—and Austria on August 9th. In truth, there was no lack of Napoleonic excesses to justify the allies, for the devourer of nations was already proving the truth of the French proverb, "*L'appétit vient en mangeant.*" It is true that the new Emperor had solemnly promised in his speech from the throne on December 27, 1804, that he would not increase the French territory, or incorporate any foreign land with it; but Napoleon had attained that pitch when he did exactly the opposite of what he said. Hence, in March,

* Cfr. *Russian Magna Charta*.

1805, he gave the pseudo-republic of Holland a new constitution, which rendered it as easy to gulp that country as an oyster, and directly after ordered the consulta of the Italian pseudo-republic to perform a consulting farce, the result of which was, that he added the title of King of Italy to his other titles, and on May 26th—amid the shouts of the population, of course—placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his head (*Dio me la diede guai a chi la tocca*). Finally, the incorporation of the left bank of the Rhine and the occupation of Hanover were a sufficient proof of the veracity of his assurance that he did not intend to augment France.

The allies considered it necessary to look out for further help, and Prussia's junction naturally appeared to them most desirable. The hour was at hand, therefore, when Prussia must form a decision; but that was the weakest point in the character of Frederick William III. Shortly before it had cost him no end of trouble to decide on appointing Baron von Stein, his finance minister. Moreover, the foreign policy of Prussia was French—we would say decidedly French, if we might use that word in connexion with Prussia. The first partition of Germany, in 1803, had considerably enlarged that country, and Napoleon had sent Duroc to Berlin to hold out Hanover as a bait. Still, we must allow that the conduct of the allies towards Prussia was not of a nature to render that state desirous of the alliance. Pitt was certainly statesman enough to see that Prussia must be offered real advantages—say, the whole left bank of the Rhine and the Netherlands—as an inducement to give up her neutrality. But neither Austria nor Russia was willing to grant Prussia such aggrandisement, and Czar Alexander was of opinion that his "friend" Frederick William could be rendered supple by a judicious blending of promises and threats. If this did not succeed, Russian pride flattered itself that "Prussia could be subdued *en route*, and compelled to fight against France." In this sense Adam Czartoryski, minister of foreign affairs, wrote to the German envoy at Vienna, when the war was about to break out in Germany: "The Czar does not conceal from himself the disadvantages which a war with Prussia might entail; but Europe must not be allowed to say that the Emperor of Russia sent an army into the field, joined it in person, and ended by yielding to the will of the King of Prussia." While the good people in Berlin were coquetting with neutrality, the Rhenish Confederation was being actively prepared. Ere the Emperor left Paris for the Rhine, he was certain that the potentates of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, would become his vassals. He calculated that all these gentry would jump at dynastic advantages at the expense of their country, and he had it in black and white from Bavaria that his calculation was correct. Emperor Francis, in the mean while, had written to the Elector of Bavaria, and ordered him to send his troops to join the Austro-Russian army. "On my knees I implore your imperial majesty," the Elector wrote back, "to consent to my neutrality, for my son, the crown prince, is now in France, and, consequently, in Napoleon's power, and will be held as hostage should Bavaria not remain neutral." Honest Max Joseph forgot to add, though, that he had sent his son to France for the express purpose. He then fled from the approaching troops of his own emperor to Würzburg, where he had an army of twenty-five thousand men, and led them to join the two hundred thousand French, who had just crossed the Rhine between

Mayence and Strasburg, admirably organised, active, thirsty for glory, and for the first time without queue or powder, which jewels of the art of war the French had thrown off for ever in the camp of Boulogne.

Thus these people were dancing on the above-mentioned September evening at Monrepos, and the curious Princess Catharine drew her cousin Eugene up to the spot where the Elector was discussing earnest news with his confidants. He sent his daughter away with the flea in her ear: "*On est appelé pour la danse et pas à mon conseil;*" but he had hardly said this ere a cavalry officer rushed panting in, and announced to his serenity: "*In Heaven's name, my most gracious master, listen to me! The French are not a mile from this palace.*" Then ensued a tumult and confusion, shouting for equipages, a hasty departure and flight to the neighbouring Residenz of Ludwigsburg. When Prince Eugene looked out of his bedroom-window the next morning, "*the sight was surprising; like ants countless groups of Frenchmen covered the roads and fields far as the eye could see, and all the highways were crowded with waggons and cavalry.*" By the intercession of the French envoy, the Elector succeeded in inducing Marshal Ney, the leader of the vanguard, to respect the neutrality of his Residenz, and march round Ludwigsburg. He had greater difficulty with Lannes, when he appeared at the palace gates in his red Hussar uniform. On October 2nd Napoleon himself arrived, after a valet, sent on before, had so carefully examined the apartments prepared in the palace for his master that "*it was dubious whether he sniffed bugs or murderers.*" Late at night the Emperor entered Ludwigsburg amid the beating of drums and ringing of bells. The Elector received his guest, who was at the same time his master, at the foot of the terrace, and conducted him to the garden-hall, when the Emperor, with a studied purpose, spoke most politely to the Electress—an English princess. It seemed to the observant Prince Eugene that the Emperor, "*though not exactly awkward or embarrassed, did not display the manner of a man of the world.*" His whole appearance—his short stature, "*with the prominent stomach, the face with its southern pallor, rendered youthful by the fulness of the cheeks and his gentle glance*"—did not appear very imposing. He seemed to weigh his words, begged pardon of the Electress "*for being compelled to appear in boots,*" for, as he added, he "*was involuntarily following the road which his destiny pointed out to him, and hence could not always choose his dress properly.*" The Electress and the whole court considered his imperial majesty wonderfully charming. Napoleon knew very well how to treat such people, and proved it the next morning in a lengthened conference with the Elector, in which he said: "*In the great world contest every one must join a side. Whoso is not with me is against me.*" "*But suppose my estates oppose the alliance with your imperial majesty?*" "*Your estates—bah! with my support you will soon dispose of them. You are evidently the cleverest and most powerful prince in Germany, and Würtemberg is too small for your genius. You must have a larger kingdom and a royal crown.*" When dismissed by Napoleon, the Elector remarked: "*Since Frederick the Second no one I have met has possessed such eloquence, and, strangely enough, the Emperor has nearly the same tournure d'esprit as the great Frederick.*" The result of this conference was, that the Elector promised to send ten thousand men into the field against

Austria, and remained to the last a zealous and devoted servant of his lord and master, so that in the campaign of 1814, after the heavy blows Napoleon dealt the allies in February, Winzingerode's Cossacks captured a letter of Frederick of Württemberg, in which he congratulated the Emperor of the French, and "while shedding tears at his compulsory desertion," expressed the joyful hope of a "*prochaine retour sous ses heureux drapeaux.*"

Napoleon was rendered so good tempered by his success at the court of Württemberg that he requested the performance of Don Giovanni, and enjoyed the glorious melodies.* When he sat at table with the electoral family, the young Prince Eugene blushed to see Marshals Berthier and Mortier, "those heroes of the revolution who had grown grey amid dreams of liberty," condemned to stand behind the chairs and "wait upon an old German princely family." The Corsican *ci-devant* lieutenant had tamed the heroes of the revolution—or at least the majority of them—and made them his mamelukes. Still, the Napoleonic marshals at times took satisfaction for the humiliation of standing behind the chairs of German princes. Just a year after Napoleon's first reception at Ludwigsburg, he ordered the king to meet him at Würzburg. Marshal Lannes occupied the apartments selected for his new majesty, and when his adjutant complained of this insult, the Frenchman shouted to him: "Go to the deuce! Your master is only a king, but I am a marshal."

On October 4th, Napoleon left Ludwigsburg to hurry to his army, and complete the first act of the campaign of 1805. On the 20th, Mack surrendered Ulm and the Austrian army to the conqueror—Mack, "whose name in Hebrew signifies defeat." This thoroughly unsuitable man had been selected to fight Napoleon, although he had so amply proved his incompetence in the Netherlands in 1794, and at Naples in 1798. But the Emperor Francis sooner entrusted his army to a parvenu than to one of the great Austrian nobles, and, in his suspicion and jealousy, preferred a defeat through an incompetent Mack to a victory through his competent brother, the Archduke Charles. But the choice of Mack was only one link in the chain of follies which the whole plan of the allies proved to be both in design and execution. Napoleon could not fail to conquer, and the best generals of the Seven Years' War—Daun and Laudohn, Prince Frederick, Winterfeldt, and old Fritz himself—would have been defeated by Napoleon had they trusted to their method against him. Napoleon was obliged first to teach his enemies by long and terrible lessons how they must set to work to defeat him.

The original plan of the allies was so erroneous, that, even supposing they had a general, it must have failed through the want of material means. Because Bonaparte had sought a decision before in Italy, Archduke Charles was sent thither with a large army, and was unable to effect anything beyond gaining the sterile victory of Caldiero over Massena. The only sensible man was the young Archduke Ferdinand of Este, who, at any rate, knew when it was time to run away, and really escaped from Ulm with fifteen hundred horsemen. The same want of leadership was displayed in the Russian army at Austerlitz. Kutusow

* "*L'Opéra allemand de Don Juan m'a paru bien bonne,*" he wrote to his brother Joseph.

was called the commander-in-chief, but was too good a courtier to protest against the interference of Alexander. The Czar behaved in this instance as he did afterwards in 1813. His own vanity and the flattery of his favourites incited him to play the part of commander, while, on the other hand, the fear of compromising himself, which emanated from a secret feeling of his military incompetence, caused him to make half attempts, which were more ruinous than entire ones.

On opening the campaign in Germany, Napoleon was superior to the enemy, not only through his genius, excellent generals, and the better organisation and equipment of his troops, but he had, too, a decided superiority of numbers, for the great master of strategy was not so simple as his flatterers have tried to prove him, by constantly giving their hero a minority and his opponent a majority. Napoleon was perfectly aware that Don Quixotism and the art of war are two very different things, and that it is the Alpha and the Omega of the latter to give the enemy a decided defeat, which, as a rule, can only be effected by superior forces. In the autumn of 1805 he was so certain of his affair that, while entering his carriage at Ludwigsburg, he said to the father of Prince Eugene, "I shall march to Vienna as if going by regular stages." The successes of the first fortnight of the campaign were great and very cheaply bought,* but the bulletin of October 21st showed that the arrogance of the Napoleonic good fortune had begun. Nor did it go quite unpunished, for, on the same October day when Napoleon boasted in his bulletin, "*La France ne songe qu'à la gloire*," Nelson issued his celebrated order at Trafalgar. Henceforth there was no chance of France contending again on the sea with England, or of any Napoleonic attack on the British islands.

On October 27th, the Emperor wrote from Munich to his brother Joseph: "In a few weeks I shall have one hundred thousand Russians and sixty thousand Austrians before me, and shall defeat them." In the same letter he said: "Prussia is behaving in a very equivocal way." And that was sadly too true, for at Berlin and Potsdam the hesitation and equivocation were gradually bringing on ruin. If ever Buridan's donkey between its two bundles of hay represented a state, it was Prussia vacillating between France and the coalition in 1805. They desired the end, namely, aggrandisement through Hanover offered as a bait; but not the means, namely, the alliance with France. Hence the statement to Duroc, that Prussia would take charge of Hanover, and maintain her neutrality; but, before this was definitively settled, a change occurred.

Alexander sent his adjutant, Dolgorukow, to Berlin, to announce that in defiance of Prussian neutrality, the Russian troops would march through that territory to Germany. "They wish then to force me into the arms of France?" Frederick William said angrily, and insisted on no Russians treading Prussian soil. At this moment arrived the news that Napoleon had sent a corps through the Prussian Margraviate of Ansbach without permission, in order to invest Mack completely. "Now my resolution is altered," Frederick William said to Dolgorukow; "from this moment I am the ally of the Emperors of Russia and Austria." The brutal insult appears, in fact, to have given a fresh impulse to the anti-Gallican and warlike party in Berlin. The government mustered up the

* "*Voilà qu'avec nos jambes nous avons gagné la première bataille*," the Emperor said to Mathieu Dumas.

courage to send the French ambassador, on October 14th, a note, declaring rather harshly that, in consequence of this insult, Prussia considered herself freed from all her engagements to France, but at the same time committed the absurdity of accepting the sixty-six thousand dollars which Napoleon sent as compensation for damage done by his troops in marching through Aunsbach. In the midst of the turmoil of mobilisation, Alexander and the Archduke Antony arrived in Berlin, in order personally to exert a decisive pressure on Frederick William. The king was deluded with a grand "plan of pacification," by which Prussia was to act as intermediary between the allies and France, and in the event of her propositions—the independence of the German Empire, Holland, Switzerland, and Naples, compensation for the Sardinian dynasty, and separation of Italy from France—being rejected, she would march against France with one hundred and eighty thousand men. On the 3rd of November this was agreed to at Potsdam, and on the following night the Czar performed at the coffin of Frederick the Great the well-known operatic scene, swearing eternal friendship to his brother of Prussia, which oath the king, in his straightforward way, regarded as gospel. With the conviction that he had now Prussia in his pocket, the Czar returned to his army; but Prussian policy is an incalculable thing. As deliverer of the Prussian ultimatum, Count von Haugwitz was sent to Napoleon, carrying peace or war in the plaits of his pigtail. Of course Prussia did not strike at the right moment: she certainly sent an army, under Prince von Hohenlohe, into Saxony, but it was only pretence. When an adjutant attached to the prince reported himself at head-quarters, the chief of the staff, Colonel Massenbach, of melancholy memory, thus addressed him: "What do you want here? to fight? There will be no war. We must fight against the Russians, but not here. I tell you there will be no war, or else the king must be mad." "If it is madness to have a feeling of honour, I hope that the king is mad, and all his subjects so mad as to help him." "Honour! that is a chimera: you cannot eat it. Our honour would be to have a common cause with Napoleon: but he will manage without us. I tell you there will be no war." In the mean while, the Emperor of the French completed the second act of his campaign by the capture of Vienna on November 13th. The booty in *matériel* was enormous, for the wise gentlemen who misgoverned Austria had made a point that the enemy should find the arsenals full, a piece of administrative genius which the wise gentlemen who misgoverned Prussia faithfully copied in the next year. But the finest piece of folly was that performed by General Prince von Auersperg. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to carry his army across to the other bank of the Danube, in order to catch the Russians and Austrians in Moravia, before they could effect a junction with Archduke Charles, who was hurrying up from Italy. The means to pursue Kutusow were offered by a bridge, which consequently the Austrians must destroy at any price. Every arrangement had been made, and the execution entrusted to Auersperg, who in the most amusing way allowed himself to be swindled out of the bridge by the French. Murat and Lannes, both Gascons, were just the men to do it. On arriving with their column at the bridge, which was covered with combustibles, and guarded by a heavy battery at the other end, the two Frenchmen walked across it alone, to deal with the Austrian general, but left their troops orders to follow them quietly. While Murat and Lannes were deluding

the prince, the French advanced along the bridge, and threw the combustibles into the river. The Austrian soldiers, who, though born to obey, are not absolutely without eyes and good sense, very soon detected the trick, and grew restless. An old artillery sergeant went up to the prince, and said violently, "General, you are being deceived. I will order the fires to be lit." At this critical moment, Lannes the crafty interposed. "What, general, do you allow yourself to be treated in that fashion? What has become of the boasted Austrian subordination?" The foolish prince at once ordered the sergeant who had dared to be cleverer than his general under arrest; and while this was taking place, and the two Gascons were talking about an armistice, the French occupied the bridge, and the farce was played out.

Of course the allies acted exactly as they should not have done; instead of avoiding a battle till they were reinforced by Archduke Charles, the ear-wiggers of the Czar insisted upon fighting. These fops of adjutants and chamberlains looked with the utmost contempt on the Austrians, on account of the foregone events of the campaign, and thought it impossible that Bonaparte and his Frenchmen could withstand the Russians in a regular engagement. Old Kutusow, it is true, had very different ideas, but he observed a courtly silence, lest he should seem to wish to deprive his young master of his laurels. The battle of Austerlitz was managed as stupidly as the affair at Ulm. After giving the foe three days to bring up all his reserves, the Russians resolved to attack at dawn on December 2nd. At the Czar's head-quarters only one thing was feared, that the enemy would employ the night before the battle to escape! One of the emptiest boasters in the Czar's suite, Prince Dolgorukow, consequently rode round the vedettes, and ordered them to watch closely by what route the French retreated. A few hours later the allies were utterly defeated, and the Russians so broken, that they lost their whole artillery; while the Austrians at least saved their guns. The poor young Czar, instead of plucking the laurels of victory on the field of Austerlitz, as his flatterers had predicted, rode away from it across country, and, overpowered by the effect of the day, stopped his horse, threw himself on the damp ground under bushes, covered his face with a handkerchief, and burst into bitter tears, so that Major Toll, when he came up, had a difficulty in inducing him to continue his flight to Hódiegitz. The Russians, however, tried to shake off the humiliation of their defeat, by throwing all the blame on the Austrians, and even talking about treachery. Prince Dolgorukow carried his impudence so far as to write, a few days after the battle, to the Czar, that "the Russian army had been led into the field not to defeat the enemy, but rather to be delivered into his hands."

Napoleon's guns, fired on the evening of the battle of the three emperors, proclaimed the breaking up of the third coalition. On December 4th, the Emperor Francis, after requesting an armistice, had a lengthened conference with Napoleon at the bivouac fire at Nasedlowitz. Here "the descendant of the Cæsars, with his usual pitiable aspect, and only accompanied by the mentally weak adjutant, Lamberti, appeared in the presence of Bonaparte and his suite of rejoicing generals and sycophant chamberlains, like a suppliant, and, after receiving an arrogant lecture from the victor, departed as a pardoned man." He was compelled to accept this terrible humiliation, and be happy that his apprehension lest Napoleon should demand his daughter Maria Louisa for the Viceroy

Eugene was not fulfilled. But the mortal hatred of the "Corsican adventurer," which Francis derived from this interview, was displayed on his return, when, after a long silence with the well-known expression of the highest rage in his eyes and at the corners of the mouth, he said, in his Viennese patois, to Prince John of Lichtenstein, "Now that I have seen him, I can't bear him." The meeting of the two emperors was followed by the assent of the Czar to an armistice, although the continuance of the war was the more possible, because by this time Archduke Charles had arrived near Vienna with his army. But confidence in oneself and in one another had entirely disappeared among both Austrians and Russians. The latter marched home, while the former assented to the Treaty of Pressburg. In addition, Austria was bound to pay forty million francs, still outstanding of the one hundred millions of war contribution imposed on the country by Napoleon. Lastly, the Emperor of Austria could not prevent Napoleon issuing from Schönbrunn a proclamation on December 26th, in which he heaped, certainly not unmerited, abuse on the Queen of Naples, an Austrian archduchess;* and finally declared that the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign. On his return journey, Napoleon wrote from Munich, where he courted the Princess Augusta on behalf of his stepson Eugene, to his brother Joseph: "It is my intention to seize the kingdom of Naples. Marshal Massena and General St. Cyr are marching there. I nominate you chief of this army. Start for Italy at once." Joseph entered Naples on February 15, 1806, and on the 27th the Emperor wrote: "Disarm the city of Naples, and lay a war-tax of ten millions upon it." On March 8th: "Nations are not won by cajolery." On March 12th: "Impose on the kingdom a tax of thirty millions. You are far too mild and indulgent." On March 23rd: "In a conquered country kindness is humanity." On March 30th, Joseph was nominated by an imperial decree King of Naples, and his brother sent him as *ad latus* State-Counsellor Miot, to whom he said, on taking leave, "Je fais une famille de rois, qui se rattacheront à un système fédératif."

In the proclamation by which, on December 27th, the victor of Austerlitz informed his army of the conclusion of peace, he flattered the French national vanity very cleverly by calling himself "le souverain du premier peuple de l'univers." The temper of the French was so thoroughly crushed that such an assertion was greeted with delight, and replied to with the greatest subserviency. Thoroughly French coquetry was displayed on both sides after the Emperor's return from the campaign. On January 1, 1806, the Senate had passed a resolution to erect a monument to Napoleon "the Great." Soon after, the president of the legislative body, surpassing the Byzantines in miserable flattery, called Napoleon "the man before whom the universe is silent, but in whom the universe confides: the man who is at once the terror and confidence of the nations;" and, in return for this, the object of such homage tickled "his people" with the assurance, "You French have become the predominant might, which the new organisation of Europe required. You are the guiders of the world. You lay down the law for all nations. Like the brilliant planets which illumine the world, you have taken the chief place in the centre of political movements, in order to give them a healthy direction."

* Cette femme criminelle qui, avec tant d'impudeur, a violé tout ce qui est sacré parmi les hommes.

The treaty of Pressburg deprived Austria of her influence in Italy, and drove her back on Germany. Still she retained her old obstinacy, and sufficiently recovered the storm of 1805 to be able to withstand the far more furious one of 1809 with some degree of honour. As regards Prussia, a short reprieve was granted her in 1805, which she was obliged to buy with no slight humiliation. Two days before the battle of Austerlitz Count Haugwitz was received by Napoleon at Brinn, but politely sent on to Talleyrand at Vienna. Immediately he heard of the result of the battle, Haugwitz is said to have exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, we are saved!" He at once sent off a courier to Napoleon with a congratulation, which the Emperor received with the bitterly true words, "*Voilà un compliment dont la fortune a changé l'adresse.*" On December 7th, Haugwitz obtained an audience of the victor, and was treated as he deserved. Overwhelmed with abuse, he was compelled to endure the insult of the explosive Corsican hurling his hat in his face, and he afterwards boasted of this disgrace, because "it did not make him lose his calmness." In truth, he signed, on December 15th, the notorious treaty of Schönbrunn, by virtue of which Prussia gave up Neufchâtel, Cleves, and Ansbach, and was, in exchange, promised the equally disgraceful and insecure possession of Hanover. When this treaty—Haugwitz had signed it so entirely on his own responsibility that his representative, Hardenberg, assured the English ambassador at Berlin that Berlin was only negotiating to gain time for arming—arrived at the Prussian court on Christmas-day, the war party were furious, and even the king was momentarily aroused. However, after a few miserable intrigues and vacillation, which fully justified Napoleon in writing to his brother Joseph that "the Prussian court was as false as it was stupid," the alliance between France and Prussia was ratified on March 3, 1806. On the day when Frederick William gave his assent there was a furious hurricane in Berlin, and the head of Bellona fell from the battlements of the arsenal, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement in front of the king's palace. But it required no such signs and marvels to prove that Prussia, by her miserable policy of vacillation, had sacrificed the respect of both friend and foe.

In opposition to the ministry, other classes in Prussia yielded to an almost incredible blindness about the power and value of Prussia. This was most visible among the officers, the great majority of whom displayed an utter ignorance of political ideas. These young sabre-rattlers rejoiced in the Prussian garrison towns, because "the white coats had been so unmercifully dusted" at Ulm and Austerlitz, and boasted that "such a thing would not happen to the blue coats." If Monsieur Bonaparte dared to attack Prussia, he and his Frenchmen would be made to run again in disgrace, as they had done at Rossbach. And it was not merely ensigns, lieutenants, and captains who talked about Rossbach, but men of a very different stamp. Even Blücher wrote: "The French will still find their grave on this side of the Rhine, and those who cross it again will take pleasant news with them, as from Rossbach;" at the very time when the corn was being cut in the fields where the battle of Jena was to be fought.

While the Prussian patriots talked as if these were the days of Frederick the Great, the Berlin Bonapartists declared that Prussia had cause to be satisfied with the results of the complications of 1805. These gentry were specially pleased with the present of Hanover, whose short

occupation, apart from the disgrace, was sorely paid for, because England, at once breaking with Prussia, destroyed her maritime trade by capturing in a few weeks no less than four hundred ships sailing under the black and white flag. The leading English statesmen were far from accepting the destruction of the third coalition so easily as the Prussian did. Pitt died of it: the bitter consciousness of having fought a gigantic struggle for thirteen years unsuccessfully broke his proud heart, after gnawing care had been long destroying his bodily strength. When Lord Malmesbury translated to him the first report of the capitulation of Ulm from a Dutch paper, the effect was a crushing one. But the minister recovered again when, four days after, the news of Trafalgar reached him. At the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall, Pitt's health was drunk for the last time as the "saviour of Europe;" but he declined the compliment with the words: "Europe is not to be saved by any single man." In December, Pitt, who was weak and ill, heard the news of Austerlitz at Bath, and it killed him. There is reason for believing that from this hour the minister's eye had that expression which has been pathetically called the "Austerlitz look." On returning to London, very ill with a fever, he said to his niece Hester, as he pointed to a map of Europe hanging in his bedroom, "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years." He, it is true, no longer required the map, but it was pretty frequently used during the next ten years. He died on January 23, 1806, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the spot where his great father lay, and close to the one where his great opponent, Fox, would soon lie. With Pitt, Pittism seemed to be buried, and public opinion was so strongly expressed for peace, and a Whig ministry as representatives of that policy, that three days after Pitt's death Lord Grenville was appointed, and Fox became foreign secretary. For a few days or weeks the possibility of a peace was believed in on both sides of the Channel,* but it was only for a few days or weeks. On one side of the Channel the omnivorous Napoleonism would come to no agreement, while on the other Charles Fox died in the midst of his preparations for a universal peace. The immediate consequence of the victory of Austerlitz, however, was the final abolition of the Holy Roman Empire and the formation of the Rhenish Confederation, both of which measures, though regarded at the time with horror by patriots, were of material benefit to Germany, by sweeping away those relics of feudalism which oppressed the people of that country more than in any other part of Europe. Not that Napoleon had any such design: on the contrary, he only thought of the excellent food for powder his new satraps would supply him with. On August 1, 1806, the Rhenish confederates made a declaration at Ratisbon that they left the German Empire "for ever." That they had the audacity in this document to speak about "their dignity" and the "purity of their motives" is perfectly natural, for fine words are given to mortals to decorate the lowness of their actions. Ten days later, the Emperor Francis of Austria laid down the crown of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation: he had worn it with dishonour, and lost it with dishonour. We grant, though, that in such times it would have required a giant to wear it with honour. At last the poor old imperial spectre was released: the great exorciser in the Tuileries had uttered the formula which gave it rest.

* "Le nouveau cabinet Anglais paraît avoir des principes plus raisonnables que l'ancien," Napoleon wrote, on March 8, 1806, to his brother Joseph.

CHRONICLES OF PARIS.

"It is quite certain that an exploratory tour wisely directed and conscientiously carried out in Parisian manners will always surpass in interest and in surprises expeditions to Timbaktu, in China, Peru, or Egypt, in Polynesia, among the Tartars, to the kingdom of Siam in Mongolia, or even in the moon, when the means shall have been found out how to get there. Go there! publish your impressions at your return, and I engage that they shall be less curious in the eyes of the true observer than the incidents picked up idling along, cigar between the lips, on the soil of Paris, inexhaustible in adventures, strange things, and mysteries.

"If people only knew how to see everything, and when they had seen, if they dared to speak out, voyages all round the world would be nothing to it. Long live this exploratory tour, made already ten thousand times, and always ready to be entered upon again amid Parisian manners! Paris, city of the picturesque, of gaiety, of amusement! The only city in the world where, going out in the condition of an ignoramus, one can come back a consummate philosopher after an hour's walk on the boulevard! Paris, a spectacle beloved by the most distant stranger as much as by the Parisian himself, never did portrait-painter fall more deeply in love with his model than we are with thee!"

So says the incomparable chronicler of the *Indépendance Belge*, who delights in the pseudonym of Mané. And wherefore should we say nay? The idea of a "voyage"—such is the word which we have rendered "an exploratory tour"—"à travers certaines mœurs Parisiennes"—certainly puzzles our notions of geography; but what licences of language and expressions do not modern chroniclers permit themselves! They have necessitated the publication of a special dictionary, "*Les Excentricités du Langage Français*," par M. Lorédan Larchey.

We will give an example. Marguerite Brindamour is heard saying to Hermance la Superbe, who wears with dignity her dress à la Begum, in Cashmere and Chantilly lace (it cost eight thousand francs),

"There is a gentleman who will be the death of me if he persists in Tannhausing me as he has done ever since yesterday."

The verb will not be found in any dictionary. It has been generally current, however, ever since M. Wagner persisted in having his play of "Tannhauser" enacted before a wearied audience.

In the time of M. Paul de Kock the public read his books, and yet were ashamed to speak of them under their proper names. So the phrase became current of "le dernier de M. de Kock"—a phrase which is now used in a very different sense. "In that case I shall be this dernier de M. de Kock," says the husband, who is ignored by his better half.

"La troupe de carton," the pasteboard troupe, is a phrase well known in the theatrical world. It is emblematic of mediocrity in the histrionic art, and is borrowed from the pasteboard chicken, which is made to represent the reality at suppers on the stage. "Être casquette," according to the before-quoted Dictionary of Eccentricities, means to be inebriated, but it has also another meaning, which is to be rough, uncouth, or rude—to "manquer de distinction," as the Parisians have it. The first sense is

argot, "slang," and slang must not be confounded with fashionable eccentricities. It is said of Mademoiselle Agar that she is "casquette." Messrs. Louis Veuillot, Granier de Cassagnac, and P. J. Proudhon, three celebrated writers, but of very different character and merits, are all "casquette"—the first always, the second often, the third sometimes.

How delightful it would be if one of the London dailies should subsidise a French chronicler as a correspondent! That we should have our Mané as well as the "Braves Belges." What a relief would all those little "mots" to which such publicity obtains in Paris, those trifles which show how the wind blows, and those exquisite little bits of scandal without which the Parisian cannot digest, be to the monotonous reiterations we are feasted with by the existing class of correspondents upon the Four per Cents. and the *status quo* at Rome, which has become the bugbear of Europe!

M. Mané's chronicles have been already collected in three different forms, as "Paris Aventureux," "Paris Mystérieux," and "Paris Viseur." The first edition of the former is exhausted, it is difficult to obtain a copy of the second, the third has only just seen the day. In giving an example of the sources whence such popularity is derived, we should leave the responsibility for veracity with M. Mané, if such a virtue was expected of a Parisian chronicler. What is sought for is grace, wit, and point—the last especially.

Every one knows that the real name of the heroine of Alexandre Dumas fils, she who afterwards became the Traviata of Verdi, was Marie Duplessy, and that she was one of the stars of the Parisian demi-monde. But every one does not know what M. Mané will tell us "*la vérité exacte*" upon the amours of that Marie Duplessy, which afterwards gave origin to five acts, and to so many kerchiefs bathed in tears!

I was present—"J'assistais" is the word—at the supper (the modern Parisian never dines, he only breakfasts or sups), in which M. Edouard P.—that is the real name of Armand Duval (not being initiated, we are as much in the dark as ever)—found himself for the first time in presence of Marie Duplessy. It was after an opera ball. She had intrigued us a good portion of the night without letting out her individuality. We asked her to supper, still in ignorance as to whom we had to do with. She hesitated at first, but having seen the list of guests, and remarked among them the name of Edouard, with whom she was desirous of making acquaintance, she muttered her acquiescence.

When we were installed in one of those little salons of restaurateurs, in which so many intrigues have been spun and unthreaded, she took off her mask, and we found that we were in luck. I still hear her breaking the ice with Edouard with the following phrase, which has remained engraven in my memory:

"Monsieur, I often meet you on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne, and your steed seems as if it was happy in carrying such a rider as you."

Such were the auspices under which conversation was inaugurated. Marie had declared that she would sup upon crab, lobster, and prawns (the "*souper obligée*" of the demi-monde), and drink nothing but champagne: Edouard would not allow any one but himself to set the captive sparkle of the provincial flasks at liberty. Without metaphor, he in-

sisted upon uncorking the bottles of roseate champagne himself, and the grace with which he accomplished so simple an action completed the conquest of that heart which was already so favourably disposed towards him. When the Dame aux Camellias was at the height of success, hundreds of pilgrims made offerings of flowers at the tomb of Marguerite Gautier at Montmartre. As to Edouard, he said he would never see the play, and he kept his word.

One Albert Glatigny, who has come out as the poetic author of the "Vignes Folles," is said to have trod the stage in early life, and that not with impunity, for he fell in love with one of the troupe. Being at a little seaport town, he met his flame walking on the wet sands, and in his innocence presented his only pair of shoes to protect her dear little feet. Unfortunately, when he applied for them next day, another amateur of young and pretty actresses bade him go to an unmentionable place, and not to compromise a young lady's reputation by supposing that she would wear his shoes. Glatigny consoled himself over his misfortunes by contemplating the immense poetry of the ocean!

One really does not know whether to give credence or not to the following :

"But of jokes as well as of pleasures, of joys as well as of mournings, of dramas as well as of comedies, all fade into insignificance in the presence of a rendezvous given at four o'clock in the morning, Place de la Roquette, between a man condemned to death and a celebrity edified by our vices and her own.

"The miserable being who was going to expiate on the scaffold a series of crimes of which he was the terrible hero, asked as a last favour for pen, ink, and paper. He then wrote to the most popular of all the ladies, whose photographs, biographies, and memoirs have constituted the scandal of the year just elapsed. He told her that he was young, that he loved her, and that he was going to die. He had seen her at a distance, at the theatre, at balls, in the Bois de Boulogne. He had never spoken to her. He asked her to favour his last moments with her presence.

"At four o'clock in the morning the lady was there, at the foot of the scaffold, in a white mantle, blue silk dress, and white satin boots. Two little actresses, her friends, and a medical man were in attendance upon her. The mob, who had recognised the popular deity of miry and muddy pleasures, gave way to her, partly in admiration, partly in irony. She took up her place, with the lugubrious indifference of her profession, in the front row. No one disputed the place with her.

"A look of sympathy was exchanged between these two crimes—prostitution and the guillotine—of which the guillotine would be the lesser one for a proud nature. Together they also looked up at the fatal knife, he and her, and neither flinched. Then the man's head rolled off, while she jumped into her carriage, to be borne away amid new whirlpools.

"The living fled to her visible hell, whilst the soul of the guillotined passed away to I know not what mansions assigned to it by Divine justice."

Paris has been victimised by its spirit-rappers as well as London. The "spiritists," as they call them, or sometimes necromans, thrive indeed across the Channel. Mr. Home, or Hume—for we suppose he is just as

much a "chevalier du pseudonyme" as any chronicler—is said to have wedded the sister-in-law of Count Kacheleff, so wealthy that it was said of him, and of the valuable acquisition made to the family, "They are not two men, but two romances in the same family: Monte-Cristo and Balsamo." Romances with a vengeance! Mr. Home, or Hume, having retired to a platinum mine, he was succeeded by a Mr. Squire, or Squier, who had the disadvantage of only enacting his mysteries in the dark. These, as usual, consisted in the highly intellectual performances of a moving table, said in this instance to weigh some eighty pounds, and yet to be lifted by the magnetic energy of the spiritist over the heads of the "assistants." One of these was foolish enough to run for lights, to see the phenomenon more distinctly, and the consequence was that the said table fell upon the heads of the said "assistants," and—served them quite right. No chronicler can get out of that groove which is half a Parisian's life—the theatre. Mané could never, he says, make out why the word spiritist superseded that of spiritualist, till it was explained to him by Madlle. Alphonine, of the Théâtre des Variétés, and lately a star at the Délassements-Comiques.

"It is quite simple," observed the nymph. "M. Allan Kardec said spiritism for spiritualism, just as we say Délas.-Com., for Délassements-Comiques. It is only an abbreviation."

The human mind is like a see-saw. It is perpetually oscillating between the real and the ideal, or else it rusts and is lost; sometimes in the rude reality that blunts the finest moulded intellects, at others in the turgid fancies in which they drown themselves. A propos of the contrasts presented between reality and imagination, we are not a little surprised to see so delicate a topic discussed as how favourable ignorance is to the play of the imagination, and, what is more cruel is, that Henri Marger and Alexandre Dumas jun., are quoted as examples of the fact! Poor Henry Murger, it is said, could never have penned the clever things he has done concerning Bohemian life if he had been disillusionised by admission into civilised society. Of Alexandre Dumas jun., we are told still more distinctly that he takes every precaution not to extend the circle of knowledge which may be useful, but is, at the same time, too often an encumbrance, and in the way of the play of imagination! There is a great deal of truth in this. Knowledge is in the way of a false imagination, but not in that of a cultivated fancy. There are few poets who are, at the same time, learned or scientific men, but there are many learned and scientific men who have all the finest elements of poetry in their composition, only they do not employ these in measuring language by the number of feet, or cramping their fancies by tingling rhymes; they find scope enough for the most daring flights of imagination in unravelling the great and mysterious secrets of nature.

Alexandre Dumas jun., however, broke down for a time in the difficult border country that lies between the realms of a tutored intellect and those in which an ill-conditioned fancy delights to take its flights. His very success appears to have disgusted him with life "and with the theatre." The illustrious Dumas wrote from Naples, after leaving his son at Nice, and described his illness as "*La haine des ses contemporains et le mépris de ses contemporaines.*" We have no distinction between a masculine and a feminine contemporary. Then a name was invented for the sick-

ness of the author of the "Demi-Monde." It was defined to be "a nervous susceptibility carried to despair." It was also called "nevropathie," and young Dumas was said to be a nevropathe. Some said that the failure of "Le Fils Naturel et le Père Prodigue" had something to do with this remarkable fit of despondency, or melancholy, or hypochondriasm, or whatever it was. It is possible. Certain it is that the Père Prodigue declared, in his usual modest style, that having saved Italy he would now save his son, and he got him as far as Nice, whence he went on a visit to the châtelaine of Nohant (Madame G. D. Sand), and where, when last heard of, he was getting robust again, both in body and mind.

The success of M. Emile Augier's "Les Effrontés" has caused the word to become as current as the name of Offenbach, which a fastidious lady complained she found even in her prayer-book, mistaking the abbreviation off., "offertoire," for "Offenbach." Everything now-a-days is "effrontery, assurance, or impudence." Speculation is impudence in business matters; diplomacy is impudence in courtesy; journalism is impudence in literature; war is impudence in the face of the blood of one's children and the tears of mothers. How daily more and more is the old world getting to feel this latter fact.

Even Verdi and Offenbach are, like Costa, impudence in music. A popular ballet-dancer is impudence in roseate calves and short petticoats. Without impudence Siraudin would not have turned confectioner. There is a tale told of Alexandre Dumas père, that he came over to Paris to engage a number of ballet-girls and "pasteboard" actresses, as attendants in a confectionary and refreshment-rooms he was going to set up on a large scale at Naples. The dear creatures are, however, said to have declined the tempting offer of one of not the least "effrontés" in the world. What would a chronicle be without impudence?—something as tasteless as jujube or marsh-mallow, an effusion at once pectoral and laxative.

The nil-admirari of the fop, phlegm with a Dutchman, unimpressionability with the blazé, impossibility with emperors, and the pride of ignorance with an Eastern, was displayed during the past season, to the amusement of the Parisians, in the person of a Prince of Gurial—a trans-Caucasian province—and who dragged his Circassian costume and a bad leg through the salons. When taken to the Chambers, instead of being excited by the fiery vehemence of Parisian oratory, he simply asked where the pontiff sat. He could not understand a political meeting that was not controlled by a spiritual head. In this respect the Prince of Gurial was not a bad representative of a son of Prometheus among the well-castigated and recreant children of the Pope. A propos of St. Peter, a humble but worthy minister of the Church is said to have observed: "What is it that they are incessantly asking for in the name of St. Peter, he who never possessed aught but a stick?"

The violence of M. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, is accounted for by constitutional peculiarities. It is said to be fire, not blood, that flows through his veins. He is, indeed, described as being so excitable that his physicians recommended him to walk so many hours a day over ploughed fields. As to Monseigneur de Poitiers, his want of politeness and manners is accounted for in another way. He is said to be the son of a cobbler. We wonder from what source the robed lord of Arras derives his bigoted inspirations? The Church has drawn the sword, and

we are told that a schism will be soon accomplished, if it is resolved to devote its power to the support of those material things which all good Christians should hold in disgust and abhorrence. "A nation of sceptics who pretend to resuscitate religious passions," says our chronicler, "is an antithesis that shakes our nerves grievously."

Every one is sermonising now-a-days against the abuses and scandals of the epoch. One, with his mouthful of nocturnal truffles, declaims against an epoch of decline; another, admiring himself on the satiny shoulders of a waltzing partner, sighs over the abominable progress of the age. It is worse when ladies of doubtful reputation join in chorus against "fever of riches," "literature and its excesses," "politics and scepticism," "courtesans and their seductions." Even "la Bourse," once so extolled, is now gone by. M. Ponsard's dramatic poem has become the prose of the day. Nothing is now to be heard but curses, deep and loud, against the insatiable cavern that swallowed up so many small and large fortunes.

A distinguished guitarist made his appearance during the past season in Paris. The history of his success is curious. M. Huerta, for that is his name, was travelling in the United States with a brother troubadour, for he was at that time merely a vocalist, when one fine morning his associate disappeared, carrying with him "la caisse." Imagine two itinerant troubadours having a safe like a banker of the Rue Lafitte! Huerta, left by himself, robbed, ruined, and desolate, felt his voice stick in his throat, but he not the less determined to combat misfortune by his energy. He began by shaving off one side of his head and half his beard. He then resolved not to go out of doors till he could play upon the guitar, so that, like Orpheus of old, he could move stones and make trees group around him. He kept his word.

A little comedy was enacted in connexion with another comedy. The written comedy was by Léon Gozlan, and was entitled "La Pluie et le Beau Temps." A lady of the court—Madame de Sauley is named—saw the trifle performed at Monsieur and Madame Jules Sandeau's, and made so favourable a report that M. Gozlan was sent for at once. He was out. Perhaps the manuscript could be found among his papers? A domiciliary visit was instituted, to the terror of the concierge, and not without some slight demonstrations of opposition. "Service de l'Empereur!" soon put the latter to flight; but it was not till an explanation took place that the alarm of a whole quarter was allayed.

There was among a lot of autographs sold at the Maison Sylvestre, Rue des Bons Enfants 28, one from the unfortunate Jullien, who wrote from this country to a friend in Paris as follows:

"1st. If you can speak of Alboni in *enormous exaggerated* language, it will facilitate the thing! Take a model, that is to say, a copy. An article of Théophile Gautier's, or of Jules Janin's, or of Berlioz's, or even of all three, which would be less easily detected, can be imitated, or arranged, or disarranged. 2ndly. Be sober in adjectives and rich in facts; that is the English style. 3rdly. Do not seek to be funny, but do not fear to be so; write just as it comes, and especially give it full length; that is the English style; the horse that runs longest is the best, they say."

A young gentleman having received an order of higher degree than

that worn by his father, who had spent a long life in active service, the latter remarked to his son, "I have shed my blood for my country, and the most that you have done has been to pour out sauce for your prince." Grandmamma interfered, and forbade the son wearing his hard-won distinction in the presence of his indignant parent.

At the opening of the Exposition, Stendhal pretended to write for only a small number of the initiated. This is the best possible plan for obtaining a large concourse of readers. In a country of equality like France every one wishes to belong to the privileged class.

How difficult it is to be courageous under certain circumstances? Of ten men who are ready to confront the pistol or the sword, not nine would hold head against a man in power, escort a broken fortune, recognise in the presence of those who are in a chariot the unfortunates whom they crush beneath their wheels, oppose the blind current of opinion, acknowledge that they live in the Quartier Latin or the Faubourg St. Marceau, refuse a cigar at a club, sign an article with the paternal name of Perroquet, wear last year's coat, or not hide their prayer-book if they happen to be believers and they meet a sceptic. Eugène Sue was not one of the nine. Contemplating one day an engraving which represented a dandy with a chiffonnier's basket on his back and a hook in his hand, while beneath was inscribed "Eugène Sue in Search of Materials for his *Mysteries of Paris*," he exclaimed: "Yes, we are all more or less chiffonniers. Out of what is in itself miry and muddy it is the province of creative genius to eliminate works of art!"

A chronicler requires as much courage as a fire-eater. If he praises, he is not zealous enough with the party praised, while he excites envy with another. If he criticises, "gare l'eau!" He is not even safe at his own fireside. "How agreeable!" says his wife, reading an article in which justice is done to the voice of one and the legs of another, "to have a husband who is exposed to the gratitude and thanks of such creatures! I wish to Heaven I had married a solicitor like my sister."

A dancing-master—the celebrated Markowski, carried away by the spirit of the age, which is to reform manners and abuses—undertook to purge the ballet of all hazardous positions and equivocal steps. As a reward, he was pelted with heavy pence. There is an excess even in virtue. A worthy priest was once heard to complain that certain old women, whose honorarium was only thirty-six sous, kept him whole hours confessing sins of the imagination. Mademoiselle Juliette Beau was not permitted to appear on the boards of the Opéra on grounds of antecedents when volunteering for a charitable purpose. There are people who, like the renowned Caussidière, think that they can create order by disorder.

The late Count de la Bédoyère, who left behind him the most complete collection of memoirs and documents connected with the French Revolution extant, was, without knowing it, one of the chief advisers of Rachel. She had made out his finely marked face and intelligent eye beaming beneath a head of white hair, and she judged better of her success or failure by the expression of that old man's face than by the verdict of the whole audience. M. de la Bédoyère did not belong to that painted, made-up race of old men, of whom one gamin observed to another:

"Come along, don't you see it is an actress!"

M. de la Bédoyère was neither an actor nor an actress: still less an old coquette travestied. He was simply an enthusiast in favour of Rachel, just as Mané is, or was, in favour of Armande Morel. When M. Mané chronicles that the banns were twice published anticipatory of Armande Morel's marriage with a contemporary, and then repudiated, the sly satisfaction that pervades the recital is manifest—not so the precise bearing of what was said when Madame Lionel was about to reappear on the boards of the Palais Royal:

"He or she is twenty years of age; this hermaphrodite, this being as ambiguous as the Chevalier d'Eon—whose history M. Louis Jourdan has related with no end of details—this Admiral Emilio, who once exchanged a girl's dress for that of a chorister; the garb of a chorister for that of a midshipman, who passed captain and then admiral, and who finally returned from many cruises and reassumed a woman's dress to play 'les amoureuses' at the theatre of the Palais Royal." Now we have no clue to all this, save that an Admiral Emilio has been often chronicled as the companion of Alexandre Dumas in his cruises by land and sea, when deposing monarchs from their Italian kingdoms. Can there be any connexion between the two?*

Another little actress was introduced the other day by a journalist to the director of one of the largest theatres in Paris.

"Where does she come from?"

"From the Variétés."

"But why does she leave it?"

"Because, when she plays, the house is not large enough to contain her friends!"

When M. Merante, of the Opéra, wedded Mademoiselle Lina Richard, also of the Opéra, the latter, who is a boon companion, resolved that her "demoiselle d'honneur" should be one of the nymphs of the ballet: Upon inquiry, only Mademoiselle Emma Livry, the pupil of Mademoiselle Tagliioni, was found to present all the requisites for such a duty. The dinner, we are told, was given at Ravel's, whose furnaces blaze at the entrance of the Avenue de l'Impératrice.

M. Arnault, director of the Hippodrome, announced in his bills that the Siamese ambassadors had adopted the Hippodrome as their favourite

* Madame Lionel's (Lien, lionne, lionel, is, we suppose, an eccentric mode of declination) antecedents are given elsewhere without any reference to her Mediterranean campaigns. According to this last version, she began as an assistant in Nadaud's public balls, under the name of Mogader; she was then a kind of page at the Hippodrome, and afterwards, under the name of Celeste, an actress at the Folies Dramatiques. Here she was magnetised by the famous somnambulist Alexis. Rid of that disastrous influence, she got on better at the Variétés, and was taken from thence by the Count de Chabrilan, who made a good wife of her, and she even earned distinction in the literary world. A widow now, she seeks to return to the stage under the pseudonym of Madame Lionel. Chroniclers are called, to distinguish them from journalists, "Knights of the Pseudonym"—actresses are "Ladies of the Pseudonym." It is a curious sign of the marked progress of reformation of manners that we have before alluded to as going on in Imperial France, that actresses are excluded from the Casino at Dieppe. How do they find them out? Do little Alphonsine, or haughty Mademoiselle Follie, put down in their passports from Bobino (Luxembourg Theatre) or the Fumambales?

place of resort. Why not have announced at the same time that the horses had been elected ordinary comedians to the Siamese embassy?

A weakness for absinthe is not peculiar to France; it is much in vogue in Algeria. Chroniclers are, curiously enough, often appealed to by ladies to cure their husbands with a good telling article upon the evils and misery entailed by such an indulgence. A well-known actress (we cannot get out of the groove) used to cut all the extracts from newspapers and other publications that had reference to the bad practice and paste them up in her husband's study. It is said that M. Villemain called one day on Alfred de Musset when struck down by his fatal illness, but who on that occasion had gone out for a little air.

"Monsieur is gone out," said the servant, bowing.

"Tell him from me," retorted the secretary of the Academy, "qu'il s'absinthe trop."

So that even M. Villemain is not above coining a verb when it suits his purpose.

A verse in the "Traviata" was suspended by the censorship at Rome :

Merce di queste lagrime
Dal Cielo un giorno avrete,
Premiato il sacrificio
Sara del vostro cor.

"One day Heaven will reward you for those tears, and the sacrifice of your heart shall be duly reckoned." It did not suit the *status quo* at Rome that Heaven should be represented as so merciful, and the verse was condemned accordingly. M. Giacomo Arnaud was, however, so accustomed to it as part of the performance that he forgot the notification, and was in consequence, when the performance was over, presented with hospitality in a government establishment infinitely better kept than his own. Next evening he was conducted to the theatre by a guard of honour, and as he sang the same couplet, he was reconducted by the same guard to the same durance vile. This lasted three nights, when M. Arnaud, weary of the monotony of the thing, got away during the performance to Civita Vecchia, and from thence evaded the hospitalities of the Pope.

To conclude, every place has its speciality; Rouen its *gelées de femme*, Verdun its "aniseed," Niort its "angelica," Marseilles its *bouillabaisse*, Strasbourg its *pâtés*, Périgueux its *truffles*, Bordeaux its *cepes à l'huile* and *lampreys à la Bordelaise*; Paris has now its chroniclers. We only wish that they would make their chronicles three-fourths less theatrical, and they would be syrens without the fishes' tails. But in Paris there are only three things—politics, stockjobbing, and drama-mania. The first is tabooed, and the second is unsuitable, so there only remains the third to chronicle! In all "Paris Viseur" we do not find half a dozen references to actual life; and what there are that were worth repeating we picked out as specimens of what is accepted as literary spirituality on the other side of the Channel.

CARDINAL POLE :

OR, THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Eighth.

CONSTANCE TYRRELL.

I.

OF THE IMPORTANT DESPATCH RECEIVED FROM THE EMPEROR BY PHILIP.

ABOUT a month must now be allowed to elapse. During this time, the whole of the conspirators, with the exception of Osbert Clinton, had suffered death on Tower Hill. But though Osbert's execution was thus delayed, no hope of pardon was held out to him. On the contrary, he was told by Sir Henry Bedingfeld, who visited him almost daily, that his sentence would infallibly be carried out, and that he ought to be prepared for a sudden summons to the scaffold. "I will give you notice when I am sent for by his Majesty," he said. "That will be an intimation to you that the hour is at hand."

The Queen's accouchement being now daily expected, great preparations were made for the important event; religious processions thronged the streets, prayers were offered for her Majesty's safe deliverance, and couriers kept in constant readiness to bear the glad tidings to foreign courts. While all were on the tenter-hooks of expectation, the Romanists were gratified, and the Protestants deeply chagrined, by the sudden and, as it turned out, unfounded intelligence that her Majesty had given birth to a son. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity, not only in London, but throughout the whole kingdom. Public rejoicings were made. Bonfires were lighted in the streets. *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and one preacher—the priest of St. Anne's in Aldersgate—went so far as to describe the personal appearance of the new-born Prince, depicting him as a miracle of beauty and proportion. But next day all was changed. The Romanists were mortified by the authoritative contradiction of the report, whilst the Protestants exulted. Other rumours were then widely circulated, and it was said that the Queen had died in child-bed. But this statement was soon discovered to be false, and it eventually became known that

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the disease under which her Majesty was labouring, and which had deceived her physicians, was dropsy.

For some days Mary continued in a very precarious state, and serious apprehensions of a fatal result were entertained; but these dangerous symptoms abated, and in less than a week she was pronounced out of danger. During her illness she had been sedulously attended by Constance Tyrrell, for whom she had sent when she supposed herself sinking, and it was to Constance's unwearied attentions that she mainly attributed her recovery.

Naturally, the Queen's state of health had been a source of the deepest anxiety to Cardinal Pole, and the news of her amendment was a proportionate relief to him. Having received permission to wait upon her, he immediately repaired to Whitehall, and on arriving at the palace he was met by Doctor Ford, the Queen's physician, who conducted him to her Majesty's presence.

Mary was in her cabinet, reclining in a large easy-chair, propped up by cushions, wrapped in a loose gown of purple velvet, lined with miniver, and with her feet supported by a tabouret. Her features were swollen, and her complexion turbid, and she had an air of extreme lassitude and debility. The only person by whom she was attended was Constance Tyrrell, who likewise looked extremely pale and ill.

Having accompanied the Cardinal to the door of the cabinet, Doctor Ford retired.

"I am glad to see your Eminence," said Mary, as the Cardinal approached her. "Sit down beside me, I pray you. At one time I feared I should never behold you again; but I am better, and I owe my preservation, under Heaven, to the ministry of this damsel. Without her I believe I should have died, and I never can forget the services she has rendered me—never sufficiently requite them."

"Your Majesty overrates my poor services," said Constance.

"She has poured balm into my wounded heart, as well as helped me to sustain my bodily sufferings," pursued Mary. "Oh, my good Lord Cardinal, how can I have so deeply offended Heaven that I should be thus severely afflicted!—that the boon I have so earnestly prayed for should be denied me. What have I done to merit this chastisement?—how have I sinned? I have searched my breast, but can discover no wickedness therein. I have swerved from no duty. It cannot be a crime to love the King my husband—though, perchance, I have made him an idol. But enjoin me any penance you please. I will perform it."

"I enjoin you only resignation to the decrees of Heaven, gracious madam," returned Pole. "Your afflictions have been given you for some wise but inscrutable purpose, and must be patiently borne."

"I have borne them with patience," rejoined Mary; "yet it is hard to be deprived of blessings which are vouchsafed to the meanest of my subjects. How many a poor cottager's wife can clasp her offspring to her breast!—while I, alas! am childless."

"Your grief is shared by all your subjects, madam," observed the Cardinal.

"Not by all," rejoined Mary, with asperity. "There are many who exult in my distress, who have prayed that I might have no issue, but that the sceptre might pass from my hands to those of my sister Elizabeth. And their prayers would seem to be heard, while mine are rejected. Oh, what happiness would have been mine had a son been granted me, for I feel all a mother's tenderness in my breast. A son would have compensated me for all my troubles—for the neglect I have experienced, and for the desertion which will ensue—but now I shall go to my grave broken-hearted."

"Be comforted, madam, be comforted," said Pole. "All will yet be well. The King will *not* leave you."

"He *will* leave me, that is certain," rejoined Mary. "And then will come the severest part of my trial. When he is gone, all will be a blank to me. I would fain bury my woes in a cloister."

"No, madam, you must rouse yourself," said Pole. "You must not give way to this excess of grief. It has pleased the Supreme Disposer of events to deprive you, and the country placed under your governance, of a great blessing; but do not repine on that account. Rather rejoice that you have been afflicted. Devote all your energies to the welfare of your kingdom, and to the maintenance of religion. Peace will then be restored to your breast—peace, which nothing can disturb."

"I do not expect to find peace on this side the grave," sighed Mary; "but I will try to follow your Eminence's counsel."

"In time your wounds will be healed," rejoined Pole; "and you will then understand why they have been inflicted."

"I humbly resign myself to Heaven's decrees," said Mary. "*Fiat voluntas tua.*"

At this juncture, without being announced, the King entered the cabinet, followed by Count D'Egmont. His Majesty's features did not wear their customary sombre expression, but were radiant with joy, and his deportment evinced considerable excitement.

Advancing quickly towards the Queen, and bowing reverently to the Cardinal, he said, "Count D'Egmont has just brought me a most important letter from the Emperor, and I lose not a moment in laying its contents before your Majesty."

Then, turning to Pole, who was about to withdraw, he added, "I pray your Eminence not to retire. The matter is one that will interest you. Not to keep you in suspense, I will state at once,

and in a word, the purport of the despatch. The Emperor is about to abdicate, and resign his hereditary dominions to me."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Mary, in extremity of surprise. "The Emperor about to abdicate!"

"Tis exactly as I have stated, madam," cried Philip. "I have it here under his own hand."

"His imperial Majesty has for some months meditated this step, gracious madam," interposed D'Egmont, bowing to the Queen, "but it is only recently that his final resolution has been taken. Of late a profound melancholy has seized upon him, which he finds it impossible to shake off. Tired of pomp and state, sated with glory and conquest, wearied with the cares of government, racked by a cruel disease, which allows him little respite from suffering, his august Majesty is about to put off the purple robe and crown, and, clothing himself in the lowly garb of a monk, to pass the remainder of his days in seclusion. I have been sent by the Emperor to announce his determination to his royal son, into whose hands he designs to relinquish his vast dominions."

"You hear, madam—you hear what my father intends," cried Philip, with irrepressible delight.

"Yes, I hear it," rejoined Mary, mournfully.

"The solemn ceremony of abdication will take place at Brussels," pursued D'Egmont, "in the presence of all the nobles and deputies of Flanders, who, at the Emperor's request, will transfer their allegiance to his son. Subsequently, the sovereignty of Castile and Aragon will be ceded to King Philip."

"And what of the crown of Germany?" demanded Philip.

"That will deck the brows of your uncle Ferdinand, King of the Romans," said D'Egmont. "The Empire of Germany will be resigned in his favour."

"Is such my father's intent?" said Philip.

"I believe so, sire—nay, I am sure," returned D'Egmont. "To prove the motives by which your august sire is actuated in his retirement, it will be enough to state, that out of his immense revenues he only intends to reserve himself a pension of a hundred thousand ducats."

"Only so much," cried Mary. "Why, 'tis less than a noble's revenue."

"It is more than the Emperor will need, madam, in the solitary life he designs to lead," observed D'Egmont.

"I am filled with amazement," observed Pole. "That Charles the Fifth, the foremost monarch of Christendom, the greatest warrior of the age, who holds in his hands the destinies of Europe, should retire in the plenitude of his power, is indeed a wondrous circumstance, to which there is no parallel, save in the instance of Diocletian. May the Christian monarch be as happy in his retirement as was the heathen Emperor in his garden at Salona. Heavy,

indeed, must be the weight of a crown, since its wearer desires to put it off thus."

"In his letter to me, the Emperor explains the motives of his intent to abdicate," said Philip. "Referring to the troubled and agitated life he has led, to his great fatigues and exposure, his frequent travels in Europe and Africa, the constant warfare in which he has been engaged, and his incessant labours for the public welfare and for religion, he observes, 'As long as my strength would allow me, I have fulfilled my duties, but now my infirmities counsel—nay, command—repose. Ambition and the desire to rule no longer sway my breast. The remainder of my days will be consecrated to holy thought and preparation for eternity. To you, my son, and to your care, I shall resign my vast possessions, conjuring you never to relax in your efforts for the welfare of the people committed to your charge. The time may come, when, exhausted, loaded with infirmities, and praying for release, you may desire to imitate your father's example.'"

"May that day be long distant!" cried D'Egmont. "A brilliant career is before your Majesty."

"Yet let the Emperor's words never be forgotten, sire," remarked Pole, solemnly. "Lay them to heart, and be guided by them; and so, when you arrive at that period which your august sire has reached, when earthly glories shall fade away and become as nothing in your sight, you will derive comfort from the happiness and prosperity you have conferred upon your people. Rarely has a crown been similarly bestowed. Never could crown be more richly graced. Wear it, sire, as it has hitherto been worn—wear it as your great father has worn it, and when you put it off, you will do so, like him, without a sigh."

"Once mine, I shall be in no haste to part with it," observed Philip. "But have I no congratulations from your Majesty?" he added to the Queen. "Do you not rejoice with me on my good luck?"

"Your good luck is my misfortune," rejoined Mary. "This unlooked-for act of the Emperor must cause our separation."

"Only for a season," returned Philip. "I must needs obey my father's summons to Brussels; but I shall speedily return."

"Impossible!" cried Mary. "As King of Spain you will have much to do, and cannot quit your dominions, even if you should be so minded. No! I am not to be deceived. I cannot go to Spain, or to Flanders, and *you* will not come to England. Henceforward we must dwell apart."

"Nay, nay, you are wrong, madam—by my faith, you are!" cried Philip. "I shall return before three months have elapsed. Meantime, I confide you to the care of his Eminence, who, I trust, will be rarely absent from you. It is my wish," he added, "that the Lord Cardinal be appointed chief of the Privy Council, and

that nothing concerning the government of the realm be concluded without his sanction."

"All shall be done as you desire," rejoined Mary.

"Nay, sire, I must decline a post for which I am unfitted," said Pole, "and which, as it would necessarily engage me in concerns of the world, is little suited to the spiritual character with which I am invested."

"But I will take no refusal," said Philip. "You must, at least, accept the post till her Majesty is perfectly restored to health."

"I shall have only your Eminence to look to when the King is gone," said Mary. "If need be, I must lay my positive commands upon you."

"In that case I have no alternative but submission," rejoined the Cardinal. "The sole condition I would annex to my consent is, that I may be allowed to exercise my religious functions as heretofore."

"Far be it from me to interfere with them," said Mary. "Apartments shall be assigned you in the palace, so that I may have an opportunity of seeing you more frequently, and profiting by your counsels."

II.

HOW SIR HENRY BEDINGFELD CAME FOR OSBERT'S DEATH-WARRANT; AND WHAT HE OBTAINED.

AT this moment an usher entered, and informed the King that Sir Henry Bedingfeld was without, having come to Whitehall in obedience to his Majesty's commands.

"Admit him straight," replied Philip. And as the usher withdrew Philip approached the Queen, and spoke a few words to her in a low tone. What he said was inaudible to the others, but its import could be gathered from Mary's troubled looks. She attempted some remonstrance, but the King appeared inflexible.

While this was passing, Constance stole softly towards the Cardinal, and said to him in a whisper, "Sir Henry Bedingfeld is come for Osbert's death-warrant. I am sure of it, from the look given me by her Majesty. Oh! my Lord Cardinal, intercede for him with the King—intercede for him, I implore of you."

"I will do what I can," replied Pole, in the same tone.

Meantime, Philip continued urgent with the Queen, his manner becoming stern and peremptory.

"Must it be done at once?" inquired Mary.

"Ay, at once," rejoined the King. "I will have his head before my departure to-morrow. Then I shall be sure that my injunctions are obeyed. Here is the warrant," he added, placing a scroll of parchment before her. "Sign it."

Mary, however, manifested great reluctance, and was still appealing to the King, who continued inflexible, when Sir Henry Bedingfeld appeared, and making a profound obeisance to the royal pair, said, "I await your Majesty's commands."

"I shall be ready for you in an instant, good Sir Henry," rejoined the King. "Sign it, madam—sign it," he added quickly to the Queen. "Why do you hesitate?"

"Because——" And she glanced towards Constance, who had now turned aside, weeping. "I owe my life to her," she added. "Ought I to requite her thus?"

"I have said I will not depart without assurance of this traitor's death," rejoined Philip; "and your reluctance shows how my orders would be obeyed in my absence. Sir Henry Bedingfeld waits for the warrant."

Thus urged, Mary took up the pen, when Pole interposed.

"A moment, madam," he cried. "Ere you sign that death-warrant, I crave permission to say a few words to his Majesty."

"I am entirely at your Eminence's disposal," rejoined Philip, advancing towards him.

"Sire," said Pole, "you will, I am assured, acknowledge that Heaven's bounties have been bestowed upon you with a lavish hand."

Philip assented, and Pole went on. "You have been summoned to the greatest throne in Europe, and while your heart is naturally elated by what you have gained, it should be opened to the kindest and most generous emotions. Let your first act be one that shall show you are influenced by such feelings."

"What would you have me do?" replied Philip, somewhat coldly. "I am about to testify my gratitude to Heaven by public prayer and thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, by largesses to my attendants, by liberal donations of alms to the poor, and in various other ways, as my confessor shall direct, and as I trust will meet with your Eminence's approval."

"All this is well," replied the Cardinal; "and yet your heart may not be touched as I would have it. Perform a noble deed. Osbert Clinton has deeply offended you. His life is in your hands. Pardon him."

"I cannot pardon him," replied Philip. "I have sworn that he shall die."

"I will absolve you of your oath," said the Cardinal. "The occasion is one that demands from you some self-sacrifice, and you must make it."

"I would do aught in my power to gratify your Eminence, to whom I am infinitely beholden, but I cannot forego an act of just vengeance," replied Philip. "I have purposely delayed this execution, not from any intention of sparing the traitor, but because I would prolong his punishment. To-morrow he dies."

Press me no more, for I must perforce refuse your request. I will not be balked of my revenge."

"It is well, sire," replied Pole. "But I warn you that you will repent your indulgence of this evil passion."

"You plead the cause of a rebel and traitor," cried Philip, impatiently. "Osbert Clinton has been justly condemned for his crimes."

"Search your heart, sire," said the Cardinal, in a severe tone, "and you will find why Osbert became a rebel and a traitor. He was loyal and devoted till his wrongs—ay, wrongs, sire—made him what he is."

"But he rose in rebellion against the Queen," cried Philip.

"I pardon him for his offences against me—fully and freely pardon him," interposed Mary; "and I pray your Majesty to pardon him likewise."

Philip made no reply, but his looks continued inexorable.

"Essay what you can do," said Pole, in a low voice to Constance.

"Alas, I despair of moving him," she rejoined. "Nevertheless, I will make the attempt." And casting herself at Philip's feet, she said, "Oh, sire, if this sentence be carried out, and Osbert perish on the block, you will have my life to answer for as well as his, since I shall not long survive him. The blow which strikes him will reach me also. I am the cause of all Osbert's treasonable acts. But for his love for me, he would have been loyal and devoted to you and to her Majesty. Oh, that you had never seen me, sire! Oh, that chance, on your arrival in this country, had not brought you near me! Since that fatal hour nothing but calamity has attended me. But now that you are departing, sire, leave me not to wretchedness and despair. Pity Osbert, sire—overlook his offences, and pardon him. By so doing, you will save yourself from a remorse which no penitence will remove, but which will ever haunt you if you doom us both to death. But no, sire, I see you relent—your nobler and better feelings triumph—you are yourself—the worthy son of Charles the Fifth. You forgive me—you pardon Osbert Clinton?"

"Arise, Constance," said Philip, taking her hand and raising her; "you have conquered. That I have done you much wrong, and caused you great unhappiness, I freely confess. That I may have goaded Osbert Clinton into the commission of the offences of which he has been guilty, I will not attempt to deny. But I will make amends. He shall have a pardon."

"Nobly done, sire!" ejaculated Pole. "Nobly done!"

"To make sure that Osbert is worthy of the grace bestowed upon him, said Philip, "he shall accompany me to Brussels, and thence to Spain, and when I have proved him, I will send him back to reap his reward."

"Oh, sire, you overwhelm me with gratitude!" cried Constance. "Happiness, so long a stranger to me, begins to smile on me again."

"On his return, it will be for your Eminence to complete the work by bestowing upon him the hand of your ward," said Philip to the Cardinal.

"And at the same time I shall surrender the fortune which I hold in trust for her," said Pole.

"Sir Henry Bedingfeld," said Philip to the Lieutenant of the Tower, whose looks manifested the lively interest he took in what was passing, "you will return to the Tower, not with a death-warrant, but with an order for Osbert's immediate liberation."

"Here it is, Sir Henry," said Mary, tracing a few lines on a sheet of paper, and giving it to Bedingfeld. "Tell him that he has our full pardon."

"I shall not fail," gracious madam, rejoined the Lieutenant of the Tower, with a profound obeisance.

And he moved towards the door. Before reaching it, however, he was stopped by an usher, who placed a packet in his hands, saying it was important, and had just been brought from the Tower. The packet contained a letter, enclosed within which was a small piece of paper. On glancing at the letter, Bedingfeld started, and his countenance fell.

"What is the matter, Sir Henry?" demanded the King, remarking his altered looks.

"The prisoner, sire!—the prisoner!" faltered Bedingfeld.

"What of him?" shrieked Constance, in tones that chilled those who heard her. "What has happened?"

"Read, sire," said Bedingfeld, handing the missive he had just received to the King.

"Ha! is it so?" cried Philip, his countenance changing as he read the despatch. "Remove her, I pray you, my Lord Cardinal," he added to Pole.

"I will not go till I learn the truth," cried Constance, distractedly. "Speak, sir, I conjure you," she added to Bedingfeld.

"Better let her know the truth, be it what it may," said Pole.

"Ay, speak, Sir Henry—keep her not in suspense," said the Queen. "The prisoner was well when you left the Tower—ha?"

"He was, madam, but——"

"But what?" demanded Mary.

"Since then he has died by poison," said Philip.

"By poison! how could it be procured?" asked the Queen.

"It appears to have been contained in a ring which he was unluckily allowed to wear," replied Philip.

"Is there no poison left for me, that I may join him?" cried Constance.

"Kind Heaven support her!" exclaimed Pole. "Her reason wanders."

"No, I am calm enough now," she rejoined.

"Then you may bear to hear that Osbert's last thoughts were given to you," said Philip. "This scrap of paper was found clutched in his dying grasp. On it are written the words, 'Farewell for ever, beloved Constance!'"

Taking the piece of crumpled paper from the King, she gazed at it for a few moments, and then pressed it convulsively to her lips.

"Farewell, Osbert—farewell for ever!" she cried.

"No, not for ever," rejoined Pole, solemnly. "You will be united in a better world."

Praying the Cardinal to stay with her and console her, the King withdrew with D'Egmont and Bedingsfeld.

Left alone with Pole and the Queen, Constance was permitted by them to indulge her grief without restraint before any attempt at consolation was made; but when these paroxysms were over, and she became calmer, the good Cardinal poured balm into her bruised spirit, and ceased not till his efforts were successful.

From that moment Constance became perfectly resigned—and though all youthful gaiety and lightness of heart deserted her, and her features wore an unvarying expression of melancholy and sadness, she never uttered a murmur. She would fain have spent the rest of her life in solitude and retirement, but the Queen refused to part with her, and retained her with her to the close of her days.

With remarkable consideration, Mary did not interfere with her religious observances, but allowed her what she denied all others, freedom of conscience. This concession, however, on the Queen's part was made on the earnest recommendation of Cardinal Pole. Thus Constance continued unshaken in her faith. By her gentle assiduities she was enabled materially to alleviate the anguish of mind endured by the Queen during Philip's absence, and when at length Mary sunk after protracted suffering, her last moments were soothed by Constance Tyrrell.

III.

TWO LIGHTS EXTINGUISHED.

UPWARDS of three years had flown since the occurrences last narrated—three terrible years, during which religious persecution never ceased. Bradford and Marsh had perished at the stake, so had Ridley and Latimer, with many others, and Cranmer had won a martyr's crown. Gardiner had long gone to his account, being stricken with a mortal disease, while reading a letter describing the torments of Ridley and Latimer. He lingered for a month, and then dying, was buried with great pomp in Winchester Cathedral. But though Gardiner was gone, Bonner yet lived, and the barbarous proceedings against the Protestants were unrelaxed.

On Cranmer's death, Pole was immediately created Archbishop of Canterbury, and began to put into execution the plan he had long designed for reforming the abuses of the Church. Notwithstanding the opposition of the clergy, aided as they were by Paul IV., the then ruling Pontiff, whose displeasure Pole had incurred, he succeeded in effecting many beneficial changes, and would doubtless have accomplished much more, had he been spared, but in the very midst of his exertions he was attacked by a quartan ague, engendered by the pestilent exhalations from Lambeth marshes. By its extreme violence, the fever threatened from the first a fatal termination:

Though not unconscious of his danger, and, indeed, scarcely entertaining a hope of recovery, the Cardinal continued his labours during the intervals when he was free from fever. His chief cause of concern at this moment was, that the Queen also was lying upon a sick couch, from which it was scarcely probable she could rise. Foreseeing the disastrous consequences to the Church of Rome which must inevitably ensue from her death, he felt so troubled in spirit that his mental anxiety added force to the attacks of the ague.

Throughout the Cardinal's illness, Priuli watched over him with unremitting solicitude, and such entire reliance had Pole in the judgment and devotion of his friend, that he confided everything to him. One day, when the Cardinal was free from fever, and he and Priuli were alone together in the library of Lambeth Palace, he requested his friend to unlock a small coffer which he pointed out, and at the same time gave him a key. Priuli obeyed, and on opening the coffer perceived within it a parchment, so endorsed as to leave him no doubt as to its nature.

"That is my will," said Pole. "I desire you to read it."

On perusing the document, Priuli found that the Cardinal had appointed him his sole heir and executor, whereupon, looking Pole earnestly in the face, he said, "I am glad you have consulted me on this matter, dear friend, and allowed me the opportunity of expressing my opinion upon it. It would have grieved me to disobey your injunctions, and yet I cannot conscientiously fulfil them. Readily will I undertake the office to which you have appointed me, and will carefully attend to your directions as to the distribution of your property, but with regard to the rich inheritance you would bestow upon me, I must peremptorily decline it. I cannot—will not accept any part of it. I thank you for the intent, but I am rich enough without this augmentation of my worldly goods."

"Distribute my possessions among the poor, or build churches and hospitals with them," rejoined the Cardinal. "Whatever you do, will, I am sure, be for the best. But if you decline my bequest, at least accept some slight object, be it only a jewel or ring, to be kept as a memorial of our long friendship."

"I desire neither jewel nor ring, nor any other memorial richer than the breviary you constantly use," replied Priuli. "Of all gifts, I should value that the most."

"It shall be yours, dear friend," rejoined Pole. "I shall keep it as long as my eyes are able to fix upon it—as long as my hands will hold it—then take it. May it afford you the comfort it has ever afforded me, and draw you towards Heaven, as it has never failed to draw me."

Pole was constant in his inquiries after the Queen, and on her part Mary was equally anxious for information as to the state of his health. Messengers were continually passing between Lambeth Palace and Whitehall, but from neither place were the tidings satisfactory. On the contrary, the reports of the condition of both illustrious sufferers grew worse, and it became a question as to which of the two would be the survivor. Pole prayed that he might be the first to depart—but it was not so ordained.

The grief felt by every member of the Cardinal's vast establishment for the deprivation which they felt they must soon undergo, was sincere and profound, but no one deplored his exalted master's precarious condition more deeply than Rodomont Bittern. The poor who thronged the gates of the palace, and received alms and food from Priuli, put up earnest prayers for their benefactor's recovery.

But the fever abated not, and though its attacks were somewhat mitigated in severity, still the Cardinal's debilitated frame was less able to withstand them. He daily grew weaker and weaker.

Notwithstanding his prostration, however, he was carried twice in each day to the chapel to hear mass. One evening after vespers, the large easy-chair in which he reclined was wheeled into the library, and Priuli, who now seldom left him, took his accustomed place by his side. Four days having elapsed since the Cardinal's last attack, it was certain that the night would not pass without a return of the fever. Notwithstanding this, Pole was conversing cheerfully with his friend, when Rodomont Bittern entered to say that Mistress Constance Tyrrell was without, and desired to see his Eminence.

"Admit her straight," replied Pole. "She is ever welcome."

And the next moment Constance came in. The expression of her countenance, which was pale as death, struck Priuli, but did not appear to attract Pole's attention. Moving noiselessly towards the Cardinal, Constance knelt before him, while he spread his thin white hands over her head, and in feeble tones gave her his benediction.

"How fares the Queen?" inquired Pole, as Constance arose. "She was somewhat easier this morning, as I understand."

"Her Majesty is easier now," replied Constance. "She is free from all pain."

"Is she gone?" inquired Pole, while a premonitory shiver shook his wasted frame.

"She is gone," rejoined Constance. "The heart that has so long suffered has ceased to beat."

"May the angels of Heaven receive her soul and present it before the Lord!" exclaimed Pole. "And may whatever sin she has committed in life through human frailty be forgiven her! Did her spirit pass away easily?"

"Most easily," replied Constance. "Her sole concern was for the welfare of her Church."

"The chief pillar of the Church is broken," cried Pole, in a voice of anguish; "and my hand, which might have helped to support the falling structure, is also powerless. *Domine, salva nos, perimus! Salvator Mundi, salva Ecclesiam tuam.*"

For some moments he remained in fervent prayer, after which he seemed calmer, and inquired if the Queen had said aught concerning the King her husband.

"She spoke not of him at the last," replied Constance, "but it would seem that the loss of Calais produced a deep impression on her, for she said, 'My physicians seek to know the cause of my malady. Let them open my breast, and they will find "Calais" graven on my heart.'"

"It was not the loss of Calais that broke her heart," said Pole. "Heaven forgive him who has brought her prematurely to the tomb. England has lost a great sovereign, and our Church its chief defence. Elizabeth is now Queen, and with her the Protestant Church will be restored. Fortunately, I shall not live to see that day. Farewell, dear daughter. My blessing be ever upon you!"

Finding that the fever was coming on, he caused himself to be transported to his chamber, and was laid upon the couch which he was never again to leave with life.

Towards morning his condition became alarming, and he received extreme unction, the last rites being performed by the Bishop of St. Asaph. This done, after some words to Priuli, he clasped to his breast the crucifix, which he had ever with him, and seemed to sink into a gentle slumber. And so he breathed his last.

Crucifix and breviary were kept as sacred relics by Priuli.

In the chapel of Saint Thomas à Becket, which he himself built in Canterbury Cathedral, rests the saintly Reginald Pole. This simple inscription is placed over his tomb:

DEPOSITUM CARDINALIS POLI.

THE END.

JOHN LAW.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Prologue.

VI.

A CAUTION.

AFTER rendering all the aid he could to Charlie Carrington, who, as soon as his wound was bound up, was conveyed by the surgeon and Sir Harry to a carriage in waiting for them at a short distance from the place of encounter, Law accompanied Mr. Wilson to Berkeley-square—the old beau insisting upon taking him home with him to breakfast.

If Belinda had appeared charming overnight in full dress, she looked far more captivating in Law's eyes in a very becoming morning toilette. She affected some surprise at seeing the early visitor; but her smiles, and the slight blush that suffused her cheek, showed that he was by no means unwelcome.

"I hope breakfast is ready, my dear," observed her husband. "We have been walking in Hyde Park, and the morning air is very appetising. By-the-by, we met a friend of yours during our stroll—Charlie Carrington."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "Was it a chance encounter?"

"Well, perhaps he might have heard from his friend, Sir Harry, of our intention of being there—I can't say—but certain it is we found him, in a quiet spot near the trees; and the opportunity was too good to be neglected—ha! ha!—you understand, my dear—ha! ha!"

"Yes, I can't very well mistake your meaning, sir," she returned. "You have been fighting a duel with Mr. Carrington, and I must own I'm not sorry for it, since you have come off the victor. He is a presumptuous coxcomb, and deserves punishment."

"He will have a fortnight for serious reflection, and will no doubt be more discreet in future," remarked Beau Wilson. "But let us to breakfast. I don't know how you feel, Mr. Law, but I am prodigiously hungry. An affair of this sort every morning would be very beneficial to my health."

With this they repaired to the dining-room, where an elegant

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repast was set forth, to which the old beau and his guest did ample justice. Before long, Lady Kate joined the party. A rich *négligée* in which she was attired suited her to admiration, and the sweet smiles she bestowed on Law on greeting him rather shook Belinda's influence over the unstable Scot.

During breakfast, the old beau proposed a number of plans for Law's amusement, saying that Belinda should carry him with her that evening to Lady Belhaven's rout, and next night to Lady Haversham's drum, and the night after that to Lady Sidley's masked ball—and so on—mentioning several other parties.

Breakfast over, they repaired to the drawing-room, where Belinda soon contrived to detach Law from Lady Kate, and engage him in a quiet chat with herself.

Lady Kate took up some work, the old beau had recourse to a book, and thus things went on for an hour, when Wilson, tired of reading, and perhaps thinking it might be well to put an end to his wife's *tête-à-tête* with Law, went up to the sofa on which they were seated, and, apologising for the interruption, inquired of Belinda if she was going out in the carriage, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he begged she would do him the favour to take him and Mr. Law to White's. Belinda readily assented, and calling to Lady Kate, bade her get ready for a drive.

"Pray excuse me, my dear," replied her ladyship, over whose sunny features a slight cloud had settled. "I cannot go out this morning."

"Eh day! what's the matter?" cried the other. "If you have got the vapours, a drive in the Park will be the best thing in the world to disperse them. Besides, I want your opinion about some dresses that Madame Mechlin is about to make for me. She has got a new assortment of lace, silks, and brocades. And then we'll go to Brimboriou's to look at his jewellery, for I must have another diamond necklace and ear-rings. Then, if we've time, we'll call at Nankin's and buy some old china. Nankin has the tiniest tea-cups you ever beheld—perfect loves! and the most stupendously large jars. Then I've twenty visits at least to pay, and I never can get through half of them unless you assist me. So you must come with me, Kate. I'll take no refusal. After we've done shopping, and paid all our visits, we'll go to the Mall in Saint James's Park, where the gentlemen can join us. Won't you, Mr. Law?" she added, casting a bewitching look at him.

Of course he bowed assent, but Lady Kate shook her head gravely, and said,

"Indeed you must excuse me, Belinda. Neither diamonds, dresses, nor old china—though I am passionately fond of them all—can tempt me forth to-day. My head aches frightfully," she added, pressing a laced handkerchief to her snowy brow.

"Your headache must have come very suddenly, dear, for you didn't complain at breakfast," remarked Belinda, sceptically.

"It has been coming on for the last hour," rejoined Lady Kate, somewhat significantly.

"Your ladyship must let me prescribe for you," said Beau Wilson; "or perhaps Mr. Law will be able to suggest a remedy."

"Pray smell this," said Law, producing a small silver vinaigrette, and giving it to her.

"It is indeed reviving," she replied; "but I must adhere to my resolution, Belinda. You can amuse yourself very well without me."

"I shall try, if you really won't go," rejoined Belinda, "but I must say you are monstrously disobliging."

She then quitted the room, and the old beau went with her, leaving Lady Kate and Law alone together.

"I am sorry your ladyship is indisposed," observed Law, taking a chair near her. "But I should never have guessed, from your looks, that you are unwell."

"Looks are deceptive," Mr. Law, rejoined Lady Kate, coldly. "I place little faith in them."

"You surprise me. I should have thought your ladyship a very good physiognomist. For my own part, I persuade myself that I can read a character at a glance."

"A very enviable faculty, and I wish I possessed it," she rejoined, listlessly. "I am curious to know what you think of me?"

"I should say you possess a thousand amiable qualities—with as few defects as can fall to the lot of a daughter of Eve. You are sincere, generous, warm-hearted, affectionate, devoted in friendship—I dare not say devoted in love—but—but——"

"But what?" she cried, with somewhat more animation. "Pray give the dark side of the picture."

"Nay, there is no dark side to it. I was going to say that you have a tendency to jealousy."

"There you are right, Mr. Law. I cannot lay claim to the good qualities you endow me with, but I know from experience that I am jealous. My jealousy, however, is of a very mild kind, and would never, I hope, be exhibited in the dreadful way in which the passion is displayed on the stage. I should never poison a faithless husband, or cause him to be assassinated. Such things *are* done, though, in real life."

"Not often in our time," observed Law, with a laugh. "We are too sensible to allow ourselves to be carried to such absurd extremes. Society would be decimated if every wife resorted to such violent expedients of getting rid of an inconstant spouse. I won't say what would happen if men were barbarous enough to treat their wives in a similar manner. Fortunately, married folk soon grow indifferent to each other, and trifling peccadilloes on either side are easily overlooked."

"What you say is very true, I fear, Mr. Law," replied Lady

Kate, with a sigh. "But there are exceptions. I myself know a person, who, if he suspected his wife of infidelity, would unhesitatingly resort to the most terrible means of vengeance. As the lady to whom that gentleman is united is somewhat heedless in her conduct, I live in constant dread of such a catastrophe. Should you ever come in contact with the couple in question, Mr. Law, I bid you beware. Be assured you will have to deal with a very crafty and very dangerous person in the husband."

"I shall not neglect your ladyship's caution," said Law, who at once perceived the drift of her observations. "But if I should get into a difficulty, I must trust to you to extricate me from it."

"Nay, I cannot help you," she rejoined. "I have warned you—that is all I can do."

VII.

A SECOND VISIT TO WHITE'S.—MR. LAW WINS MORE MONEY AT PLAY.

THEIR conversation was here interrupted by the return of Beau Wilson and his wife; upon which Lady Kate arose, and said, in a lively tone,

"You will think me very changeable, Belinda—but if you will allow me, I *will* go out with you. My headache has entirely vanished."

"I am delighted to hear it," replied Belinda, whose looks rather contradicted her assertion. "But what a sudden improvement, my dear!"

"Yes; I can't account for it," said Lady Kate, smiling.

"But I can," observed Beau Wilson, glancing at Law. "I know who has performed the marvellous cure—ha! ha!"

"I only wish her ladyship's recovery could be justly attributed to me," said Law. "But I have really no share in it."

"I'll take Lady Kate's opinion in preference to yours," cried the old beau. "What says your ladyship? Is not Doctor Law the physician who has dispelled the vapours?"

And he laughed very heartily, until checked by his wife, who said, in a tone of pique,

"I really can't see the joke, sir. Surely Kate may change her mind without so much fuss being made about it. I have changed mine, and shan't go out this morning."

"Not go out!" exclaimed Lady Kate; "and give up the call at Mechlin's, and the diamonds, and the old china, and the twenty visits, and the walk in the Mall, eh?"

"You shall pay the visits for me, my dear," rejoined Belinda, flinging herself upon the sofa. "I should only be *de trop* during the walk in the Mall."

"Nay, madam, let me entreat you to go," said Law, with an

imploing look. "The whole pleasure of the morning will be destroyed if you remain at home."

"Well, if you urge me I cannot refuse compliance," she rejoined.

This difficulty being got over, Lady Kate withdrew, and presently reappeared, having made a slight change in her attire. The carriage being announced at the same moment, the whole party entered it, and were driven in the first instance to White's, where the gentlemen alighted, and the ladies went on to the milliner's, to examine her stuffs and dresses.

Entering the coffee-house, Law and the old beau found a knot of young men, to whom Sir Harry was recounting the hostile meeting of the morning. On perceiving Wilson he immediately stopped, and, advancing towards him, said,

"You will be glad, I think, to hear, sir, that your adversary is doing well. The surgeon assures me he will be out again in less than a fortnight."

"I am pleased to hear it, Sir Harry," returned Beau Wilson. "I only meant to give him a scratch—nothing more, on my honour."

"That I fully believe, sir. I have just been telling these gentlemen that you had Charlie's life at your disposal, and that he ought to thank you for sparing him. I have also borne testimony to your honourable conduct throughout the affair. Your courage has never been questioned, Mr. Wilson, but I doubt whether any of us would have displayed equal forbearance under such provocation."

"I am proud of your good opinion, Sir Harry," replied the old beau, bowing. "But let us change the topic. I have not seen the paper this morning. What news have we from the seat of war?"

"The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Louis of Baden are preparing to attack the Bavarian entrenchments at Schellenberg," replied Sir Harry.

"And the duke will carry them," cried the old beau. "He is victor in every engagement. Nothing can resist him. Excuse me, Mr. Law, while I glance at the details," he added, taking up the *Flying Post*.

"What say you to a game at hazard, Mr. Law?" remarked Sir Harry.

"With all my heart," replied the other.

"What! about to play again?" cried Wilson, looking up from his newspaper. "You're wrong, sir—you're wrong."

"How so?" rejoined Law. "In one respect I'm like the Duke of Marlborough. I always come off a victor."

So saying, he adjourned with his gay companions to the salon de jeu, leaving Beau Wilson to the undisturbed enjoyment of the *Flying Post*.

More than half an hour elapsed, and Law not making his ap-

pearance, the old beau, who had got through the scanty particulars of Marlborough's campaign, began to grow impatient. But he would not go into the play-room. In half an hour more he got up, and was just about to leave the coffee-house, when Sir Harry rushed in, and seeing his intention, begged him to wait a moment; as Mr. Law would be with him almost immediately.

"What the deuce is he about?" cried Wilson, sharply. "Has he lost all his money, that he remains so long at the gaming-table?"

"On the contrary," replied Sir Harry. "He has been winning all before him. But here he comes to answer for himself."

"I am almost sorry to hear of your success, sir," cried Beau Wilson to Law, as the latter entered the room. "If you had met with a reverse, it might have been of service to you."

"I never do meet with a reverse, Mr. Wilson," replied Law; "and I have played longer now than I intended, to oblige Sir Harry."

"Mr. Law has added another thousand pounds to our fund," observed Archer.

"If you go on in this way, you will speedily grow rich," said Beau Wilson, sarcastically. "But I don't like it—I don't like it."

VIII.

MR. LAW EXPLAINS HIS SYSTEM TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

ATTENDED by Sir Harry and Law, Beau Wilson hobbled down the street, and made for St. James's Park, observing, as they passed through the gateway between Marlborough House and the palace, "I have not forgotten my promise in regard to the duchess, Mr. Law. I have already written to her, begging permission to present you. I hope she won't hear of your successes at play. A reputation for gambling won't serve you with her grace."

"Don't imagine, sir, that play is an overmastering passion with me," replied Law. "It is simply an idle pastime, which I indulge in when the whim takes me. I have already said, that by calculation, combined with a certain amount of skill, and above all of coolness, I can almost always win, so that if I deemed such a course consistent with the character of a gentleman, I could very soon realise a large fortune by play."

"You think so?" cried Beau Wilson, shaking his head. "Permit me to doubt it, Mr. Law. I have heard many other persons affirm the same thing. But they were all ruined, and you will share the like fate, if you don't stop in time."

"I don't think so, sir," rejoined Law. "But I have no desire to be distinguished as a successful gambler; at least, on the small

scale afforded by tables such as that we have just left. If I must figure as a gamester, let the stakes be millions—the whole wealth of a country—not paltry hundreds, unworthy consideration. Such a game I mean to play if I can find any government shrewd enough to confide its revenues to my management. You smile, Mr. Wilson, but mine is no ohimerical project.”

“I will take your word for its merits, sir,” said the old beau. “But you will hardly recommend your system to Lord Godolphin by describing it as a game of chance?”

“All financial operations on a grand scale savour of what is popularly called gambling,” replied Law; “that is, an apparent hazard must be incurred, though there is none in reality to an enterprising and skilful player. All the financiers whom I have hitherto encountered have been too timid, and not having minds comprehensive enough to grasp the whole of a vast and complex scheme, have seen difficulties and dangers that exist but in imagination.”

“I am not a financier,” said Wilson; “but it seems to me that a grand and comprehensive measure, which is to treble, or quadruple, the resources of a nation, ought to be free from any reproach of gambling.”

“My scheme is as sound and irreproachable as any ever submitted to the world,” said Law, “and I believe it will be found without a flaw. Certain I am it will work well, and its results will be astounding. Incredible fortunes will be realised by those who engage in it.”

“Recollect that I am to be an extensive shareholder, Mr. Law,” cried Sir Harry. “I hold you to your promise.”

“You must excuse me if I stand aloof to see how the scheme works,” observed the old beau.

“Then you won’t make a fortune by the shares,” said Law.

By this time they had reached the Mall, which was very full. Fatigued with the walk, Beau Wilson took a seat on a bench, and Law sat down beside him. Sir Harry left them to speak to some acquaintances, and as soon as he was gone, the old beau remarked, in a confidential tone to his companion, “I’ll tell you a secret respecting our friend. He is paying court to Lady Kate Knollys.”

“So I conjectured,” replied the other. “And a fortunate fellow he will be if he obtains her hand.”

“He won’t obtain it, and I’ll tell you why,” remarked the old beau. “Lady Kate has every recommendation but one. She is very handsome, as I need not tell you—very amiable, as you must have discovered—the daughter of one earl and the sister of another—but she has one defect, which will more than counterbalance all these recommendations with Sir Harry, when he finds it out.”

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" cried Law. "Is she poor?"

"She has five thousand a year now," replied the old beau. "But it leaves her if she marries again. Now, then, you understand why Sir Harry, who is a fortune-hunter, will fight shy when he ascertains how she is circumstanced. I mean to give him a hint this very morning. You'll see how his passion will cool."

"He ought to be enchanted to take her without a farthing," cried Law.

"Sir Harry is no such model of disinterested affection," rejoined Wilson. "I'm very much mistaken if he doesn't walk off at the first notice."

Shortly afterwards, Sir Harry rejoined them, and the old beau being sufficiently rested, all three commenced a promenade, taking the direction of Buckingham House, a large mansion terminating the Mall on the west, and occupying the site of the present palace.

While they were walking slowly along, Belinda's superb coach entered the drive on the side of the Mall, and being stopped by Wilson, the ladies alighted from it, and the whole party moved on together.

The Mall at this moment was filled with persons of the highest quality and fashion, and the richness and variety of their dresses, which were of velvets, silks, and other costly stuffs, contributed not a little to the brilliancy of the scene. But amid that gay throng, which included most of the reigning beauties, Law could discern none that in his opinion surpassed in loveliness the two fair creatures at his side.

In the course of the promenade, Beau Wilson contrived to say a few words in private to Sir Harry, and from that moment a marked change took place in the deportment of the latter towards Lady Kate. Disgusted with his conduct, Law paid her ladyship more attention than he had hitherto done, and she soon made it evident that she preferred him to her mercenary admirer.

Law dined that day in Berkeley-square, and so did Sir Harry—in fact, there was a large dinner-party—and the old beau took care that Lady Kate and the Scot should sit together. Later on in the evening all the company went to Lady Belhaven's rout, which was a very brilliant affair, and it was generally noticed that Mr. Law devoted himself to Lady Kate Knollys, while Sir Harry, anxious to prove that he had given up all idea of her ladyship, whispered it about that she and Mr. Law were very likely to make a match of it.

On the following day, in pursuance of his promise, Beau Wilson took Law to Marlborough House. The duchess was then in the plenitude of her power, and by the despotic sway which her commanding intellect and imperious manner enabled her to maintain over Queen Anne, might be almost said to hold in her hand the destinies of the kingdom. Though she was now turned forty,

the duchess's extraordinary personal attractions were scarcely diminished, while her demeanour was in the highest degree stately and imposing—in fact, perfectly regal. Her reception of Law, on his presentation by Wilson, was exceedingly gracious. Pleased with his graces of person and manner, and submitting to the fascinating influence which he exercised at will, she listened to him with much interest while he detailed his scheme, and when he had done, said,

"I don't profess to understand your system entirely, Mr. Law, but it appears to me to be a very bold project, and must be productive of extraordinary results one way or the other. But thus much I will promise you. Your proposition shall be carefully and dispassionately considered by those capable of forming a judgment upon it; and if approved, it shall be adopted."

"That is all I ask, madam," replied Law.

After questioning him further, and receiving explanations which appeared sufficiently satisfactory to her, the duchess invited him, with unwonted condescension, to attend her levees, and dismissed him.

Next day, Law was presented by Sir Harry to the Earl of Godolphin, and the prime minister's reception of him was quite as gracious as the Duchess of Marlborough's had been: in fact, the duchess had already paved the way for him. As rapidly and as clearly as he could, Law developed his system to Lord Godolphin. We shall not follow him in his details, as it will be necessary to enter into the subject more fully hereafter, but we may remark that the foundation of his system was Credit, and that he proposed to represent all state revenues and all landed property by paper money of equal value.

"Then you would proscribe gold and silver, Mr. Law," observed Lord Godolphin, as the other concluded his statement, "and only employ such small metallic currency as must be indispensable in trifling commercial transactions."

"Such is my design, my lord. On reflecting profoundly on the matter, I am satisfied that precious metals are improperly employed as agents of circulation. Paper money ought only to be used, because it has no intrinsic value. This is the foundation of my economical theory; and though, on the first blush, it may appear illusory, I think I can convince your lordship that it is sound. By means of paper money, and a system of credit, such as I propose, the circulation would immediately be quadrupled, and since every branch of trade and industry must be immensely stimulated and encouraged, so the prosperity of the country will infallibly be increased in the same ratio."

"You talk very plausibly, I must own, Mr. Law," said Lord Godolphin, smiling. "But I am not quite a convert to your system. I should be disinclined to make the experiment, since its failure must inevitably cause a national bankruptcy. But the

plan may, no doubt, prove tempting to an absolute monarch, as it will place the whole wealth of his kingdom in his own hands; and though I must decline it, my conviction is that the project will be adopted—possibly by France. If so, and success attends the measure, you will rank as first financier in Europe.”

Law then retired, extremely well pleased with the interview, though it had not led to the result he anticipated.

IX.

BEAU WILSON BELIEVES HIMSELF DUPED.

MR. LAW now became the fashion, and invitations showered upon him from persons of the highest rank. But though amusement was his chief object, he did not devote himself to it exclusively. While passing the afternoon in the Parks, at White's, and at places of fashionable resort, and the nights at the Opera, the playhouses, routs, and masquerades, he spent the mornings in the City, and could be seen regularly in 'Change-alley, and at other places of business, and was known to have realised considerable sums by well-timed speculations in the public funds, and in foreign stocks. In the City also he made acquaintance with many eminent merchants, by whom he was regarded as a person remarkably skilful in all matters of finance and credit. So highly, indeed, were his abilities esteemed, that a partnership was offered him by a great discount house, and similar overtures were made to him by another large mercantile firm; but he declined these and other advantageous proposals, having more important objects in view. Not only did he enrich himself by such legitimate speculations as we have mentioned, but he frequented the Groom-Porter's, and other gaming-houses, and won large sums of money at faro, basset, lansquenet, and hazard—the same good fortune attending him that had marked his first appearance at White's. Before he had been a month in town, it was stated, by those who seemed to have authority for what they asserted, that he had won more than twenty thousand pounds. His unvarying success at play naturally occasioned comment, and excited suspicion among the losers; but though he was narrowly watched, no malpractices could be attributed to him. On the contrary, he himself detected and exposed the tricks of certain sharpers who sat down to play with him.

During all this time a close intimacy subsisted between Mr. Wilson and Law, and nothing whatever occurred to interrupt their good understanding. Ordinarily jealous and suspicious, the old beau placed unbounded confidence in his friend. Belinda appeared quite reconciled to the transfer of Law's attentions from herself to Lady Kate, and the latter appeared charmed by the devotion of her handsome admirer. On his part, Law did his best to make himself agreeable

to all three. Consulted upon all occasions by husband and wife, he settled all their little differences, and made all things so pleasant, that Mr. Wilson declared he had never been so happy since his marriage as now.

But there were people malicious enough to assert that Beau Wilson and Lady Kate were both egregiously duped by Belinda and Law, between whom, these censors affirmed, a tender liaison subsisted.

One morning, Beau Wilson entered White's Coffee-house, and at once made his way to a table at which Charlie Carrington, who had long since recovered from his wound, was seated with his companions. The old beau's countenance wore a very stern expression. As he approached, Carrington got up and made him a formal bow. Stiffly returning the salutation, Wilson said, "I received a letter from you this morning, Mr. Carrington, and am come to answer it in person. Do you mean to adhere to the statement therein made?"

"If I did not, I should scarcely have written the letter, sir," rejoined Carrington, haughtily. "All I have said is true, and unfortunately susceptible of proof."

"If it be so——" cried the old beau, with a sudden burst of fury. Then suddenly moderating himself, he added, "Allow me a word with you in private."

"There is no need to retire, sir," rejoined Carrington. "The matter is common talk."

"How say you?—common talk!" cried the old beau, furiously. "You are all vile slanderers thus to sully the reputation of a most virtuous woman, and assail the character of an honourable gentleman. I disbelieve the report—I disbelieve it, I tell you."

"As you please, sir," rejoined Carrington. "If you are willing to be duped, that is your own affair. Your wife, no doubt, is a model of fidelity, and your friend incapable of injuring you. I congratulate you on your easy and philosophic temperament."

"Grant me patience, Heaven!" cried the old beau, trembling with suppressed rage. "Is not this an invention, Sir Harry? Is it not a vile calumny? Say so, that I may force it down its fabricator's throat."

"I would rather you did not appeal to me, Mr. Wilson," rejoined the other; "and I must express my profound regret that Charles Carrington should have written to you on the subject."

"But you discredit the report?—you pronounce it false? Speak, sir, speak!"

But as Sir Harry remained silent, he turned to the others, and said,

"How say you, gentlemen? Do you believe the slanderous tale?"

"Upon my soul, sir, I would rather not answer the question," said Tom Bagot.

"Nor I," added Jerry Ratcliffe.

"I understand," replied Wilson, sinking into a chair. "You all believe it. Give me a glass of water. I feel very faint."

"How can you torture him thus?" observed Sir Harry to Carrington.

"He deserves to suffer," replied the other, in a tone of unconcern. "What could the old fool expect when he married a young wife?"

This remark reached Wilson's ear, and caused him to start instantly to his feet.

"You will have much to answer for in the work you have begun, sir," he said, in a strange tone, to Carrington.

"I am prepared to answer for all I have done, sir," rejoined the other. "But you ought to thank me for the service I have rendered you. Would you rather remain in ignorance of the wrong you are enduring? Would you prefer to be pointed at as a contented wittol?"

"No! no! no!" cried the old beau, with a look of anguish. "If I have been betrayed by the wife whom I adored, and the friend whom I trusted, I would rather know it. Never more—never more shall I have faith in man or woman."

"Poh! poh! don't take it thus, Mr. Wilson," said Sir Harry. "'Tis an every-day occurrence. You are not the only man who has been deceived by his wife and his best friend."

"I know it," cried the old beau, bitterly. "I know that in our hollow and heartless society these perfidies are frequent, that the most sacred ties are constantly broken, and that people only laugh when such things happen."

"That shows the wisdom of the world, Mr. Wilson," said Sir Harry. "People laugh because they are indifferent, and because their own turn may come next. You would have done well not to marry at your age, sir. It was scarcely like one, who lived in Charles the Second's days, and must have known what was the usual fate of elderly gentlemen with pretty wives, to take so imprudent a step."

"Ay, ay, I dare say Mr. Wilson made love to many a fair dame in his younger days," remarked Tom Bagot, with a laugh—"perhaps to Lady Denham?"

"Why to Lady Denham, sir?" cried the old beau, with sudden fierceness. "Why single out her?"

"Merely because her name occurred to me," replied the other. "But we all know you were a man of gallantry, Mr. Wilson, and did not respect your friend's wife. You cannot expect to be treated better than you treated others. The world has not grown better since you were one-and-twenty."

"It has grown ten thousand times worse," rejoined the old beau, bitterly. "I hear it constantly asserted that the gallants of Charles

the Second's time were profligate, but they were nothing to the shameless rakes of the present day."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's all very fine," cried Sir Harry. "But we know better. However, I don't think society has much improved, and, between ourselves, I don't think it ever *will* improve, for human nature must continue the same. All I desire is, that you should bear the matter philosophically."

The old beau took no notice of the remark, but said, "I suppose this story has become town talk—and is laughed at everywhere—at all the clubs and coffee-houses. We shall have it in the papers next, if they have not got it already."

"I've looked them carefully over this morning," said Jerry Ratcliffe, "but I can find no allusion to it. I dare say there will be something piquant to-morrow."

"Not a doubt of it," said the old beau, bitterly. "Well, I'll give them something to talk about."

"Don't do anything rashly, Mr. Wilson, I beg of you," said Sir Harry.

"Never fear, sir," rejoined the old beau. "I have long resolved upon the course I ought to pursue under circumstances like the present."

"Then you did calculate upon the contingency, sir?" observed Charles Carrington, in a jeering tone.

"I did," replied the old beau, sternly; "and am prepared for it." And bowing haughtily round he quitted the room.

X.

HOW THE FURIES TOOK POSSESSION OF THE OLD BEAU'S BREAST.

SCARCELY knowing where he was going, the old beau, on quitting White's Coffee-house, proceeded to St. James's Park, and crossing the Mall, made his way towards Rosamond's Pond, a small basin of water lying on the south of the long canal.

He then struck into the Birdcage-walk, but had scarcely entered it, when he perceived, at the further extremity of the path, two persons, whom he took to be his wife and Law, but, their backs being towards him, he could not of course distinguish their features. They appeared to be engaged in very tender conversation, and so engrossed were they by each other, that they did not hear his footsteps.

The presence of Law, who had told him he was going to Windsor on that day, was confirmatory of his worst suspicions. His first impulse was to hurry after them, load them with reproaches, and take instant vengeance upon his treacherous friend. But he checked himself, and perceiving they were about to turn, quitted the path, and concealed himself behind a large elm-tree.

A mist came over his eyes, and there was such a strange buzzing in his ears, caused by the sudden rush of blood to the head, that he could neither see nor hear distinctly. However, he made out enough from Law's impassioned speech to convince him he had been wronged; and more than all, he learnt that the amorous pair were to meet that very night, at a quarter before twelve, in the garden behind his own house in Berkeley-square—Law, it appeared, being provided with a key of the garden-gate.

On acquiring this intelligence, a deadly sickness seized him, and but for the support of the tree he must have fallen to the ground. Even when the sickness had passed, he felt such extraordinary sensations in the head, that he thought he must be going mad; and it would be charity to believe, from what subsequently occurred, that he really was mad.

Staggering into the path, he looked about for the guilty pair, but they had long since disappeared. Hell's torments raged in his breast, and drove him to such a pitch of desperation, that he hurried to the brink of the pool with the intention of ending his woes. Had he thus died, one fearful crime, at least, would have been spared his soul. But the hand of fate arrested him.

After wandering about for some time, he reached a secluded spot amid the trees, where he thus gave vent to his emotions:

"And she has deceived me!" he cried, in accents that showed how terribly his heart was wrung. "She whom I idolised—for whom I would have laid down my life, has proved false. The priceless treasure is stolen from me. She upon whom I gazed with rapture, whose lightest word was music in my ears, has forsaken me. Had she died, I could have borne the loss—but this blow is worse than death. No agony can be sharper than that I now endure. Were it to last, I must go mad. Nay, methinks I am mad already. My love is turned to hate. My breast is on fire—nothing but blood will quench the flame. Tears and supplications shall not move me. Should she sue for mercy on her bended knees I will not spare her. No—she shall die. As to the villain who has robbed me of this treasure—who has made me the most miserable of men—an object of scorn and derision—I will have his heart's blood—ay, though I perish by the hangman's hand. I will have such revenge as shall fright the very fools who mock me now."

Growing somewhat calmer, he quitted the Birdcage-walk, and went towards Queen-street, where he took a sedan-chair, which conveyed him home. Arrived there, he went at once to his study, giving peremptory orders that he must not be disturbed, and bolting the door, he remained by himself till dinner-time.

How he passed this long interval it would be vain to inquire, but though, when next seen, he had regained his external composure, the fearful turmoil in his breast had not ceased, neither was his vengeful purpose abandoned.

There were no guests that day—the only person at dinner besides himself and his wife being Lady Kate. As may be supposed, the meal passed off in a very dull manner.

At its conclusion, when the servants had retired, Belinda said to her husband,

"How excessively stupid you are to-day, sir. I declare you have not uttered a word during dinner, and your moody looks have checked all conversation on our part. Do be a little more cheerful, I beg of you. 'Tis a pity we haven't dear Mr. Law to enliven us."

"Dear Mr. Law!" muttered Wilson. "Fiends take him!"

"Both Lady Kate and I are quite disconsolate at his absence," pursued Belinda. "But he was obliged to go to Windsor, and I fear we shan't see him till to-morrow."

"Hum!" exclaimed the old beau. "I thought you might see him to-night."

"See him to-night!" she exclaimed, glancing at Lady Kate. "Where?"

"At Lady de Burgh's rout," returned the old beau, looking keenly at her.

"No, he won't be there, or I would go to the party," observed Belinda. "You must make my excuses to Lady de Burgh—say I'm indisposed—whatever you please. You won't tell stories, for your moodiness at dinner has really made me feel ill."

"And pray make my excuses at the same time, Mr. Wilson," added Lady Kate. "Tell her I have thought it necessary to stay at home with Belinda."

"She, too, is in the plot," muttered Beau Wilson. "But I can't deliver these excuses," he added, aloud. "I don't intend to go to the party myself."

"But you must, sir—I insist upon it," cried Belinda.

"Yes, indeed you must go, Mr. Wilson," said Lady Kate. "It is to be a charming assembly, and you will enjoy it so much."

"If I do go," rejoined Wilson, "I shall only just show myself to Lady de Burgh, and come out."

"You will be good enough to obey my commands, sir," said Belinda, "and those are, that you do not return before one o'clock—not before one o'clock, mind!"

"One would think you must have some particular reason for desiring me to stay out till that hour," remarked Wilson.

"So I have, and when you're in a very good humour I'll tell it you," she rejoined. "But you're a cup too low. A glass of claret will make you feel more cheerful. Finish that bottle, take a nap afterwards, and you'll be all right. Come to my room before you go to Lady de Burgh's to say 'good night.'"

She then quitted the room with Lady Kate, adding, laughingly, to the latter as they passed through the hall,

"I think I have managed very cleverly to get rid of him."

"You have managed admirably, my dear," replied Lady Kate. "But what a strange humour he is in. He has decidedly got a fit of the sullenness."

"Oh, it will pass when he has drunk his claret and had his nap," replied Belinda, laughing, as they ascended the staircase. She little knew what awaited her.

XI.

A TRAGIC INCIDENT.

LEFT alone, Beau Wilson remained for some time a prey to terrible reflections. He neither drank wine, nor sought temporary oblivion in slumber, but held communion with himself in this wise.

"Shall I do it?—Shall I kill this beautiful, this adorable creature, merely because she cannot love an old man like me? Better—far better destroy myself and let her live. But no! I cannot bear the idea of leaving her for another. That thought is madness. But will it not be revenge enough if I slay him? Will not his blood wash out the stain upon my honour? No! they must both die. I will not falter in my purpose."

He then arose, and was moving towards the door, when Lady Kate softly entered the room.

"So you are awake and stirring, Mr. Wilson," she said. "I feared to disturb you from your after-dinner nap. Will you spare me a few minutes?"

The old beau offered her a chair, and took one beside her. She then went on: "I am sure you will give me your advice in a matter of great importance to myself. It must have been apparent to you, I think, that my affections have been given for some time to a certain person—you start, as if what I said surprised you—but surely you must be aware that a mutual attachment subsists between myself and Mr. Law."

"Pardon me, Lady Kate," he rejoined. "Till this moment I was not aware of the circumstance. I am sorry—very sorry to hear it."

"Sorry, Mr. Wilson!" she exclaimed. "I expected a very different answer from you. I thought you had the highest opinion of Mr. Law."

"Hear me, Lady Kate," said Wilson, sternly. "If you have any love for this person, you must crush it, whatever the effort may cost you. He is utterly unworthy of you."

"But I cannot retreat," cried Lady Kate. "You force me to speak plainly, sir, and to tell you that I have not only given him my heart, but promised him my hand."

"You have acted most foolishly," rejoined Wilson. "He has deceived you. Do not ask for any explanation, for I cannot give

it. But let me say in a word that you can never marry this adventurer—this charlatan—this sharper—this rake. It shall be my business to prevent it.”

“The epithets you think fit to apply to a gentleman to whom, as I have told you, I am engaged, prevent any further conversation between us, Mr. Wilson,” said Lady Kate, rising proudly from her seat. “Mr. Law will know how to defend himself from such aspersions, but I did not expect to find you a calumniator.”

“Suspend your judgment till to-morrow morning, madam,” rejoined Wilson, “and you will find that I am justified in what I have said. I pity you from the bottom of my heart.”

“I do not desire your pity, sir,” she cried, sharply. “I tell you, that all you have uttered to Mr. Law’s disadvantage is unfounded. Let me add, that it is only my affection for Belinda that can induce me to remain another moment under your roof.”

“Be not angry with me, I pray you,” said the old beau, in a tone so sorrowful that the gentle heart of his listener was touched. “The interest I feel in your ladyship makes me speak thus. It is only within the last few hours that the dark side of Law’s character has been revealed to me. Till then I believed him loyal and trustworthy. This morning I should have been as eager as your ladyship to defend him—but my eyes are opened now.”

“You alarm me, Mr. Wilson,” cried Lady Kate. “What has come to your knowledge? Tell me, I conjure you. I will listen to you patiently now.”

“Shall I speak plainly to her?—shall I tell her all?” said the old beau to himself. “I will—I will. Yet no! that were to destroy my plan of vengeance.”

“You hesitate,” cried Lady Kate. “Then you have nothing to tell. You cannot justify your calumnies.”

“Wait till to-morrow, madam. You will then know all, and will understand the cause of my hesitation.”

“Why till to-morrow?—why must I wait till then?—why should you condemn me to a night of misery, when by a few words you can relieve me?”

“Nothing I could say would relieve your anxiety, madam, but would rather heighten it. Press me no further—it will be useless. If we meet in the morning, I will tell you all. If not—Heaven bless you!—good night.”

Seeing from his manner that nothing further could be obtained from him, Lady Kate withdrew.

Again left alone, the old beau blamed himself that he had not made Lady Kate the partner of his troubles, that by mingling their griefs they might have found mutual solace, and he half resolved to seek her for that purpose. But ere he could reach the door the better impulse had fled, and he recurred to his fell design.

"No weakness," he muttered—"no weakness. The deed must be done."

He then repaired to his study, and unlocking an *escritoire*, took out a bundle of letters, and began to read them, but the emotions excited by their perusal compelled him to desist.

He next took up a miniature of his wife, and gazing at it with irrepressible admiration, exclaimed,

"Ay, those are the features that captivated me. How beautiful she looks!—how guileless!—how passionately I loved her! But love is gone for ever," he added, dashing the picture to the ground, and trampling upon it. "I awake from my infatuated dream to find myself betrayed. Did she ever love me? No—no!—never—never—never!"

His emotions were so poignant that he thought he should have died. On recovering from the paroxysm, he replaced the letters in the *escritoire*, and opened a cupboard, from which he took a small medicine-chest.

For a few moments he stood irresolute, with folded arms, gazing at the box, and the expression of his ghastly features was perfectly fiendish. At last, he took a small key and applied it to the chest, but his hand trembled so, that, after more than one ineffectual attempt, the key fell from his grasp.

"Were I superstitious I should deem this an interposition of some good spirit to turn me from my fatal purpose," he murmured. "But I will not be deterred. Let me think upon my wrongs, and be firm."

With that he unlocked the chest, and took from it a phial filled with a liquid clear as water.

Again a nervous trembling seized him, and in his agitation he nearly dropped the phial; but he had just managed to secure it, when he was confounded by the unexpected entrance of his wife.

"I have come to see what is the matter with you," she said. "Lady Kate tells me something has disturbed you. Are you not well? You look unusually pale. What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing," he replied, hastily. "Don't trouble yourself about me. I shall soon be better. I was coming to your room to say 'good night' before going to Lady de Burgh's, but since you are here, pray take a seat. I have something to say to you."

"Well, don't keep me long. I'm very tired, and want to go to bed," she said, yawning terribly.

"Spare me a few minutes. You will have a long and sound sleep presently," he said, in a sombre tone, and regarding her fixedly.

"How strangely you look at me," she cried. "Lady Kate said there was something odd about you, and I find it true. Do smile a little bit. You'll frighten everybody if you look so savage."

You remind me of Bluebeard in the fairy piece, when he is about to cut off his wife's head. I hope you don't mean to kill me."

"Kill you!" echoed Wilson. "What put that thought into your silly head?"

"Your ferocious looks," she rejoined. "Some people say you are jealous enough to do some horrid deed. But I have no fears. You are too fond of Belinda to cut off her head—eh, M. Barbe Bleu?"

"Since we have been united, madam, have I ever treated you otherwise than with kindness?" asked the old beau.

"Your conduct has been praiseworthy on the whole, though you have shown strange fits of temper now and then," she rejoined. "Luckily, I don't mind them."

"Answer me one question, Belinda. Have you ever repented your marriage with me?"

"Repented it! to be sure. A hundred times, at least. Whenever we have a little quarrel, I always long for a separation; but then you invariably make me such nice presents afterwards, that I am content to be reconciled. By-the-by, you have never given me the diamond rivièrè you promised me after our last squabble."

"Enough of this trifling, madam," said the old beau, sternly. "I have far different matters to discuss with you. Strange stories have been told me concerning you—stories damaging to yourself, and to my honour."

"And you believe those calumnies? You suppose me capable of such misconduct?" she cried, rearing her proud form to its height, and regarding him with indignant scorn.

"Yes, madam, I do believe them. It is useless to attempt to carry off the matter with a high hand. I believe in your guilt—ay, *guilt*, madam. Your intrigue with Mr. Law is the talk of the Town. Aha! you thought me your dupe. But if I am blind, other people are not. One of my kind friends was considerate enough—curse him!—to send me a letter this morning acquainting me with your conduct. Besides, I have had confirmation of the statement. I overheard what passed between you and your paramour in the Birdcage-walk this morning, and I learnt that he is to be in the garden to-night."

"All this admits of easy explanation, sir, but I shall not condescend to give it," said Belinda, preparing to quit the room.

But the old beau anticipated her purpose, and hastily locking the door, put the key in his pocket.

"Do you mean to detain me against my will?" she said, affrighted by his manner.

And she attempted to ring the bell, but he seized her arm, and forced her into a chair. Drawing his sword, he then bade her prepare for instant death.

"I cannot believe you are in earnest," she cried. "This is done to terrify me."

"Make your peace with Heaven, I say, madam," rejoined Wilson. "You have not many minutes to live."

"Mercy! mercy!" she cried, reading her fate in his looks. "By your former love for me, I implore you to spare me."

"All pity has been banished from my breast by your perfidy," cried Wilson. "You shall die."

"Not by your hand," she shrieked. "I am innocent. I swear it. Hear what I have to say."

"I will hear nothing now," said Wilson, in a frenzied tone. "You seek only to gain time. Utter a cry, and I will plunge my sword into your heart. You are beyond all human aid."

"Then help me, Heaven!" she ejaculated.

"I cannot shed her blood," said Wilson. "Drink this," he added, taking the phial from his vest.

"Is it poison?" she cried.

"Drink it!" he rejoined. "I give you choice of death. Or this, or the sword!"

Unable to resist him, she took the phial, placed it to her lips, and after swallowing a portion of its contents, fell, with a half-stifled shriek, to the ground.

Wilson sank upon a chair, averted his gaze, and tried to shut his ears to the fearful sounds that reached them.

All was soon still. Nevertheless, he did not dare to look round, but remained for some time in the same posture.

At last, the clock struck eleven, and roused by the sound, he arose, muttering, "I have more to do."

A dreadful shudder passed over his frame as he cast one look at the inanimate form of her he had once loved so well.

But the furies were still busy in his breast, and pity could not gain access to it. Unlocking the door, he went forth, repeating the words, "I have more to do."

XII.

AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

THAT night, about three-quarters of an hour after the tragic event we have just narrated, a sedan-chair was set down in Hay-street, near the wall of a garden evidently belonging to a large mansion situated in the adjacent square; and a gentleman wrapped in a cloak got out, and bade the chairmen await his return.

"All right, yer hon'r," replied our old acquaintance, Terry O'Flaherty. "Don't hurry on our account, Mr. Laa. We'll find plenty ov amusement talkin' to each other. But for the love of Heaven stop a minute, sir—there's somebody watchin' yonder. Get into the cheer again, and we'll just carry yer hon'r round the corner to baffle him."

"Poh, poh, nonsense!" cried Law. "There is nothing to be alarmed at. Wait here till I return." So saying, he unlocked a door in the garden-wall, and disappeared.

Scarcely was he gone, when the individual who had excited Terry's apprehensions crossed the street, making his way as quickly as his lameness would allow towards the very door in the garden-wall through which Law had passed.

The night was dark, and there were no lamps in the street; nevertheless, as the personage in question drew near, he was recognised by the chairmen, owing to the peculiarity of his gait.

"Saints protect us!" exclaimed Terry, "it's owld Beau Wilson hisself. I know him by his lame leg. There'll be murder in a minute. We mustn't let him into the garden, Pat. Halloa, sir," he added, "you can't go in there."

Wilson, however, paid no heed to the injunction, but was proceeding to unlock the door, when his arms were seized and pinioned by the two stalwart chairmen.

"Zounds, rascals!" he cried, struggling ineffectually to get free; "would you prevent me from going into my own house? Liberate me instantly, at your peril."

"If this is your own house, sir, you had better go in at the front door," replied Terry. "Get into the cheer, and we'll take you round to it."

"Ay, get in," added Pat Molloy, endeavouring to force him into the sedan-chair.

The old bean, however, violently resisted their efforts, and as they were afraid of proceeding to extremities with him, he at length succeeded in extricating himself from their clutches. But Terry was resolved, at all hazards, to prevent him from entering the garden, and accordingly planted himself before the door.

"Stand aside, sirrah!" cried Wilson, furiously, "or you will repent it. A man has just furtively entered my garden, and if you hinder me from pursuing him, you will be treated as his accomplices. The law will deal rigorously with you, I can promise you."

"Tut! the law won't meddle wi' honest men like us, so we're not afeerd," rejoined Terry, stoutly. "But your hon'r must be mistaken. The jontleman we set down went into yonder house," pointing to a habitation a short way down the street.

"It is false!" cried Wilson. "I saw him go in here. Stand aside, I command you, or it will be worse for you." And he drew his sword.

"Och, murder! I'll be kilt!" cried Terry. "Seize hould ov him, Pat, or he'll spit me wid his toasting-fork."

Though menaced by the old bean, who swore he would run him through the body if he did not move, Pat resolutely kept his place, and it is difficult to say what might have been the end of the

dispute, if a watchman had not at this moment turned the corner of the street, and, on being hailed by Wilson, he instantly hurried to the spot. The watchman's first business was to hold up his lantern and scrutinise the countenances of the parties, and as the light fell upon the marked features of the old beau, he instantly cried out that it was Mr. Wilson.

"You're sure of that, Charley?" said Terry.

"As sure as I am that you're an Irishman," replied the other.

"Then whatever you do, don't let him into the garden," said Terry. "Take him round to the front door, and ask the servants to put him to bed as quickly as they can. He has had too much to drink."

To this allegation the old beau gave an indignant denial, but the watchman, who was not altogether sober himself, was inclined to think there might be some truth in it; and hoping, at all events, to obtain a crown for his pains, he was trying to persuade Wilson to comply with Terry's suggestion, when two other persons appeared on the scene. These were Sir Harry and Charlie Carrington.

Sir Harry immediately offered his services to the old beau, who, taking him aside, said, in a low tone, "You will wonder what I am doing here with these fellows, but the fact is, I have been on the watch for Law, and having seen him pass through that door into my garden, I should have instantly followed had I not been hindered by those chairmen, who are in his pay. Come with me, Sir Harry, I entreat you; and as the villain must at once give me satisfaction for the injury he has done me, I will beg of you to act as my second?"

"I don't see how I can refuse you, sir, if you are determined upon an immediate encounter," replied Sir Harry; "and to tell you the truth, it was the hope of preventing mischief that brought Carrington and myself here."

"Then you knew of the assignation?" cried Wilson.

"Do not ask me, sir," rejoined Sir Harry. "I don't desire to add fuel to the flame already raging within your breast. Let it suffice that, believing you are entitled to demand instant satisfaction from Law, I am ready to serve as your second. The only stipulation I make is, that Charles Carrington shall accompany us. His services may be required on the other side. Bad as it is, the affair must be conducted *en règle*."

"I care not how it is conducted," rejoined the old beau. "I mean to kill the villain."

"Of course, my dear sir, such is your intention. But you must kill him according to rule, or it will be accounted assassination. Allow me a word with Carrington."

"Be brief, then," said the old beau. "Too much time has been wasted already. The villain may escape me."

"No fear of that, sir. If he quits the garden, he must come out this way."

After a short conference between Sir Harry and Carrington, they informed the old beau that they were ready to attend him.

Seeing it was vain to offer any further opposition, Terry withdrew from his post. The door was then unlocked, and Wilson and his companions went into the garden, taking the watchman with them.

XIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

WE must now return to Law. On entering the garden, which was of some size, and very tastefully laid out, comprehending several fine trees, he made his way towards an alcove, situated on one side of a broad, smooth-shaven lawn, soft to the foot as velvet, and running up to the windows of the house.

No one was within the little building, so he sat down on a chair with which it was provided, and beguiled his impatience as he best could. He had not, however, to wait long. A slight sound caused by the opening of a glass door communicating with the garden informed him that she he expected was coming forth from the house; and the next moment a female figure, robed in white, could be seen flitting quickly and with noiseless footsteps across the lawn.

"Are you there?" inquired a soft voice, as the lady approached the alcove.

Law made no answer, but rose up and clasped her to his breast.

"I can't stay many minutes with you," she said, disengaging herself from his embrace. "But I have something of importance to say to you. Mr. Wilson has been in a very ill humour to-night, and evidently meditates a quarrel with you."

"Oh! that is of no consequence," rejoined Law, with a laugh. "Probably, some reports of my nocturnal visits have reached him, and aroused his jealousy. But, as you know, I can speedily tranquillise him."

"Of course, by avowing the truth, and letting him into our secret," responded the lady; "but he provoked me excessively by the malicious things he said of you."

"Why heed them, sweetheart, when you know they arise from jealousy? He will unsay them all when he learns the truth."

"But he called you a rake, and I don't like such a term to be applied to you."

"Yet it is not to be wondered at that he should so style me, if he supposes me enamoured of his wife. I'll answer for it he will retract all he has said when he learns we are secretly married."

"Hush! not so loud—some one may overhear you."

"No matter if I am overheard. I am impatient for the dis-

closure. Some unpleasant consequences are sure to arise if the avowal is longer delayed. I have reason to suspect that my secret visits to you have been observed, and have given rise to reports prejudicial to Belinda's reputation. The world must know that the visits have been paid to my wife; and it must also know why we have been privately married."

"In that case I must give up all the property settled upon me by my first husband," said Lady Kate. "It is vexatious to throw away five thousand a year."

"But since the money can't be retained, you must make up your mind to part with it," rejoined Law. "Mr. Senor was a churl to deprive you of your money in case of a second marriage, but I am so pleased with him for leaving you to me, that I won't cast reproaches on his memory. As to the five thousand a year, it is a loss to be sure——"

"A loss! I think so!" interrupted Lady Kate. "It is an immense loss—an irreparable loss."

"Not quite irreparable," rejoined Law. "I will engage to provide you with double that income next year. Why, I have gained twenty thousand pounds within the last month, and if my luck only lasts—as it cannot fail—I shall gain as much next month. So you see we shall grow rich quickly."

"But how have you gained the money?—Tell me that?"

"By various successful speculations," he replied, with a laugh. "I can't enter into particulars at this moment. But you may rest perfectly easy that you will sustain no material loss from the deprivation of your present income. In a week or two after the public acknowledgment of our marriage, we will go to Brussels, and thence to some of the German courts, where I shall offer my plan to their rulers. Failing there, we will proceed to Turin. Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, is almost certain to adopt the scheme."

"Before consenting to the disclosure of our marriage I must consult Belinda, since she advised the secret union," said Lady Kate. "I will go to her at once, and bring you word what she says."

"Oh! she will sanction the immediate avowal, I am sure, when she becomes aware of the necessity of the step," said Law. "Haste on your errand, and come back quickly. Bring Belinda's consent, and I shall be able to dispel her husband's jealous doubts, and announce proudly to all the world that Lady Catherine Knollys is now Lady Catherine Law."

Thus exhorted, the lady speeded towards the house.

At the very moment of her departure, Beau Wilson and those with him entered the garden, and Charlie Carrington, who was a little in advance of the others, called out,

"There she goes! She has just quitted her lover."

"Whom did you think you saw, sir?" demanded Wilson, too well aware that it could not be the hapless Belinda whom Carrington had beheld.

"Your wife, to be sure! who else could it be?" rejoined the other.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the old beau. "Your eyes must have deceived you."

"At all events, I saw a figure in white," returned the other. "I'll swear to that. But as this is the witching hour of night," he added, as the clock of the church in May Fair struck twelve, "it may have been a ghost."

Beau Wilson shuddered at the idea.

"Stay where you are, sir, if your courage fails you," said Charlie Carrington, noticing that the old beau halted. "Sir Harry and I will see the adventure to an end."

"Come on!" exclaimed Wilson, rousing himself. "We shall find him in the alcove."

"The alcove! eh?" cried Carrington. "What a charming retreat for a pair of turtle-doves! Egad, Law is the luckiest of men."

"You won't say so five minutes hence, sir," rejoined the old beau, gnashing his teeth.

With this he hurried towards the alcove, and the others followed him.

Hearing their approach, Law came forth.

"Soh! we have found you, sir!" cried Wilson, in accents that sounded scarcely human.

"I can easily and satisfactorily explain the cause of my presence here, if you will permit me, Mr. Wilson," said Law.

"No explanation is needed, sir, and none will be accepted by me," rejoined Wilson, fiercely. "I know well enough why you are here, and so do these gentlemen. Draw and defend yourself," he added, flourishing his sword in the other's face.

"Hear what I have to say, my good sir," remonstrated Law. "I swear to you that you are entirely mistaken. I am here for no purpose at which you can possibly take offence."

"Will you give us your word of honour, Mr. Law," interposed Sir Harry, "that a lady—we won't mention any name—has not been with you in this alcove?"

"No, I can't do that," replied Law. "But I engage to clear away all suspicion, if you will only grant me a few minutes' delay."

"This is mere trifling," roared Wilson. "Put yourself on guard instantly, sir."

"Sir Harry, I appeal to you. This quarrel must not proceed," said Law, still refusing to draw. "I cannot—will not—cross swords with Mr. Wilson."

"Then I will stab you where you stand," cried the old beau, blind with rage.

"Hold, sir!" interposed Sir Harry, arresting him. "Mr. Law, I must tell you that you are bound to give Mr. Wilson satisfaction."

"Satisfaction for what?" cried Law. "I have done him no injury."

"Come, come, sir," cried Sir Harry, "this won't pass with us, after what we have heard——"

"And seen," added Carrington. "Sir Harry and I will take care you have fair play, Mr. Law, but fight you must."

"Ay, that he must, and quickly," cried the old beau, stamping the ground with rage. "I will suffer no further delay."

"Well, since there is no help for it, I comply," said Law, drawing. "But I announce beforehand that I shall merely act on the defensive."

"And I announce beforehand that I mean to kill you," rejoined Wilson. "So, have at your heart!"

Next moment they were engaged. The watchman held up his lantern, and its glimmer enabled them to discern each other's movements. But for this light they must have fought completely at hazard. The old beau's infuriated condition deprived him of his customary skill. He made several desperate lunges at his opponent, laying himself repeatedly open to a riposte, but Law contented himself with parrying the thrusts.

The conflict was proceeding in this way, when the glass door already alluded to was suddenly thrown open, and Lady Kate, followed by three or four lackeys bearing lights, rushed forth, screaming, "Belinda is dead—poisoned by her husband!"

At this appalling cry both combatants stood still.

"What is this I hear?" said Law. "Belinda poisoned, and by you? If you are, indeed, guilty of this inhuman deed, you shall perish by the hangman's hand, not by mine."

"I will not die till I have had my full measure of revenge," cried Wilson.

And he again assailed Law, and with such fury, that the latter, unable to act longer upon the defensive, made a thrust in return, and his sword passed through the madman's body.

At this fatal juncture Lady Kate rushed up, but recoiled with horror on seeing Wilson fall. Law, however, seized her by the hand, and drew her towards the dying man.

"Tell him," he said, "while he can yet hear you, that Belinda was innocent."

"She was!—she was!" cried Lady Kate. "She never wronged you."

"Why, then, did she meet Law here?" demanded the dying man, faintly.

"She never did meet him," rejoined Lady Kate. "It was I who came here—I, his wedded wife."

"What!—guiltless! and I have murdered her!" cried the old man, raising himself by a supreme effort. "Mercy!—mercy, Heaven!"

Then sinking backwards, he expired.

End of the Prologue.

THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1864.

NEVER, perhaps, even in the times of the great Napoleon, was the political atmosphere more troublous than in the present day. The whole of the Western nations in Europe are boiling with indignation at the atrocities committed by the semi-barbarian Muscovites upon the unfortunate Poles; the prolonged and sanguinary warfare between the Federals and the Confederates, the overt hostility of the former to the Western powers, and their alliance with the Oriental despotism of the Russian Czar, may lead them to open rupture at any moment; the occupation of Mexico by the French is a sore upon the side of the Anglo-Americans that they will not put up with quietly. The bellicose aptitudes of the Japanese will entail far more serious labours on both French and English than the discordant element of Chinese insurrections, or the bootless resistance proffered by the unwarlike Annamites—a change from a French to a Spanish garrison at Rome would only hasten the anticipated collision between young Italy and the incubus of the middle ages; but of all these stirring incidents of the past, and of all these dark prospects for the future, there is, except in the “*Almanach de l’Illustration*”—and every rule has its exception—no illustration either by pen or pencil in the French Almanacks. Politics are as utterly tabooed from their pages as an Englishman from a Maori pah! True that in the “*Almanach de Napoléon*” we have some account of the “*Expédition Française au Mexique*,” with curious illustrations of bivouacs, defiles, reconnaissances, combats, and banquets, in which the pet Zouaves are generally placed in the foreground, but all such articles are either “inspired” or under a careful censorship. We have not, with the exception before mentioned, one allusion to Poland or to the Poles in the whole series; nothing referring to the “*Sun-Land*,” nor even to the Annamite embassy; and as to the holy person of the sovereign-pontiff, it is surrounded with a halo that appears to be utterly impenetrable and unapproachable.

We are thus thrown back upon the purely literary resources of the country; not that they are not as praiseworthy as its political turbulence—to many, who get quite enough of politics with that matutinal broad sheet, which modern civilisation might surely reduce to a more convenient form, they will most likely prove a very agreeable change; and there is, indeed, a decided relief in those lively and amusing sketches given by the Parisians of themselves—a style of composition in which they are wondrous adepts—to the more serious and gloomy preoccupation of politics.

We must, however, ere proceeding to these more sketchy articles, say a word or two as to what has been done in the general fields of literature and the drama during the past year. This not merely in accordance with an annual custom, but because such a little résumé may contain information that is desirable to some of our readers. The completion of Thiers’s “*Consulat et l’Empire*” is looked upon by the French as the great literary event of the past year. They admit that it is the history of a “*grande chute*,” but they say that it is narrated with “*sympathy and justice*.” We cannot imagine how the two can go together; however much we may sympathise with the fall of a great man, justice compels

us to say that his fate was richly merited. Few French historians would write of "justice" in the present day in that sense—certainly not M. Thiers. M. Clement is not an historian of the calibre of Thiers, but he has produced a clever work on the minister Colbert, which is a kind of continuation of those ponderous tomes on the ministers Fouquet and Louvois, to which we have devoted our patient analytical capacities for the benefit of our more studious readers. It presents even "le grand Colbert" under the same characteristic and inevitable features of the day, and the great political sore of all administrations of all times, as grossly mercenary and venial, and as having his own interests and those of his family more constantly before him than even any bloated pasha surrounded by his Armenian sarafs. To a new volume of M. Louis Blanc's admirable history of the "Convention," a son of Carnot's has added a volume of memoirs on the revolutionary soldiers, which transports us from the sanguinary orgies of the metropolis to the brave yet ribald army which first chanted the Marseillaise to the affrighted provincials. In M. Renouvier's "History of Art during the Revolution" we find an aptitude for collecting the more minute features of history which are often more satisfactory to the mind than a mass of generalities, rounded periods, and startling paradoxes, too often indulged in at the sacrifice of truth. M. Duruy's "Histoire des Temps Modernes" deserves more than a passing notice; so also, indeed, of Amédée Thierry's "Histoire d'Attila," and Armand Baschet's "Princes de l'Europe au Seizième Siècle." Opinions differ as to the merits and demerits of M. Viennet's grand epic "La Franciade." Jules Janin speaks of it as an heroic poem—a real poem. It may interest English readers as a mythical record of the surging forth of the Franks, from Trojans and Celts, enriched by the spoils of defeated Albion! M. Vieunet is, we believe, eighty-five or six years of age, but if some men were to live two centuries it would not cure them of international detractions. As the end has, however, been so often sought in vain, it was perhaps wise to secure it at the onset.

There is no want of talent, style, or invention among the French writers of fiction; but we regret to say that moderation, prudence, and common sense, are not only becoming every year more and more rare, but the most grievous excesses on the opposite side are being almost daily committed. Take, for example, "Salammbou," the great work of the year, which was to supplant "Les Misérables;" it is one of the most strange and incredible productions that has ever disgraced a national literature. Nothing but orgies, wine, and blood: a barbarous nation sunk in shame. Yet such was its success, that the Carthaginian priestess became, for the time being, all and everything. There were Salammbou scarfs, and Salammbou colours; and certain enterprising ladies appeared in costume balls under the transparent tunic of the daughter of Amilcar. Salammbou did not, however, enjoy a long popularity; it was soon succeeded by "Madelon," which took Paris by storm. Madelon was not a type, she was a creature by herself—full of dangers, smiles, threats, and caresses. Everything she came in contact with she involved in ruin, and that amidst luxury and pleasures. "Nothing," says Jules Janin, "but ruins; pillage has less violence, incendiarism more pity." There was only wanting to "Madelon," to give it completeness, the dénouement of a work entitled "Une Drôlesse." At the end of that precious production of a similarly eccentric stamp, the author exhibits to us this other type of

"Madelon" as a miserable, pilfering follower of the French army—a despoiler of the dying and the dead in the funereal light of a December moon. Nothing is impossible to the "Madelons," and we suspect we shall yet hear more of them from the "gentil esprit" of Edmond About. "Le Comte Kostia" of M. Victor Cherbuliez is another of that class of works which make us regret that so much talent is devoted to exciting curiosity by extraordinary means, when the realities of life present so much to interest and to move us. M. Arthur Baiguères's "Histoire Modernes" have more talent in them, and are less objectionable. His "Chevalier de la Joyeuse Figure" is most felicitous in the choice of subject and in its execution. It is to be hoped that this young romancer will keep to those good instincts which have already ensured him a large portion of public favour. So also with M. Xavier Marmier, only that he is an old favourite. The scene of his new work, "L'Avare et son Trésor," is laid in Alsatia, and it is replete with admirable local descriptions, as well as unobjectionable in point of narrative. The Magdalen, whose confessions M. Charles Dolfus has panned this year, is a relative to that other "Madeleine," whose long sufferings and victory over herself have been related by M. Fromentin. It is saying as much as we can upon such disagreeable subjects. "La Cause Secrète" of M. A. Gennevray is a kind of literary rival to Mr. W. Collins's "Woman in White," and "No Name"—"imitation" is, we suppose, the word. M. Camille Seldens's "Daniel Vlady" is an improbable picture of a great Hungarian musician, nurtured in a coarse, brutal atmosphere, yet himself as delicate and sensitive as the most tender exotic. "La Comédie du Printemps" is admittedly the best work of its author, M. Arnould Fremy, well known for his talent and resources. This is saying a great deal for it. "L'Histoire d'un Homme," by M. Amédée Achard, is much to be admired for its descriptive portions; nothing can be more pointed or graphic. "Les Confidences d'un Joueur de Clarinette," by M. Erckmann Chatrain; "Jacquet-Jacques," by M. Jérôme Bugeaud; "Les Femmes Sensibles," by M. Paul Deltuf; "Les Légendes Bretonnes," by M. Enault, are also all deserving of favourable mention. "Le Roman de la Femme à Barbe," with a rather repulsive title, is, nevertheless, very curious in its development. "Les Mémoires d'un Baiser," by M. Jules Noriac, are also cleverly told; but they have the common fault of a want of moderation. There are also "Les Cours Galantes," by Gustave Desnoirterres; "Les Coudées Franches," by Ernest Serret; "Les Cousines de Satan," by Jules de Saint-Félix; "L'Amour Bossu," by M. Henri de Kock—all little books, characterised by more or less of Parisian grace and talent, not always subordinate to good taste; and last, not least, the Sibylle of "Octave Feuillet," which, extolled by M. Vitet at the Academy, earned an eloquent reputation from the pen of George Sand.

There is a class of works which are neither history nor fiction, which still remain to be noticed, and which have been unusually numerous during the past year. Among such may be classed Eugène Pelletan's "Nouvelle Babylone," a brilliant piece of declamation; Edmond Texier's "Choses du Temps Présent," very ably done; Maxime Du Camp's "Expédition des Deux Siciles," a sparkling book; Auguste Vacquerie's "Mieltes de l'Histoire," and "Victor Hugo raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie," would, together, furnish materials enough for a life of the author of the "Orientales" and the "Misérables." The "Mémoires de Littéra-

ture Ancienne," by the learned Egger, may be placed side by side with Cuvillier-Fleury's "Historiens, Poètes et Romanciers." "Les Amours de Madame de Sévigné," by Hippolyte Babou, and "Les Médecins au Temps de Molière," by Maurice Raynaud, carry us back, but by very different roads, to the anecdotic portion of the reign of Louis XIV. Paul de Musset has written the "Histoire des Extravagants du Dix-septième Siècle." The extravagant people of our age will be found equally depicted in the "Mémoires d'un Vaudevilliste," by De Rochefort. Nor must we pass over "La Littérature Indépendante" of Victor Fournel; "Cinq Semaines en Ballon," by Jules Verne; "Les Champs d'Or du Bendigo," by Henri Perron d'Arc; "Musique et Musiciens," by Oscar Comettant; "Les Anecdotes des Cafés et Cabarets de Paris," by Alfred Delvan; "Le Roman de Molière," by Edouard Fournier; "Windsor," by Louis Depret; "L'Hotesse du Connétable," a terrible historical romance by Emmanuel Gonzalés; "Les Majorats Littéraires," by P. J. Proudhon; "La Grève de Samarez," by M. Pierre Leroux; the "Histoire de l'Amour dans l'Antiquité," by Louis Deville; "Une Aventure sur la Mer Rouge," by Madame Louise Collet; "L'Italie des Italiens;" "Les Dernières Conversations de Goëthe," by Henri Richelot; and the "Histoire d'Une Bouchée de Pain," by Jean Macé.

Most assuredly the year 1863 has not been unproductive of new books in as far as Paris is concerned, and yet we have not enumerated one-half even of the most successful. Poetry has also had its successes even in these most prosaic of ages. Gospels and Psalms have been set in verse, the one by Brun, the other by Créhange. These two works come from the renowned press of Lyons. So also with the "Echos" of Hector Fleury, the "Pauvrettes" of Léandre Brocherie, and "Les Poèmes et Poésies" of Théophile Poydenot. M. Poydenot declaims against the "Utilitarians," in a poem of that name; as if the sacred flame could ever die away in the country of Victor Hugo and De Lamartine. Duclesieux in his "Vox de la Solitude," and Ernest Gervais in his "Sœur de Charité," are alone proofs to the contrary. We will, however, spare the reader an enumeration even of the most remarkable poetical productions of the past year. He will most probably not order them on our recommendation, nor on that of the veteran critic Jules Janin, or of the more enthusiastic M. Cuvillier-Fleury. With abundance of taste, talent, and feeling, still there is nothing that rises much above an average amount of perfection.

In entering upon his annual disquisition upon theatrical matters, M. Jules Janin justly admits that it is the subject of all others that most preoccupies the mind of Parisians. This is not as it ought to be; but, alas! literary men have to do with the world they live in, not with the world as they would wish it to be. An extravagant devotion to the stage, such as is met with in the modern Nineveh, is not creditable to the metropolitan taste; luckily for France, its great political, military, literary, and artistic forces are recruited from the provinces, and albeit matured, as also too often corrupted, in the capital, they drew their sap and blood from the unpolluted atmosphere of the country. "What are those good people," asks Jules Janin, "talking about in that room, so well adapted for conversation? They are talking of the new comedy or the new drama. Have you heard the new singer? Have you applauded Mademoiselle Agar in her part of Phèdre? Is it true that Mademoiselle Victoria

became in twenty-four hours a partner in the Théâtre-Français? Such is the real basis, and the beginning, the middle, and the end of every conversation." What chance have the narratives of travellers, or the triumphs of philosophy or science, against such a concurrence?

The year 1862 went out with excesses of a more than usually frantic character. There was Edouard Pluvier's "Fous"—real madmen—some mad with absinthe, others with ambition, all victims of some vile passion or excess. "L'excès, toujours l'excès." It is to the same love of excess that the stage was indebted for the "Mystères du Temple," in which rags and dirt play a principal part; the usurer, the rag-gatherer, the mud-larker, the sweep, the nightman, everything that rakes and revels in the Parisian sewers; assassination mixed up with debauchery; blasphemy with wine, and song and buffoonery with indecency, go to constitute a "chef-d'œuvre" in five acts and ten tableaux! Just such another excess was the "Etrangleurs de l'Inde," a howling, murderous drama, which devoted four or five hours to the demoniacal Thugs and their goddess Moha-kali! Luckily, excesses of this description do not last; they come and go, and are forgotten.

Another excess, but that an accepted and very curious one, was "Le Bossu," played by Mélingue in company with Masters Cocardasse and Passepoil. "Dolorés," a drama in verse in four acts by M. Louis Bouilhet, may also be ranked among the successful excesses. On the other hand, "Les Ivresses on la Chanson de l'Amour" takes rank among the most condemnable excesses with "La Vie à Outrance," in both of which all kinds of madmen are crowded to play their ignoble parts. Jules Janin says of romancers and dramatic writers alike, "he who wishes to prove too much proves nothing." It is an Horatian maxim adopted by Despréaux:

Ce que l'on dit de trop est fade et rebutant,
L'esprit rassasié le rejette à l'instant.

Dramas, now-a-days, are profuse in actors, diffuse in words and ideas, and confused in plot and arrangement.

One of the youngest and most successful dramatic writers of the day, M. Victorien Sardou, brought out his "Ganaches" at the Gymnase Dramatique (one of his comedies was suppressed by the censorship this year), and it met with well-merited success.

But we must let Jules Janin rattle over a few pieces in his own figurative style. He despatches a bevy in a few words: "Among the great pieces, there is no want of little ones. 'Une Loge d'Opéra,' by M. Jules le Comte, gives you the idea of a happy evening at the Théâtre-Français; here and there we have 'Les Brebis de Panurge,' 'La Clef de Métella,' 'Les Perruques,' et allez donc, Turlurette!" It makes people sing and dance to read such tempting bills. What luck! persons exclaim. What an amount of talent the French people can still expend every day! What a triumph! it has produced 'Les Mousquetaires du Carnaval,' 'La Germaine,' 'Henri le Balafré,' 'Le Voyage du Jeune Ahacnarsis' [whether this is mis-spelt on purpose or not we really cannot tell]; it has produced 'Jean Torgnole' and 'La Dame au Petit Chien.' We are indebted to French talent for 'Le Défaut de Jeanne' and 'Sortir Seule!' with 'Permettez, Madame!' 'Célimare le Bien Aimé,' 'Le Ménage de Césarine,' 'Le Brésilien,' 'L'Oiseau Fait son Nid,' 'Un Monsieur qui a Perdu son Mot. There are works for you! There

are inventions! 'Un Homme de Rien' made its appearance at the Vaudeville under the most gloomy anticipations. Managers and actors prognosticated beforehand: 'Oh! this time we shall be terribly hissed!' The curtain rises, and lo! strange to say, the comedy is listened to, and the hero is applauded." This "Homme de Rien" was neither more nor less than Sheridan.

Two great dramas managed also to win the public favour. One was a translation of "Macbeth" in French verse, by M. Jules Lacroix, produced at the Ambigu-Comique; the other was "François les Bas Bleus," by M. Paul Maurice. M. Lacroix's version of Shakspeare's great drama is spoken of in the highest terms, but it is impossible ever to render the English bard literally in a foreign language, although there is no doubt that M. Lacroix's attempt is a most meritorious performance. We will give an example:

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

M. Lacroix. Il avoit une femme,
Macduff!—où donc est elle à présent?—C'est infâme!
Quoi! ces mains ne seront jamais nettes!—assez!
Tous vos tressaillements nous perdent—finissez!

"C'est infâme!" and "finissez!" are here "de trop!" "You mar all with this starting," was in allusion to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet, not as M. Lacroix makes it, an actuality.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

M. Lacroix. Ah! vous ne devez pas connaître ce mystère.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

M. Lacroix. Mais elle-même a dit ce qu'elle aurait dû taire.
Dieu sait ce qu'elle sait!

M. Lacroix, it will be observed, makes the Doctor speak to the gentlewoman, whereas he is speaking of Lady Macbeth, and, as a sequence, he erroneously makes the gentlewoman excuse herself for having heard what she (Lady Macbeth) ought to have been silent upon!

The French have taken to like not only Shakspeare, but also Terence. If he has not, they say, that quick, sharp, pitiless gaiety of an "enfant des faubourgs," he is a faithful depicor of Roman manners, and Roman grace and dignity! He is a "bel esprit," suited to the company of "grandes dames, sénateurs et chevaliers!" So also have his comedies been put, we are told, into charming verse by a marquis—the lord of Belloy—if such a place exists.

"But, at last, when we have gone through all the dramas and all the comedies of the year, stopping a moment at the 'Petits Mystères de l'Hôtel des Ventes,' at the 'Comtesse Mimi,' at the spectres of the 'Secrets de Mademoiselle Aurore,' and not forgetting 'Giselle' and 'Mademoiselle Mourawieff,' still must we ever come back to the great adventure, or, rather let us say, to the terrible accident of the 'Fils de Giboyer,' a comedy in prose, in five acts, by M. Emile Augier, and by means of which that gentleman kept 'a whole people content, furious, applauding, murmuring, indignant, and charmed for a whole year.' So many contradictory expressions seem at first sight to be rhapsodical, but so

it was with the 'Fils de Giboyer.' It has been condemned and abused by some, applauded by others. A work sparkling with irony and cynicism, it has had pamphlets replete with denunciations published against it. And yet with what sympathy and gratification did the crowd applaud the punishment inflicted upon professional calumniators? The 'Fils de Giboyer,' says Jules Janin, "resumes the whole labour of the year. Nothing has been done that produced so much noise, flame, and light."

The sketches of French society given in the Almanacks are among their most pleasing and characteristic features, and although sometimes extravagant and verging upon the grotesque, there is generally a substratum of truth which is very entertaining. Here are some sketches taken from the Wood of Vincennes:

L.—ON FOOT.

The scene represents one of those avenues which art, in enmity with straight lines, has disposed in a curve; just as if Art had anticipated how much Love would be indebted to it. A gentleman, evidently a prey to unusual excitement, alone breaks the solitude. Although he is not at the Théâtre-Français, section of tragedy, he indulges to excess in the pleasures of a monologue:

"No, a thousand times, no! I will not survive this desertion! Oh, Laura, may my innocent blood lie on your head. When I think that she embroidered a Greek cap for me, and sent me her 'portrait-carte,' with a lock of her hair! What can one believe in, if a lady who has sent you a cap and a photograph is not to be believed in? In nothing! nothing! I am sceptic, blasé, disillusionised. The earth is ugly, its inhabitants are still uglier—the women especially. Everything is dull, stupid, repulsive. The love of Laura could alone have reconciled me to such an abominable existence. I am deprived of that. Let us put an end to it."

Monsieur moved as if impelled by a secret impetus.

"Yes! Let us put an end to it! I have made my last arrangements. I have left my furniture to my landlord. It is an act of munificence that will astonish the world. But as my legatee had to a certain extent anticipated my intentions by seizing upon his legacy, it was much more chivalrous to give to it the appearance of a free gift than a concession made to the vile exigencies of a broker.

"What detestable weather! gloomy as the death whose presence I court. And yet they pretend to have embellished this wood. How ridiculous! I have seen nothing in it but what is hideous. Most assuredly I have nothing to regret here below. I will dive into the shrubbery."

Suiting the action to the word, monsieur leaves the avenue and penetrates into the thicket. As soon as he is out of sight he draws a pistol from his pocket.

"There!" he exclaims, looking at it with forced complacency. "With that, in five minutes, all will be over." And then he adds, reflectively, "I should like before I die to know the name of the inventor of powder, so that I could do justice to the memory of one who provided such a panacea for the despairs of the future. Can anything be more convenient? A mere movement and there! Yet if Laura had so willed it, we might have led a life full of delights. Instead of being here with the sinister intentions that I am about to realise, we should have been two together admiring the verdure. For it is magnificent, although I insinuated the contrary just now; the verdure of the Wood of Vincennes is positively magnificent. There, for example, is an oak that must have been contemporary with Saint Louis. Ah, here is the sun! a real sun, whose beams seem to smile upon me. But what is that to me? If the day-star plays the coquette with me, it will never succeed. Without Laura I must not live. But what is this?"

He has barely time to hide his pistol before a keeper is in his presence.

"What are you doing there? No one is allowed to penetrate into the shrubbery. The fine for doing so is ten francs. Hand over your card!

"Willingly." Monsieur hands over his card to the keeper, who walks away.

"He is superb with his ten francs. He can go and claim them from my

legatee. A man who is about to commit suicide need not trouble himself about such trifles. Let us penetrate into another thicket."

Monsieur once more buries himself in a leafy place.

"Where is my pistol? I must hasten to load it. Reflection is of no use in such cases. Not that I am capable of wavering. I have said it: without Laura!" He loads his weapon. "Without Laura! What abominable wadding! I am prepared to take away my life, but not to disfigure myself. That would be to make myself ridiculous. Without Laura nothing in this world has a charm for me. What is that noise again? Two gentlemen taking a stroll and smoking—smoking cigars, too, of the very best quality. What a perfume! It is like an irony in extremis. Whilst I was living I never could get a good cigar. I ought to have partaken of the stirrup-cup before I went off for good; but no matter, it is too late now; we must have no postponements. Oh! another interruption."

"Who goes there?" exclaims another keeper. "It is against the law to enter the thickets. *Ten francs fine.* Your card, sir!"

Monsieur hastens to tender his second card.

"They may have as many as they like. I dare say they fancy that it troubles me, whereas it only concerns my legatee; that is to say, if he accepts my legacy. But I must change my site. There are some people who take so much pleasure in interfering with others, that the wretch of a keeper is capable of coming back again."

Monsieur walks away disconsolately, till he finds himself once more in solitude. He takes advantage of the circumstance to penetrate once more into the thicket.

"I was saying that it was loaded. Well, they have disposed this wood with some taste. I just got a glance of the corner of a lake. Only to think that if Laura had not proved inconstant, we could have come together to give the bread of sentiment to the winged creations that dot that surface! But she has ruled it otherwise. She! yes, like all her sex! To fancy that reciprocal love is to be found here below! And I, too, who cannot live without love. But of what use is it to keep conjugating the stupid verb?"

He cocks his pistol. At the very moment the echoes of a conversation reach his ear from the neighbouring thicket. Monsieur stops a moment, and, not to be again interrupted, moves off quietly in the direction of the sounds. An ardent gunner and a fair damsel, who must evidently be the Virginia of the Paul of the Artillery, are seen seated on a bench.

"Now, dear Anaïs, may I really believe that you reciprocate the sensations of my febrile passion?"

"Monsieur Grasset, to doubt it is death to me. Do not my master and missus believe that I am at this very moment airing their little one in the Luxembourg? Did I not entrust their darling to one of my countrywomen, invest six sous in an omnibus, traverse several kilômètres, and run the chance of having the door shut in my face, and all that, merely that your hand should squeeze mine?"

"Anaïs, you fire me in the very depths of my affection when you address me in such inflammable language."

"You love me, then, too?"

"Do I not, on my side, run the chance of eight days in the guard-house for the pleasure of palpitating for one half-hour by your side—I, who ought to be burnishing up my sergeant's accoutrements?"

"Angel!"

"Dear one!"

This last expression was audibly succeeded by a kiss.

"What!" exclaims monsieur, inwardly, "have I, then, calumniated my species? Do people still love one another? Have the Normandes—she is evidently from Normandy—preserved the sacred flame? And yet I despaired of finding a successor to Laura. A successor! I am blaspheming. I am a coward. I recoil before the dénouement. No, Heaven forefend! since I am in for it."

"What are you doing there?" interrupted a third keeper. "It is forbidden to penetrate into the thickets."

"Yes, I know it. You want my card; here it is."

"It will cost you——"

"Ten francs, I know it."

"Another for my landlord. This wood is looked after with precious care. It is really becoming ridiculous. My exit will be accomplished without dignity. A greater amount of respect ought to be shown to what will soon be my remains. I will penetrate more deeply into the wood—far away from human eyes. But what is that I hear? Everything seems to be against me to-day. The sound of music. The clinking of glasses and plates, of knives and forks. It is curious I no longer contemplate death under the same aspect as when I first came here. Come, come! I must be firm. But it is hard to quit such beautiful verdure, to forego such admirable cigars, to renounce a world where there are still incandescent Normans. Ah! that noise of glasses again, and of joyous human voices. There is a restaurant close by here—I have heard of it—renowned for its 'petit pois au lard.' I can smell them. I am awfully hungry. I will not kill myself to-day, but I will have my revenge upon Laura; I will go and dine upon 'petits pois au lard,' which she loved so much—without her!"

II.—ON HORSEBACK.

A day of steeple-chase. Do you like that description of break-neck? It has been introduced everywhere, even at Vincennes. A vast crowd encumbers the Hippodrome—call it "turf," that is more fashionable. (How can a crowd encumber a turf, except at an Irish wake?) Great ladies, little ladies, people very well off, people very badly off, all kinds and descriptions of people.

Clapotin and Pignolet, "apprentis ébénistes," to use their own pronunciation (apprentice cabinet-makers), natives of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, have hastened to be initiated into "le sport," and they converse as follows by the way:

Clapotin—What do you think of my appearance? In looking into the broken glass, that does duty as a mirror, I took myself for an engraving of the last fashions.

Pignolet—And I, then? Do you not admire this yellow tie?

Clapotin—I tell you what, if we were to meet a tailor, he would abstract our persons to place them in his shop window.

Pignolet—Well, when one mixes in good society, one must do as they do.

Clapotin—Do not talk about things that you know nothing about. In the great world, the uglier one is the greater the success. Look at the "gandins," for example.

Pignolet—Then the pureness of my lines will oppose itself to my success in the great world.

Clapotin—There is no rule without exception. I hope we shall make a sensation. Oh! what a splendid lady in that carriage. She has a mantle on lined with leather and decorated with nail-heads, just like a trunk.

Pignolet—Why, that is now the fashion for out of doors.

Clapotin—Oh! here we are! What a crowd of fellow-citizens! Impossible to throw a sou in the air but it would fall into somebody's pocket. Come this way. I will soon open a Rue de Rivoli through the ribs of my fellow-citizens.

Various voices—Take care, will you! animal! It is shameful to push in that manner.

Clapotin—Wherefore shameful? Do not great people make their way in the world by pushing?

Pignolet—Let us go in there! There is a congregation of swells.

A "Sergent de Ville"—Your card?

Clapotin—I never use one except on New Year's-day, and then I only give it to those I know.

The "Sergent"—You can't go in without a card. Do you belong to the Jockey Club?

Pignolet—Jockey! Why, he takes us for servants. Come away; I do not like my dignity to be deteriorated in public.

Clapotin—Oh! la, la! Do look at that individual. I have seen a pair of tongs sit a horse better than that. (To the Cavalier)—I say, do you want a parachute? I will go to Godard's to get you one!

The Cavalier—Insolent blackguard!

Pignolet—Who asked you for your name or surname?

Clapotin—Pignolet, there is a branch that will do for a box in the dress-circle. Up we go. Pignolet, give your hand to the ladies. Help that fat mamma up to your right. We will say more amusing things to her than her husband.

Pignolet—Isn't there ever a rope and pulley in the neighbourhood? Never mind. Is my arm-chair ready? Here I go. What a sight! Fifty thousand heads!

Clapotin—And not much in them.

Pignolet—Look at the rammers in the coloured jackets.

Clapotin—They are off. Patatra. There is one in a ditch. Another has tumbled over him.

Pignolet—That is generally the case when one is underneath. I am not particular, but I should not like to bathe with people I do not know.

Clapotin—The yellow has won. Hurrah for the yellow! I must get down to refresh myself. Halloo, you man with the cocoa!

To cleanse the cup, he throws the contents into the shoes of a little monsieur.

The little Monsieur—Cannot you pay attention, and look where you are throwing your dregs?

Clapotin—I thought, on the contrary, that I took a very good aim.

The little Monsieur, raising his stick—I will—

Pignolet—Oh! no, don't. This is not the place for a pantomime.

He passes his leg under that of the little Monsieur, and tumbles him down.

Clapotin—While he is getting up, I shall go and have a peep at the fair sex.

Pignolet—Do you see her?

Clapotin—Who do you mean?

Pignolet—Why, Auguste's sister, our comrade in the workshop. She who disappeared without leaving her address. That's her in the carriage with a groom in parchment breeches.

Clapotin—Well, let us turn our heads another way. It will annoy her to appear so rich in the presence of our blouses.

Pignolet—What is that noise? Ah! the last race.

Clapotin—And not a tree near us. Horticulture has made but little progress when they have not yet learnt to make ladders grow. Come, make a back. (Clapotin vaults on his friend's shoulders.) Capital! As good as a stall ticketed.

Pignolet—But I see nothing.

Clapotin—What of that, don't I see for you? I will report to you with all the minuteness of a penny-a-liner. The green jacket is ahead! Green jacket will win!

Pignolet—It is my turn to get up now.

Clapotin—All right, my Pylades. Orestes will bear you.

Pignolet—Orestes, you have cheated me. The race is over.

Clapotin—Why, do you think you would have got a lift if it had not been over? But never mind, you shall have the first lift at the next great funeral at Père la Chaise; and now let us inspect the equipages as they leave.

Pignolet—What a lot! But no matter! They are not very handsome the ladies that these gentlemen put into their carriages.

III.—IN CARRIAGES.

Three hackney-coaches are driving round the lake with a wedding party. The bride and bridegroom and the bridesman and bridesmaid are in the first. The two fathers and the two mothers in the second. Eight guests in the third. A ninth is on the seat, discussing the Polish question with the driver.

The Bride (aside)—Six and six, and twelve and twelve.

The Bridegroom (aside)—Eight and eight, sixteen and eight.

The Bridesmaid (aside)—Ten thousand francs.

The Bridesman (aside)—Her father is worth ten thousand crowns at the very least.

The Bridegroom (aside)—I am very much afraid that I have made a bad speculation in marrying her.

The Bride (aside)—My trousseau did not cost him much. He's a muff!

The Bridesmaid (aside)—If I was sure. That fellow would do for me.

The Bridesman (aside)—She is not beautiful, that young lady, but if her papa is really worth that, I might be attentive to her at all events.

The Bridegroom (aloud)—What a pretty place!

The Bride—in a charming site. One could live happily there with——

The Bridegroom—Live! No. But we might try and get some syrups at that café.

The Mother of the bride, passing her head out of the coach window—Ugénie!

The Bride—Mamma!

The Mother—Take care you don't ruffle your dress.

The Bride—Yes, mamma.

The Bridesman to the Bridesmaid—Do you like duck, mademoiselle?

The Bridesmaid—Why, sir?

The Bridesman—Because there are some beauties on the lake.

The Bridesmaid—Ah! (Aside)—What a stupid! But——

The Bridesman (aside)—She is very silly. Nevertheless——

The Guest on the seat—Yes, sir, I would undertake by myself to save all Europe from a war.

The Coachman—I'm your man. War, sir, prevents strangers coming, and then I get no business.

Stified voices from the third carriage—Uff! are the windows down? Such a wedding! These Dumonneaus are rats; and as to the Regaudins!

The Mother's head reappearing—Ugénie!

The Bride—Mamma?

The Mother—Take care you don't ruffle your dress.

The Father—What if you keep telling her that?

The Mother—What indeed? You will not buy her another, will you?

The Father—No, our son will!

The Mother—Your son. A generous man indeed, to judge by the presents he has made her.

The Father—Madame!

The Bride—Are we not going to Saint Mandé?

The Bridegroom—To Saint Mandé! What nonsense! Why, we should be at least fifteen hours in getting there.

The Bride—Well, what of that?

The Bridegroom—We shall have expenses enough with the dinner this evening.

The Bridesman—Do you eat much, mademoiselle?

The Bridesmaid—When I am hungry, sir.

The Bridesman—That is just like myself. (Aside)—She is decidedly a fool. It is impossible to get up a conversation with her.

The Bridesmaid (aside)—What an idiot!

The Mother—Ugénie!

The Bride—Mamma?

The Mother—Take care of your dress.

The Father of the bridegroom, whispering to his wife—We have laid nothing in store but misery for our son, with your ideas of wedding him into such a set!"

Stified voices from the third carriage—We are dying. Do you call this a party of pleasure. We shall remember the marriage-day of the Dumonneaus and of the Regaudins!

The Bridegroom—Are we going to keep turning round that tub all day?

The Bride (gaping)—I am sure I don't ask better than to go back. (Puts her head out.) We are going back.

The Bridesman—It is time to take some absinthe. Do you like absinthe, mademoiselle?

The Bridesmaid—I don't know, sir.

The Bridesman (aside)—She is really fit to be put in a glass case, upon my honour.

The Bridesmaid (aside)—Only fit for stuffing. That is a fact:

The Mother—Ugénie!

The Bride—Mamma?

The Mother—Take care not to catch your dress in getting down, for they may say what they have a mind, it is not them who will ever buy you one like it.

"Oh! les voyous Parisiens!" exclaims one of the sparkling contributors to the *Charivari*, à propos of an imbecile play upon words; but the exclamation would have more fitly accompanied the perusal of the foregoing example of the style and character of a wedding-party among the people not merely professedly, but obtrusively—"le plus spirituel du monde!" The conversation turned the other day in the presence of a lady upon the prodigious rapidity with which new houses rise up in Paris. "I know how the feat is accomplished," observed the lady. "How is it?" "A friend of mine is an architect, and he told me." "Well, tell us, then, how it is done." "Why, very simply, thus—they begin at both ends at once." "Which ends?" "Why, they build the attics while they are at work upon the cellars." The same good people are sometimes philosophically inclined. Two were overheard, walking on the "Port" de Bercy. "What a number of casks of wine?" observed one. "Ah! and who would believe the songs and the fisticuffs that they hold?" replied the other. The first piece of a young author was being performed. Felicitated by his friends at a copious banquet (*deux plat à choix*), he arrived late. "Does monsieur wish for an arm-chair?" (a stall), inquired an official. "No." "But it is very amusing." "Ah! it is very amusing, is it?" inquires the delighted author, for the pleasure of hearing the satisfactory information repeated. "Yes, very amusing; they are hissing every scene." A provincial arriving in Paris, and anxious to know what is passing in that capital of the civilised world, of which he has heard from his childhood, asks for a paper. "How much is this?" he says, laying his hand on *La Patrie*. "Three sous." "Three sous for four pages? But the last two are advertisements. You must make a deduction for them." "Impossible, sir; the price is definite." "Well, then, cut the paper in two; here are three farthings, and if I am satisfied with the first two, I will come and buy up the remainder." The alternative, as applied to the *Times*, would be a real boon to the non-mercantile portion of the community. A lady remarked to her husband the other day of the villas springing up around Paris, that the new passion was really very inviting. "Very pretty, very pretty," replied the Benedict, "but dreadfully dull." "True," sighed the lady, "there is not sufficient 'animosity.'" A photographer brought an action the other day against a lady who would not pay for her *carte de visite* because she declared that it was frightful. Such was the word she used. She had better, however, not have resisted the demand. The counsel for the plaintiff rose up, and said: "Madame is putting in a plea which is in our favour. She declares that the portrait is frightful! We are proud of it, for we guarantee the resemblance." A young man lately received a challenge. He immediately applied to two of his creditors to act as

seconds, as they had the greatest interest in his not being killed. Another, placed under similar circumstances, and declining to meet his opponent, his friends charged him with cowardice. "I know it," sighed the young man; "if I had any courage, I should buy five hundred shares in the 'Mobiliers' at the present market price." Paris seems to be in danger, amidst all its boasted improvements, of losing its gastronomic reputation. Anything more fatal we cannot imagine. Yet what of the following colloquy, reported as having taken place in a "restaurant à prix fixe:" "What have you got?" "See the card, sir." "What do these M's mean placed against the dishes?" "That those dishes are wanting (manquent)." "And these A's?" "That they are exhausted." "Why, you have nothing to eat, then?" "Oh yes, sir, we have supplements." "Well, give me one; I must dine." "Apples, sir?" "Well, in for apples."

The new fashion of suburban villa life appears also to be especially opposed to gastronomic perfection. Here is an example:

He had said to me, "Now, you will really pain me if you don't come. I am sure you would not disoblige Calumet, your old college chum. I shall be at the railway station at twelve next Sunday. Mind you are there. You will see my 'maisonette,' a little gem, in a hole; but no matter, it is in the country. You know, Igny?" "Oh yes, I know it." "Well, then, you will come?" "I will."

There was, indeed, no possibility of refusing an invitation so cordially proffered—a rural and unceremonious dinner, he had said. I, too, who adore everything that is rural! So off I went; but, not to go empty-handed, I purchased a melon by the way, and in less than half an hour I fell into my friend's arms. "Here I am!" "Yes, I knew you would come. Thank you. You are not like the couple of dozen of stupids whom I invited down here, who promised to come, and never kept their promises. Good-by to them. We shall have an adorable day, only you must not expect a Lucullian banquet; the butcher only kills once a week, and you must put your name down for what you want beforehand. I entered myself for a leg of mutton, but, by mischance, he could only let me have two chops." "Well, that is certainly a limited supply, but, luckily, I have had an idea: I have brought you a first-rate melon, yellow about the stem, and with a delicious perfume." "Noble heart! You were always the same. Well, let us take a walk while dinner is getting ready. It is small, but pretty," observed Calumet, as we strolled into his garden, and he called my attention to a clump of pinks that did duty as a bed, just as Machanette does duty as Talma. We were interrupted by the garden-gate opening, and a gentleman coming in. "What, you?" exclaimed Calumet. "Myself." "Impossible!" "Why, you invited me." "Yes, but that is two months ago." "Mon cher, I could not really manage to accept your kind invitation before, but it was engraved here." And he placed his hand upon his heart. "Excellent fellow! Only I grieve that I shall have but a sorry dinner to give you. I have only two chops; the butcher only kills——" "I have anticipated the objection, my dear fellow. I know the environs of Paris. I have brought with me a splendid melon." Calumet and I exchanged a significant glance.

A walk was proposed, in order to provoke an appetite (a useless for-

malice, the reader will say). We had just got out of the gate, when a loud laugh arrested our attention. "Ah! just in time; the nestlings were about to take flight. Tiens! it is you!" exclaimed Calumet. "In the flesh and paletot, mon cher. You did not expect me. I wanted to surprise you. I like surprises. The fact is, that it is a long time since you invited me; but I am like the dog of Nivelle, I come when I am no longer expected. It is funny, is it not?" "Very funny. But I must warn you that the dinner will be limited. My butcher only kills——" "Never mind, mon cher, I have brought a supplement." "What supplement?" "Oh, a number one—a superb melon!" Calumet was stupefied. I turned positively pale.

Disappointment passed off, however, like a cloud. We soon became lively and conversational in our sunny walk. We had just reached a point in the wood where four roads met, when we saw a person on foot advancing by each. "Why?" exclaimed Calumet, looking anxiously at one after the other. "It is Alfred! It is Edward! It is Jules! It is Ernest!" "Yes, yes, yes, yes," replied the four voices. At the same moment eight hands squeezed those of Calumet. "How happy I am to see you, Calumet. Calumet, I have left everything to come and see you, I had promised it so long ago." "My dear friends," observed the Amphitryon, "I am delighted with your visit, only, unfortunately, the butcher only kills——" "Is that all?" interrupted Alfred. "Never mind!" said Edward. "Do not let that annoy you!" interposed Jules. "Be calm!" added Ernest. "I have something here," continued one; "which with what I have brought," added another; "and what I will add," said a third; "and my contribution," joyously chimed in the fourth; and so saying, the four each opened his little bundle, and from the four paper-bags came forth four splendid melons!

At six o'clock we sat down to dinner. We were twelve. There were eleven melons and two chops. "Stop a minute, gentlemen," said Calumet; "I have sent to a farmer's house in the neighbourhood, an acquaintance of mine, to ask if he cannot contribute something. Oh! here is the farmer's wife." "Good day, gentlemen. Oh, Monsieur Calumet! It is because it is for you, or I should have kept it for Paris." "Ah! good Jeanne!" "It is the first that has been gathered this year. Take it." And she drew forth from her basket a splendid melon. Heavens! when I think of that banquet in a suburban villa!

A few of those types which may be considered as more or less essentially Parisian, continue to present themselves before the police magistrates; for it must be admitted that the types of the meditated suicide, the careful mother of the bride, and the roughs at the steeplechase, are to be met with among all civilised societies. Nor is the two-chopped Amphitryon (that is now the stereotyped expression for a man who gives a dinner in Paris) altogether out of the category of British experiences. We wish we had space to give a further characteristic sketch of the company to be met with and the colloquies that are to be heard on board of the steamer that plies between Paris and St. Cloud; and which gave origin to the great work entitled "*Voyage par Mer à St. Cloud et Retour par Terre.*" To have constituted a "voyage," however, it may be permitted to us to observe that the passengers ought to have embarked, not from the grandiose quays of Paris, but from the "Port" de Bercy in ancient Lutetia. But to our street.

types. Two of these gentry, always ingenious and for the time being industriously inclined, entered into a compact, or in modern phraseology constituted themselves into an association, to obtain on credit a small cask of brandy, to be paid for by the proceeds of sale at the fair of St. Denis, and the profits to be divided each and each alike. M. and Madame Matrillard were considerate enough to furnish the cask of brandy, the associates provided the hand-barrow, and the spirits were to be sold at twopence a small glass, known as a "poisson" or "polichinelle." Thus they started one fine Sunday morning, gladdened by the prospects of an agreeable enterprise and certain profits.

They had got as far as La Chapelle, when Sariol, one of the associates, said to Turban, the other, "I say, I am going to have a polichinelle." "Well, you don't trouble yourself; that brandy does not belong to you, it belongs to the association." "Precisely so," replied Sariol; "it belongs to you and to me. We have each half interest in it. The polichinelle costs four sous. Here are two; that is the value of your half." "Ah! that is all fair; give me two sous and drink your polichinelle." It was a hot morning; and dragging the cask up hill was no sinecure. They had not got far before the association stopped, and Turban said to Sariol, "I will tell you what it is, I must do like you and treat myself to a polichinelle." "Yes, but you must pay me two sous." "Certainly, that is understood." He imbibed a polichinelle, and returned the two sous to his friend, which had been given to him a short time previously. Arrived at the Route de la Révolte, Sariol observed that he must really take advantage of the cheapness of the brandy, and since he could get for two sou what was worth four, he should have another polichinelle. The associate offered no objections, and the two sous returned to his pocket, but only to change hands again shortly afterwards. "Well, you are in the right; as it only costs two sous a glass, it would be a pity to deprive oneself of a drop." So the famous penny piece changed hands again, and another glass of liquor was imbibed. By the time they had got to the little bridge at the entrance of St. Denis our two merchants had already passed the eternal penny five or six times from one to another, and they were still in a high state of delight at their discovery of the means of selling a polichinelle of brandy for two sous. It is almost needless to say that when they got to the fair their heads were no longer in a condition favourable for commercial undertakings. They were, indeed, solely occupied with one idea, and that was that the more they drank the more profits they realised. Under the dominion of this combination, they continued to supply themselves from the cask, till at last there was not a drop remaining.

Turban then turned round upon Sariol, and apostrophised him as follows:

"How is this? You have got me into a pretty mess. We purchased six francs' worth of brandy, all has been sold, and we have only got two sous in hand." "What, only two sous all together?" "Yes, all together." "Then I tell you what, you are a thief—you have robbed the association." The other retorted, and the association was shortly afterwards picked up by the police bruised and torn, and with several handfuls of hair removed from their respective craniums. Their financial position was deposed before the magistrate to be represented by an empty cask, one glass, and one penny-piece. They pleaded that they were

acting for the benefit of their families; and the court, considering the manner in which they had associated themselves for so justifiable a purpose, and the wisdom they had shown in carrying out the objects of the association, deemed these to be "extenuating circumstances," and ordered them to be confined for a period of eight days only.

Many will probably be inclined to think that in the following instance the victim exhibited a greater amount of simplicity than the victimised did of ingenuity. The complainant was a "marchande vins" at Colombes. "Monsieur," she said, pointing to the defendant, a certain Lalyaux, who was accommodated with a seat on the criminal bench, "comes into my establishment, asks for a quart (wine understood), bread, cheese, and sausage. When served, he begins to eat, drink, and converse; he spoke especially on political matters, of Spain, Mexico, England, the Pope, and Prussia. 'Ah! à propos of Prussia,' he said to me, 'have you seen the Prussian?' 'The Prussian!' says I; 'what Prussian?' 'The Prussian who has come to live at Colombes,' says he. 'Is there a Prussian at Colombes?' 'Yea, a refugee—a conspirator who endeavoured to seize upon the throne of Prussia, and who was condemned to death in consequence.' 'Indeed I have not,' says I; 'it is the first time I have heard of him.' Upon this, monsieur proceeded to relate to me the whole details of the conspiracy; the conspirator having a Prussian name that, he said, it was impossible to pronounce without a string in the throat. Several other persons had in the mean time grouped around to hear the story.

"Suddenly he exclaimed: 'Tiens! there is the Prussian!' We all ran to the door to see an individual who was passing by, and whom monsieur had pointed out to us. 'Ah! is that the Prussian?' we said to one another. When we had seen the Prussian well, and he had got indeed out of sight, we returned in again, but monsieur had disappeared, forgetting to pay one franc forty-five centimes, that he had consumed, and, on going forth from our establishment, he went and consumed for as much at another." The other marchand de vins was called up, and began a second edition of the history of the Prussian:

"The President—That will do, we know the history. Go and sit down. To the defendant: Well, you hear what is said against you?"

"The Defendant—Tortured by hunger, Monsieur le Président—actually in torture!"

"The President—How is that! you had just eaten in one house, and you went immediately to eat again in another?"

"The Defendant—I was in agony, not having eaten anything for three days.

"The President—You seem to have suffered especially from thirst, to judge by the amount that you imbibed?"

"The Defendant—I drink a good deal when I am eating.

"The President—And probably also when you are not eating?"

"The Defendant—I preferred dining half at one house and half at another, so as to inflict the least damage possible.

"The dealer in wine—It would be better to work for the King of Prussia than to supply such consumers as that."

This last observation closed the debates. The man who dined twice upon the faith of a Prussian was condemned to four months' imprisonment.

MADAME DE BRANDEBOURG.

A BRILLIANT cavalcade, composed of officers and courtiers belonging to the aristocracy of Turin, was moving along the leafy forest rides that led to the royal hunting château "La Veneria." The centre of this brilliant train was occupied by two coaches filled with splendidly-dressed ladies. In the first coach were four, who represented three stages of life. Two of the ladies bordered on old age, one appeared just to have attained her fortieth year, while the youngest seemed twenty at the most. This young beauty was the object of continued homage from a most chivalrous-looking officer, who wore the brilliant uniform of the Brandenburg troops of the Elector Frederick III., and was scarce two-and-twenty years of age. His features were noble and regular, and revealed the scion of an exalted family. His extremely tasteful uniform made his handsome face look doubly prepossessing, and the only surprising thing was that so young an officer already bore the insignia of such high rank in the army. This, however, could be easily explained, for the officer was the Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt, step-brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, and general in the auxiliary army which the elector had sent to the aid of the Duke of Savoy, who was pressed by the French troops.

The fair lady was the Countess de Balbiani Salmour. She was the widow of a colonel belonging to one of the noblest families in Italy, and was both mentally and corporeally one of the most highly endowed women of her age. The young margrave divided his time in Italy between the two contrasting occupations of love and war. The elector Frederick III., afterwards first King of Prussia, had, in a correct feeling of the danger which menaced Germany through the attacks of Louis XIV., sent his great father's veteran troops to the help of the oppressed prince. The men of Brandenburg fought under the banner of their Elector on the Rhine, and carried the fortress of Bonn by storm. Brandenburg troops shed their blood in distant Hungary against the birth-foe, the Turk, and decided the sanguinary action at Salankemen. Six thousand Brandenburg warriors crossed the Channel and helped the Prince of Orange to maintain his position in England, until the fugitive James II. was declared to have forfeited the throne, and the Oranger ascended it as ruler over a free people.

Faithful to his defensive policy, the Elector Frederick had sent an auxiliary corps to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was sorely pressed by Catinat. They fought with great distinction under the command of Prince Eugene. The general commanding this corps d'élite was a French refugee, Monsieur de Varennes. Under him Margrave Charles Philip served as a volunteer, after he had distinguished himself in earlier combats by his personal bravery.

Immediately after the arrival of the Brandenburger in Italy, the troops went into winter quarters. Turin became the rendezvous of the different regiments that would shortly play their bloody part in the field. Victor Amadeus, who was himself of a chivalrous temperament, gallant, and fond of luxury, regarded it as a special duty to render the stay of his guests in his capital as agreeable as possible.

While on one day the newly-raised redoubts were inspected, or parades were held, on the next splendid masked balls gathered together all the commanders, without distinction of rank; from the wild music of the martial strains and the rattling of drums, they passed to the seductive sounds of the sarabands performed by the ducal orchestra, and, exchanging the heavy riding-boot for the silken shoe, they moved through the dance with the beauties of the court and city.

Here it was that Margrave Charles first formed the acquaintance of the Countess Salmour. As he was young and fiery, the lovely, witty lady naturally exerted a powerful charm over him. In that age, which was already corrupted by the frivolous tone of the French court, a woman so gifted must seem doubly attractive when she was seen to keep aloof from any coquetry, and retained the unstained name of her family.

Of this the margrave very soon convinced himself when he made her the proposal to become his without the blessing of a priest. An allusion to the idols of the age, Louis XIV. and Charles II., was of no avail. The countess declined the proposal nobly and simply with the words: "Monseigneur, I am too poor to be your wife, but belong to too good a family to become your mistress."

Still the handsome, amiable prince was not indifferent to her. Some time passed, during which the lovers devised every possible plan which the happy future suggested to them. After the margrave had pledged the countess his princely word that he would never leave her, they agreed to be married privately. The countess admitted her relations, Count Salmour and M. de Balbiani, as well as their wives, into the secret. Although they shook their heads at first, the prospect of the brilliant alliance aroused the ambition of the family, and they confidently awaited the clearing away of the last dark spot that showed itself on the love-horizon of the margrave and the beautiful Salmour. This dark spot was the consent of the Elector Frederick to a marriage which did not at all harmonise with his brilliant projects for the future. Still it was believed that after the marriage had taken place, and in consideration of the countess's unsullied reputation, the elector would hesitate to demand its dissolution. They were well aware of the attachment at Berlin, for the margrave had been some time at Turin; but they merely regarded the affair as one of those transitory liaisons such as were to be seen at all the courts of Europe during the last half of the seventeenth century.

In the first outburst of joy, which the fair countess yielded to on receiving the margrave's troth, she soon discovered a way which would lead to their object. Her brother had succeeded in winning over by a bribe a poor advocate to perform the requisite legal functions at the marriage. In the same way a priest of the name of Lea had been found, who expressed his willingness to perform the ecclesiastical rites. Both men had the reputation of having been mixed up in similar intrigues before. They were both strangers to the countess, and she only thought of the fulfilment of wishes which she desired to see realised as eagerly as did the margrave.

Charles Philip had at once given his consent, but, as the day drew nearer, he felt a growing dissatisfaction with the position of affairs. His chivalrous character revolted against secrecy. The only objection to his affianced wife was her inequality of rank; he felt convinced of the sin-

seamy of her feelings, and he was a soldier, respected not only because he bore a princely name, but because he had shown himself worthy of it by his bravery; why, then, should he hesitate about openly leading to the altar the woman whom he had so dearly loved, and who promised to form the happiness of his life? He considered it an act of cowardice to slip into a chapel by night with the wife of his heart. Still he did not conceal from himself what a varying impression the ceremony would produce of his military entourage, the majority of whom, being acquainted with the pride of the elector, must openly avow their disapprobation. The margrave reckoned up the small party of men unhesitatingly devoted to him. The army adored him as a youthful hero, and, as regarded the opponents of his marriage project, he resolved that they should be present when the ceremony was performed, as through the mere presence of officers of high rank the business must assume an official stamp. As it might be assumed that none of the opponents would be willing to act as witnesses of the marriage if they learned beforehand what was about to happen, the margrave formed the bold resolution of working on their surprise, and thus rendering them involuntary accomplices.

He prepared a banquet at the ducal hunting château, La Veneria. The highest officers received invitations, and host and guests proceeded to the château in the brilliant procession, to which we alluded in the opening of our article.

On reaching the hunting-lodge, which the duke had placed at the margrave's disposal, the guests were led into the large gallery, where a magnificently-laid table awaited them. Before dinner commenced, however, the margrave proposed to his guests a stroll through the pleasantly sequestered gardens. The brilliant crowd spread about the walks, and Charles Philip remained alone with the countess. The restlessness which had seized upon both of them admitted of no witnesses. They cheered each other, and again went over the list of their devoted partisans. The countess could calculate on the unhesitating adhesion of all her relatives, but the margrave, on the other hand, was only certain of his three adjutants, M.M. Despreuves, De Péraa, and Styllé. This small body was opposed to the far larger party of general officers and diplomatists, at whose head stood the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, the margrave's cousin, M. de Varennes, general of the Brandenburg auxiliary forces, Major von Hoffman, M. de la Motte Fouqué, and the ensign cavalry colonel Von Hackeborn. There was, however, no time for further consideration. The dinner-hour was approaching, during which the coup was to be attempted. The countess walked up and down the gallery with her ladies in a state of feverish excitement, while the margrave tried to conceal his feelings by pretending to pay extreme attention to the most trifling details in the arrangement of the table, and so on.

A shrill braying of trumpets at length summoned the guests to table. The margrave had posted his cavalry band in the gallery, whose arch-echoed the fiery notes of the wind instruments.

The conversation soon became animated. The choicest dishes, the most costly wines heightened the pleasures of the table, to which the truly princely scene, and the architectural beauty of the gallery, imparted a certain dignity.* The officers, who freely yielded to the enjoyment of

* The château was destroyed in 1706 by the French under La Feuillade, but afterwards rebuilt.

a magnificent banquet, proposed toasts to the elector in Berlin, the margrave, Duke Victor, and the allied army, and on each occasion the drums and trumpets pealed forth in answer. The guests had not the slightest idea of the surprise that awaited them, and the pleasure had attained its extreme limit, for every one confessed that he had not for a long time enjoyed such a splendid and at the same time social festival. Suddenly the margrave rose, for he believed that the right moment had arrived. He stood, glowing with excitement, courage, and love: with his left hand on his hip, a goblet of noble wine in his right hand, and his handsome head slightly thrown back, he offered the spectators a glorious picture of youthful confidence and grandeur. He expressed, in a few words, the joy he felt at having so many dear guests at his banquet: he alluded to Duke Victor, and his brother in Berlin, and concluded in the following words, raising his powerful voice as he did so: "This goblet, however, my friends, I drink to the health of her whom I love, to whom my heart will belong, and with it my hand. I drink it to the health of the noble Countess Salmour, whom I have selected as my consort, that she may share my princely title with me. And I have invited you all hither, my friends, that you may be witnesses of the solemn ceremony, which at this very hour will eternally unite her to me."

The effect of this revelation was almost indescribable. The Brandenburg officers seemed almost to be petrified. Some uttered hollow sounds, or cries of surprise, while others sank back on their seats in amazement. Immediately after the margrave ceased speaking a deadly silence brooded over the whole company, and the glad merriment of the festival was checked. Charles Philip supported the almost fainting countess in his arms. But the silence of the guests did not last long: it had been the calm that precedes a storm. The anger of the officers broke forth loudly, and M. de Varennes shouted: "That is contrary to the will of our gracious elector, whose soldiers we are." This cry was the signal for loudly-expressed opposition. "Treachery! We have been drawn into a snare! No recognition!" the deceived gentlemen shouted.

Heated by wine, they were led to make such menacing gestures, that the friends of the margrave thought it advisable to take him, and the countess in their midst. The opposite party regarded this in the light of a challenge, and in a moment swords were drawn, an example the margrave and his friends thought themselves justified in following. The tumult increased with each moment; with the shrieks of the ladies were mingled the abusive shouts of the men, among whom the Prince of Hesse and M. de Varennes took the lead, by accusing the margrave of disobeying his prince, brother, and superior officer, as well as of want of respect to his exalted name. Charles Philip, on the other hand, swore by all the gods that he would sooner let himself be cut to pieces than give up the countess. "Follow me, madam," he cried. "I will show you that I am worthy of you and my great ancestors."

The moment had arrived which, it appeared, must infallibly lead to a sanguinary collision. Attempts were made to prevent the margrave and his companions from leaving the hall, and swords were already clashing, when an officer of Duke Victor's suddenly appeared at the head of thirty men, and requested the officers most politely, in the duke's name, not to disturb the peace of a royal château. The swords were at once sheathed,

and the two parties contented themselves with abusing each other; but as they did not dare to give the margrave further cause of irritation, the ducal officer contented himself with arresting Lea, the priest, and the notary, the responsibility of which step M. de Varennes took on himself.*

Once more a deep silence followed this turbulent interlude. The long gallery was deserted, night set in, and all that could be heard was the rolling of coaches or the galloping of horses bearing the guests back to the city.

The same night De Varennes sent off a courier to Berlin to inform the elector of all that had occurred. The next day he waited on Duke Victor and demanded the arrest of the margrave, his subaltern, and the countess. The duke promised to carry out the latter part of the request, but decidedly refused to act in opposition to the margrave, to whom he was attached by the bonds of hospitality and personal esteem. Varennes sent off a second courier to Berlin, who announced the duke's refusal. We must allow, however, that Varennes acted as an honourable soldier. In his report he spoke with the greatest respect of the margrave and the countess, and only appealed to his position as superior officer, by virtue of which he could not tolerate any action that opposed the interests of his sovereign.

The margrave had plenty to do in consoling his lovely betrothed, but their mutual love seemed to grow through obstacles and dangers. The scenes at the Veneria could not fail to become generally known to the lovers of scandal. But though evil tongues were so busily at work, the character of the countess and the chivalry of her exalted admirer stood above any calumny, and in a few days the scandal was converted into unfeigned admiration. The romantic incidents imparted a double charm to the whole liaison, and Varennes soon saw what a difficult position he would hold against public opinion, as even the officers were only impeded by the bonds of discipline from openly displaying their sympathy with the margrave.

Charles Philip soon acknowledged to himself that, if he wished to keep his plighted troth, no other way was left him but a private marriage. During his strolls about the neighbourhood of Turin, he had formed the acquaintance of some monks belonging to the Calmaldulense monastery, and to one of these, Father Colomban, the prince became sincerely attached. He did not hesitate to avow everything to the monk, and this confession made such an impression on the worthy padre, that he did not long repel the margrave's entreaties. In a word, the pair were married by the rites of the Church, with a careful observance of all necessary formalities. As witnesses were present the countess's brother and brother-in-law, and for the margrave, MM. de Peras and Stytle. Peras drew up the legal marriage contract as "auditor of his Electoral Grace of Brandenburg," and all the witnesses signed it. The die was thus thrown. The newly-married couple revelled in their felicity, and carefully avoided gazing northward, whence the lightning might be expected.

Every effort was made to keep the marriage a secret; but how could any secret have been kept in an age when everybody was involved in

* It was never known how this military help arrived so opportunely, but it is supposed that Duke Victor was aware of what was going to happen, and had made arrangements for all events. The priest and the notary remained under arrest for a year.

intrigues of a similar nature? The margrave himself was possibly to blame for the discovery, for he at times found a relief in imparting his anxieties to some friend. The presence of the young Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau (afterwards the old Dessauer) had an especially cheering effect upon him. The prince came to Turin in the course of his tour through Italy, and in this city he formed a friendship with the margrave. Charles Philip poured out his heart, and found a willing auditor in Leopold. The young Dessauer was in the same position, for before his departure he had formed an engagement with Anna Föhse, a chemist's daughter at Dessau. He gave the margrave his assurance that nobody in the world should prevent his marriage with the girl of his heart, and he carried out his pledge.

The margrave, encouraged by the prince's example, began talking about his own marriage openly, and, ere long, the whole affair, with marginal references, was reported to Berlin.* The elector was excessively annoyed at the discovery, and we cannot blame him for being so. Apart from the fact that he regarded his brother's marriage as an obstacle to his own lofty schemes, he was too remote from the scene of the affair to be able to judge with perfect impartiality. He had, however, answered Varennes's first report about the occurrence at La Venerca with great moderation, and commanded "that as little importance as possible should be given to the affair." It is also certain that the margrave took no steps to come to any possible understanding with his brother. He waited with resignation for what would happen. At Turin the court was divided into two parties: while the margrave's friends did all in their power to express their approval, the opponents of the marriage kept aloof from his house.

While the clouds were collecting in this way, and darkening the sky of the margrave's nuptial felicity, the political horizon was becoming covered with equally menacing clouds. The fury of war was already raging again in the fertile valleys of Savoy. It is a twofold glory for the margrave that he did not allow himself to be held by the silken fetters of love, but, remembering his name, rushed into the field at the first call of the bugles. Unhesitatingly liberating himself from the arms of his wife, he behaved most daringly. In all the actions he led his men, and at the storming of Casale he planted the flag of Brandenburg on the conquered redoubt, and as he fell from a dangerous sword-cut, he clung to the flag-staff, while waving his sword dyed with the blood of the foe in his right hand. Borne from the field to Turin, he enjoyed the tender care of his wife.

In the mean while three despatches had arrived from Berlin. The first, addressed to Varennes, commended his zeal and conduct in the affair, and ordered that the couple were to be separated, by force if really married, but the utmost caution must be exercised. If the Savoyard authorities offered any opposition, Varennes received orders to withdraw his troops immediately from the allied army. The second letter was addressed to the duke, and contained a solemn protest against the marriage, which had been effected without the knowledge or assent of the elector.

* It took a considerable time ere the veil was raised from the secret. The young couple had been married above a year when the order for their separation arrived.

The third letter, intended for the margrave, represented to him, in serious terms, the impropriety of the marriage; the elector implored him to remember his ancestors, and the excellent destiny for which Providence intended him. The elector fraternally exhorted him to act as a man, and sacrifice his love to the interests of his country. In conclusion, he was ordered to lay down his commission as officer of the auxiliary corps, and proceed without delay to assume a command on the Rhine, where Brandenburg troops were awaiting his arrival.

The crushing blow was dealt. Love struggled against the iron duty of the soldier and the subject. It gained the victory, and the wretched fate of the lovers was decided. After Varennes had imparted to the duke the elector's positive commands, and Victor Amadeus was compelled to yield to the well-founded objections, while the margrave adhered to his determination, the commander resolved to act.

The most lovely moonlight, such as is only to be seen in the tranquil sky of Italy, was expanded over Turin. The church clocks announced the hour of midnight. In the deserted streets only a solitary passenger was here and there visible; in the distance could be heard the strumming of guitars, but this soon died away, and the small mansion of the Margrave Charles Philip was perfectly quiet, overshadowed by the tall trees and shrubs. Only one window, looking out into the garden, was faintly illuminated: it was the window of the room in which Charles Philip was slumbering; watched by his wife, who, resting by his side in an arm-chair, anxiously watched every movement of the sleeper.

The poetic silence of the night was suddenly disturbed by dull sounds. They were the regular footsteps of a heavy patrol, which echoed unpleasantly through the silent streets. The soldiers wore Austrian and Piedmontese uniforms. In front of them marched four officers in the Brandenburg dress. On reaching the margrave's hotel, sentries were posted round the building, and when this was done, the remaining troops passed through the open gateway into the garden, and approached a back door in the house, on which an officer tapped lightly. It was slightly opened, and the pale face of a valet peered through the crack.

"Is that you, Herr von Hackeborn?" the surprised man groaned.

"Yes, it is I. According to our agreement, you must open the door. Quick. By order of our gracious elector!"

The door was thrown open, and the officers stepped in. They gently ascended a flight of stairs, and came to a door masked by heavy curtains. Hackeborn pulled the latter back, and laid his hand on the latch. "It is here," he whispered.

Charles Philip, who on this night was suffering more seriously than usual from his scarce closed wound, was being anxiously watched by his faithful nurse. Under her guard he fell into a light sleep: the countess carefully noticed his every movement, raised her beautiful head, and looked expectantly at her beloved husband's pale face, ready to do him any little service he might need. The sleeper threw his head about restlessly, as if tortured by a bad dream. The countess started up, and he grew calmer again. The silence was only interrupted by the ticking of the clock. On the margrave's pale face played the reflexion of the light burning in a blue lamp. The countess listened for a few moments, but then laid her head back on the pillows. Suddenly, she fancied that

the door of the sleeping-room was being noiselessly opened, and she peered sharply into the semi-obscurity. No, it was no mistake; the door was moving on its hinges, a man stepped into the room. Could she be dreaming? But it was impossible to have such a distinct dream. She raised her hand to the bell-rope, she held it between her fingers, it was reality, and then several men had entered the room. Light fell into it through the open doorway, she recognised uniforms and weapons. With a loud shriek she sprang up, the bell rang, and there was a busy movement in the corridors.

The countess's cry of terror awakened the margrave, and he at once surveyed the threatening danger. He leaped out of bed, and stood before the officers. At the same moment the countess's women rushed into the apartment from the opposite door, voices and cries burst forth, a scene of confusion began, and the margrave's thundering voice could be heard above the disturbance. But amid all the excitement, Hackeborn remained firm and unbending, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, and holding the duke's order of arrest open in the other.

"In the name of the duke and my elector," he cried, "exempt, I order you to secure the person of the countess with all respect."

"Not a step nearer her," Charles Philip shrieked, who had drawn his sword, which was leaning against the bedside. He stood like a tiger prepared to spring.

"Most gracious lord, it is the order of your brother and elector."

"You are a hangman."

"My lord margrave, I can pardon your excitement. You are a soldier like myself, and I ask you whether a soldier dares to hesitate when he has an order from his master to perform?"

"Well, then," the margrave shouted, "if we are soldiers, let us act as such. Man against man! Draw your sword, and we will fight."

The gleaming blade in his hand described a circle, and the margrave stood before the unconscious countess, who was being supported by her women.

"For Heaven's sake, my lord," Hackeborn cried, "come to yourself. I implore you not to cause any Brandenburg blood to flow. All may turn out for the best yet. Reflect, that we are bound to obey."

"Come on! Come on!" the margrave roared.

"Let it cost my life," Hackeborn said, "sooner than his."

With a bold leap he reached the margrave's side, and his muscular hand clutched Charles Philip's sword-hilt. The two men struggled together.

"Help me, gentlemen," the colonel commanded. "His highness is beside himself. Hold his sword."

The officers hurried up, and Charles Philip, who was still weak, was soon disarmed. He defended himself desperately against his assailants, who patiently endured every blow, and strove to hold him. Suddenly, with a loud shriek, and a last convulsive movement, Charles Philip sank back exhausted into Hackeborn's arms. The blood poured over his night-dress. The wound of Casale had broken out afresh. The colonel allowed him to sink gently on to a pillow.

"Heaven be thanked!" he muttered. "No Brandenburg sword has touched his heroic person."

Charles Philip opened his eyes : he gazed at the spot where he had last seen his wife. "Catharine," he groaned; and as if his low moan had reached the ear of the beloved woman, the parting cry of "Philip! Philip!" rose painfully from the garden. It was lost in the rolling of the hurrying coach, which bore the countess away from her husband to the convent of Santa Croce.

A stately catafalque rose, in the centre of the cathedral church of Berlin. Upon it lay the insignia of princely dignity. Hat, sword, and spurs, gloves, and scarf, were surrounded by a gilt laurel wreath. The members of the electoral family were sorrowfully offering their last prayers at the richly-decorated bier of Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt.

Five days after the separation from his wife he was carried off by a violent fever, which the breaking out of the wound and the terrible shock had brought on. His love was his death. His body was conveyed to Berlin, under a numerous escort.

Catharine de Brandebourg, as the Countess de Salmour henceforth called herself, was set at liberty immediately after her husband's death. She had no fortune, and had only the protection of her relatives to trust to in the world. The elector offered her one hundred thousand crowns if she would lay aside the title of Brandenburg.

When the coffin had been let down into the royal vault, the elector and his family remained for some time in the deserted church. Frederick stood in deep thought by the grave of his brother-in-law. He waved his hand over it in farewell, and quitted the church. On reaching his cabinet he threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and hot tears poured from his eyes. A few hours' later, he was deeply immersed in business again. One letter especially attracted his attention. He held it close to his eyes, as if to convince himself that he had read correctly. It was a letter from Countess Salmour, and she subscribed herself "Catharine de Brandebourg." The poor young widow declined the hundred thousand crowns offered her.

"Monseigneur," she wrote, "the honour of being able to bear the name of Brandebourg is of more value to me than all the treasures of the earth. You are too affectionate, too noble-hearted, to feel offended at my imploring you to keep your money, and leave me the name of my husband, which is beyond all price."

Frederick let the paper drop. "Noble-hearted woman," he at length said to himself. "She was worthy of him. Yes, it is a name beyond price; and when I no longer bear it, it shall ever glisten as a gem in my kingly crown, and whoever bears it shall be dear to me. Such be the reconciliation between us, my poor beloved brother! I too suffered, when I was compelled to sacrifice your happiness and love to the future elevation of my house!"*

* I deeply regret that I must spoil this pretty picture, by stating that the Countess de Salmour married again twice, making four husbands in all, and lived very comfortably till the year 1719.

MR. GRIMSHAW'S LITTLE LOVE-AFFAIR.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

XVIII

IN WHICH GRIMSHAW IS SLIGHTLY OVERTAKEN.

AMONGST the numerous "Institutions" which flourish in St. John's Wood, the pleasantest, in a social point of view, is that which bears the name of "The United Lobsters"—a Club of which Grimshaw was a prominent member.

Thither he generally repaired, when the business of the day was over, to while away those hours which hang heaviest on hand with the celibatarian. An after-dinner reckoning with yourself may, sometimes, be a sufficiently agreeable occupation, but repetition tires; besides, it does not always happen that a man's retrospections are absolutely rose-coloured, and then your own society becomes somewhat of a bore. Be this as it may, Grimshaw, of an evening, was more frequently to be found at "The United Lobsters" than elsewhere: the billiard-table was a good one, and he flattered himself—as many do, on equally slender grounds—that he knew something of the game, though he might not, perhaps, go the length of refusing points from Bowles or Roberts; he complacently smiled and stroked those famous red whiskers of his when asked if he played *piquet* or *écarté*, as much as to say, take care what you are about if I sit down with you; and when the crustacean symposia, which gave their name to the club, took place, the voice of Grimshaw was ever the readiest, if not the most highly-cultivated of those which added harmony to the post-casual proceedings. His songs, it is true, were not of the latest fashion—as may be inferred when it is made known that "A Temple to Friendship" was the most celebrated on his list; but when it is added that Grimshaw was, in his own opinion, the *beau idéal* of the sculptor who substituted love for friendship, the obsolescence of the melody may be forgiven for the sake of the captivating songster. Then there was food for the mind at the United Lobsters, literature being represented, on the large round table in the middle of the reading-room, by well-thumbed periodicals, besides most of the daily and weekly newspapers.

As a stockbroker, Grimshaw read his *Times* religiously as the Mussulman reads his Koran, but, however ample the information he derived from that journal, it was not all-sufficing. The *Times* was for the severer moments of business, but politics and their influence on monetary transactions did not wholly engross the thoughts of Grimshaw, whose mind, at other seasons, had room for lighter delectations, and did not disdain to occupy itself with the fashionable gossip of the day. For this reason, when the hour for recreation at the club arrived, Grimshaw, who secretly worshipped fashion, and the more ardently because he threw a veil of indifference over his devotion, invariably took up the *Morning Goose*—of course through sheer inadvertence—nor laid it down till he had made himself acquainted with the whereabouts of every titled per-

sausage, whose movements, learnt in the servants' hall, are so faithfully transferred to its columns from the "flimsy" of the fashionable penny-a-liner.

The elaborately-worded account of the accident which had befallen Loftus Tippy—an account almost as well written as if it had been sent in by the professional contributor—immediately attracted Grimshaw's attention. He read it through not only with the interest which we always attach to events the actors in which are known to us, but also with that heightened sense of enjoyment which, in this particular instance, arose from what he looked upon as a sort of dispensation or retributive justice in the case of a person to whom he owed a grudge.

"I'm deuced glad the puppy caught it!" muttered Grimshaw, when he finished the paragraph. "So Spike was called in! I must ask him all about it!"

"The United Lobsters," as the title was meant to signify, embraced all the liberal and learned professions, and so eminent a man as Mr. Spike, whose disposition, moreover, was highly genial, naturally cohered. He was, in fact, the founder of the club, and censorious outsiders, who had been black-balled, whispered that he had laboured hard to establish it in the cause of indigestion, though they who insinuated this calumny knew little of the nutritious qualities of lobsters. Depend upon it, if you have had dreams after a lobster-supper, the honest long-tailed crustacean has far less to do with them than an ill-devised accompaniment to their wholesome flesh. Spare neither salt, oil, mustard, vinegar, nor cayenne, and you may safely defy the demon Ephialtes.

Grimshaw's intention had scarcely crossed his brain before the man of art stood before him.

"How are you, Spike!" said the Stockbroker. "What's all this about you in the *Morning Goose*?"

"About me?" returned Spike, with well-affected surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Come, come, old fellow, no humbug!" said Grimshaw, jovially,— "modest merit, you know, cannot always be hid. Sooner or later it must crop out. I mean this never-ending paragraph describing the particulars of an accident close by, when you were called in to a person of the name, I think it says, of Lofty Tippus, or some such person."

"Oh, Colonel Loftus Tippy! Ah, yes,—I'm happy to say I *was* instrumental, in my humble way, of rendering him professional assistance. It was a bad case—a very bad case—but, by the blessing of Providence, we shall pull him through."

"Was the party, then, so very much hurt?"

"Compound fracture of the clavicle to begin with. Miracle he wasn't killed. Seldom heard of such a narrow escape. Case of real anxiety. Valuable life, you know—Colonel of the 'Royal Pantry.' Lucky it didn't happen in the height of the season. Royalty sent to inquire. Happy to be able to reassure the fashionable world—no immediate danger. But I thought you knew Colonel Tippy, Grimshaw. Didn't I hear you say you had met him somewhere?"

"Ah, now you remind me of it, Spike, I believe I have seen him in society, but I cannot boast of the honour of his acquaintance. In fact, he is not the sort of person I very much admire. Too finicking by half

for me! By the way, Spike, does a compound fracture—or whatever you call it—of the clavicle damage a fellow much?”

“In what respect?”

“As to his physical capacity, for example.”

“Of course he is unequal to anything in the shape of violent exertion?”

“In such a condition it would puzzle a fellow to knock a man down, if he was put to it?”

“Quite out of the question. But why do you ask?”

“Oh, I was merely thinking what *I* should do if *I* met with an accident of that kind. I’m a little too ready, as you may have heard, perhaps, to make use of my fists.”

“Yes, I *have* heard you *are* a little—a *very* little,” Spike added, after a pause, during which he looked steadily at Grimshaw with a very knowing smile. Grimshaw tried to return the look with an unperturbed countenance, but failing in the attempt, shifted the subject of conversation to matters pertaining to the convivialities of the United Lobsters.

“I hope you’re not going away soon, to-night,” he said.

“What for?” demanded Spike.

“It’s my turn, as President,” replied Grimshaw, “and I thought of standing something extra at supper.”

“Is it on that account? If so, you deserve to be perpetual President.”

“Why, not exactly. The fact is, to-day is my birthday, and as long as I’m in the club, I have an idea of making it an annual celebration.”

“By all means. What are you going to stand?”

“A little champagne. Half a dozen or so. Just for the sake of good fellowship.”

“Do you hear that, Burstall?” called out Spike to a member who was passing by. “Our friend Grim here—we’ll call him by his new name when we drink his health—is going to sprinkle us with Cliquot this evening. You’ve no objection?”

“None in the world,” replied Burstall, a stout, heavy, plethoric man, with a capacity for swallowing which a boa-constrictor might have envied. “Neither has Armspoker, I’ll answer for it.”

The person last named, as hard and bony as the other was soft and fat, looked up from his newspaper, and signified his assent to any proposition for tipping at another’s expense—indeed, a universal agreement prevailed amongst the United Lobsters when Grimshaw’s generous proposition became generally known.

The motive for this generosity must not be too strictly analysed. It need only be said, in explanation, that it was *not* Grimshaw’s birthday, and that his spirits had been raised to an extravagant pitch by what he had heard of Loftus Tippy’s disabled condition. And yet Grimshaw was not in reality of a cynical or revengeful nature, but he would have been more or less than Grimshaw had he not felt some elation at a fancied rival’s incapacity to thwart his projects or resent his proceedings. The champagne was accordingly sent for, and Grimshaw, wearing the official badge, a scarlet cap, of Phrygian fashion, shaped like a lobster’s claw, which heightened the fiery character of his hair and made his head appear as if on fire, presided at the supper-table, and was so well sup-

ported by Spike, Burstall, Armspoker, and other convivial souls, that the half-dozen was doubled before the *sederunt* was over, and he, the President, sufficiently "translated" *proprio motu* to encore his favourite song, and volunteer, moreover, "Love's Young Dream," at the close of which touching melody, delivered in a very quavering voice, he burst into tears at his own pathos, and sank helplessly on the floor!

What share the image of Arabella Hardback had in reducing him to this maudlin state, or how much of it the Widow Cliquot had to answer for, is a question which I leave philosophers and pathologists to determine. Love, however, did not so entirely fill the mind of Grimshaw as to leave it without room for the entertainment of another passion, though this, indeed, may have been only the representation of love under another form. It was plain to Spike, who assisted in raising the prostrate President—it is very often by chances of this kind that the doctor gets hold of his diagnosis—that jealousy, in the shape of vehement pugnacity, was at the bottom of Grimshaw's curiosity respecting Loftus Tippy. Spike knew Grimshaw to be a fierce fellow—so far, at least, as words go—in his ordinary state of mind, but he was scarcely prepared for the concentrated vehemence of his fierceness in his present condition.

"Let me—get at him," he growled, as the medical man extended a helping hand—"let me—get at him—I say! I'll crush him like a midge or a bl-l-lack-b-b-bee-tle!"

"Who does he mean?" asked Spillikins, a very mild member of the club, who was assisting in the compassionate work. "I hope it's not me! I'm sure I've done nothing to offend him!"

Grimshaw uttered a loud roar at that moment, as he was lifted on his legs, which made Spillikins jump back a couple of yards. He then doubled his fists and smote the air, and would have fallen again, had not Spike and Armspoker propped him up between them.

"How savage he is!" said Spillikins, trembling.

"Very!" returned Spike, coolly. "But we must get him along."

"I'll have—his—bl-llood!" ejaculated Grimshaw. "I'll p-p-pound him to a b-b-mummy!"

These were the last threats that Spillikins stayed to hear. Persuaded that he was the person menaced, he bolted out of the room.

"Spike," said Grimshaw, in the changeful mood which comes over gentlemen whom wine has overcome, and speaking in a confidential tone—"Spike, my boy—I say, Spikey—you don't think she cares for HIM, do you?"

"Not a bit, my dear fellow," replied the doctor, humouring him as he would have humoured a patient—though he had not the remotest idea who "she" was.

"I was sh-sh-shure of it," exclaimed Grimshaw. "It's m-m-me she's fond of—isn't she? Not that swag-swap-swap-gerring pup-pup-puppy!"

"There can't be a doubt of it," said the soothing Doctor; "now come along—there—that's right. If we get him fairly outside," he added, turning to Armspoker, "we'll soon trundle him home."

They did get him into the street, but the sight of a policeman walking past—as lazily as a policeman only can walk—roused his ire once more, and he struggled violently with his supporters. The night-watchman who

had mauled him so cruelly on Christmas night and the Lieutenant of the Royal Pantry were confounded in his mind as the same individual.

"You came down upon me in the f-f-fog!" he exclaimed—"you hit me over the sm-mall of my b-back with your wh-ip, when I wasn't l-l-looking, but I'll p-p-pay you off now; I'll g-g-grind you to pow-pow-powder. . Come on!"

The lazy policeman laughed and sauntered on. He knew the "United Lobsters," and when they sang a little too loud, would tap at the door to say the neighbours would be disturbed—which meant, "I'm ready for my glass of whisky"—and having swallowed the refreshment, the Lobsters themselves were disturbed no more.

"I wonder when all this happened!" thought Spike, who knew nothing of Grimshaw's recent adventures. "One thing, however, is clear. He has not always been so full of courage as he is now. Never mind him, Grim," he continued aloud.

"My name's B-Banners," said Grimshaw, making that substitution of b for m so frequent with tipsy men when dealing with initial letters. "B-Banners, do you hear! Not Grimshaw! She likes the name of B-Banners. Father asked me to go and see them as a friend—friend of the family I am—saved the child's life, you know—plunged in the roaring waves—swam to the b-boy—dragged him out by the hair—eternal grat-i-grat-itat-itude—ripen to warmer senti-ment, you know. 'Fare-wall,' said the sculptor—not the first b-b-baiden—came here for fir-friendship—took away love!"

"Where does she live, old fellow?" said Spike, thinking to find it all out by suddenly asking the question.

Grimshaw stopped short, and steadied himself as well as he could against his own gate-post, for they had reached his villa at last. He looked cunningly at the Doctor, and said:

"Ah, you want to cut in, do you, Spikey, my boy! But it won't do! She wouldn't look at you—nor at Armspoker neither. If either of you two fellows attempt to get in my way I'll knock both your heads together. Dash your b-b-brains out on the p-p-pavement! That's to say, if you've got any. 'For there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. Oh, there's nothing——'" But before he could finish the line, he was hustled into the house. Once more at home, a grave sense of propriety took possession of Grimshaw—and though his movements were less steady in the opinion of his maid than of himself, he managed to stagger to his door and get safely into bed, carefully extinguishing the candle with his hat.

XIX.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.

GRIMSHAW awoke next morning with a splitting headache, and—what was even worse—with the consciousness forced upon him through a cloud of dim recollections that he had in some way misconducted himself the night before, though how or to what extent he could not positively call to mind. It grated upon his memory that he had threatened somebody,

and the fear arose that he should be called to account. Nor was this fear diminished when Sarah knocked at his door with the shaving-water, and informed him, through the keyhole, that Mr. Spike had called and wished particularly to see him.

Before this announcement was made, Grimshaw had half resolved to stay in bed all day, less for the purpose of recovering his headache than for that of avoiding the possibility of some unpleasant *rencontre*; though had he been cast in a different mould he would have decided that the sooner a difficulty of that sort is got over the better.

"Why did you let him in?" said Grimshaw, angrily. "You should have told him I wasn't up."

"I did, sir," returned Sarah; "but he said that was what he expected, and comed o' purpose. He wished to know if you was hill."

Grimshaw considered for a moment. "Perhaps that is his only reason for coming. I may as well see him. He'll give me something to take away this infernal headache. Show him up!" he added, aloud, while he straightened the bed-clothes, and put on, without much difficulty, the air of a languishing invalid.

Spike entered with a serious countenance—a fact which Grimshaw noticed as he eyed him through a chink in the curtains.

"How do you do, Spike?" he said, in a faint voice, at the same time putting forth a clammy hand.

Spike, who had taken the measure of his friend with tolerable accuracy, and was, in his way, a desperate wag, replied:

"Oh, I'm very well, of course. A doctor always is. The question is, how are *you* after last night's business?"

"Business!" exclaimed Grimshaw, roused from his assumed feebleness; "you mean the supper?"

"The supper, yes—and what took place after it."

"What *did*—take—place?" stammered Grimshaw, the gleam of hope fast fading away which the first part of Spike's reply had awakened.

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten?" said Spike.

"I have, indeed," answered Grimshaw, in breathless anxiety.

"I'm sorry for it," said Spike, gravely.

"Why, what did I do? Did I mill anybody? Did I knock any fellow down? My knuckles feel rather sore—one of them has all the skin rubbed off."

This was true enough, but Grimshaw did it by stumbling against his own gate-post.

"How very strange!" observed Spike, seemingly in deep soliloquy.

"How very strange not to remember such things. Truly, as Shakespeare says——"

"Oh, hang Shakespeare," interrupted Grimshaw, hastily. "He's always saying something. I don't care about him. What do *you* say? Tell me, Spike, for God's sake, what was it I did. I'm not above making an apology, if I was in the wrong. I don't consider it manly to insult a fellow-creature unless he gives you a good deal of provocation. What was it, Spike? Be a good fellow and tell me?"

"First of all, there was the policeman, Collins; but I dare say we can get over that with half-a-crown. You didn't hit him very hard, and

policemen, you know, can stand any amount of banging. They're like the eels—used to it."

A vision of a policeman crossed Grimshaw's sensorium, but it was too ill-defined to shape itself into anything positive, and he accepted Spike's statement without question.

"That, however," continued Spike, "was nothing to what followed."

Grimshaw trembled, and lay silent.

"You *must* recollect your quarrel with Armspoker!" said Spike, feeling his way.

"No, I don't," returned Grimshaw. "What could it have been about? Armspoker and I are the best of friends."

"We generally quarrel with our best friends," observed Spike, sententiously; "particularly when it so happens that we are the worse for beer. The abuse, then, which you heaped on Armspoker has wholly escaped your memory?"

"Entirely."

"And the way you walked into him just under the lamp-post, when, I have no doubt, that abrasion of the skin from your knuckles took place?"

Grimshaw could only groan out a negative, amazed at his own prowess, for in his sober moments nothing could have induced him to say a cross word to the man he was accused of pummelling so severely,—Armspoker being a stiff-built, double-jointed fellow, whom it would hardly have been pleasant for a prizefighter to encounter. At length Grimshaw took heart to inquire:

"Did I punish him much?"

"More than I should like, I can tell you. Luckily, however, he isn't marked. But it's an awkward business. And that, of course, has brought me here, you know."

"Has he—sent me—a challenge?" gasped Grimshaw.

"Something very like it," replied Spike.

"I thought," said Grimshaw, feebly,—*"I thought that duelling wasn't allowed now."*

"The practice," observed Spike, "is not so prevalent, certainly, as it used to be; but some people have old-fashioned notions, and Armspoker, I'm afraid, is one of them."

"But the police always interfere in these cases?" suggested the hero.

"When they get wind of it," dryly returned the Doctor.

"And—and—couldn't they," asked Grimshaw, struggling between shame and eagerness for his safety—"couldn't they be told?"

Thinking that he had carried the joke far enough, Spike made answer:

"I don't exactly see how that is to be brought about. But come, Grimshaw, I don't mind stretching a point to serve you. Perhaps this matter can be settled without going to extremities. Armspoker *may* possibly be inclined to accept an apology."

All Grimshaw's energy revived on hearing these encouraging words. With a firmness which, a few moments before, he would have been utterly incapable of showing, he grasped Spike's two hands and shook them lustily. His utterance, however, came forth spasmodically. "He shall have any—apology—he likes;—only—let the thing—be kept quiet."

Tell him," he murmured, with more vivacity—"tell him I never meant to offend him by word or deed. He's the last person in the world I should think of—annoying in any way. It was all a mistake,—all owing to that cursed champagne!"

"Well," said Spike, "I'll see what I can do; but you must remember one thing. If Armspoker accepts your apology, you must never mention the subject yourself. Let it quite go by as if nothing had occurred, and if he should happen to allude to last night's goings on, just laugh it off, you know."

"I take my solemn oath," said Grimshaw, energetically, "I'll never broach the matter to man, woman, or child!"

"On that condition, then," said Spike, "I promise you that Armspoker shall be appeased. But I have not quite done with you yet."

Grimshaw grew pale again, while the Doctor continued:

"Besides the things you did last night—you talked a good deal. About a certain little love-affair, for instance. I pry into no man's secrets, but half-revelations, you know, are worth nothing: they only put folks on wrong scents, and get the speaker into trouble. Armspoker heard what you said as well as myself. In his rough sort of way he may be doing some mischief unless I put him on his guard. I think I have acquired some right to your confidence."

"Certainly you have," replied Grimshaw, rejoiced to find there were no more duels *in petto*.

"Well, then, make a clean breast of it, and tell me all about it. Who is the lady?"

"I may trust to your honour?"

"As freely as to your own."

"Well, then, she is the daughter of a gent living out at Hendon—a Mr. Hardback. His place is called Conger Hall. He's very rich, I believe. In fact, he has a large business in the City. He's in the fish line."

"And you want to hook his daughter. Ha! ha! ha!" remarked Spike, who, as we have already seen, prided himself on the smartness of his puns, and was always the first to laugh at them. "But tell me," he went on, "isn't somebody else nibbling at the same bait?"

"Perhaps," returned Grimshaw. "But how came you to know? Are you acquainted with the parties?"

"To tell you the truth, no! Not the family you speak of. But I've been to school, Grim. Two and two make four, and when this and that are put together, it's not very difficult to make out the sum total. You have a rival, and his name, I suspect, is——"

Spike paused, and looked Grimshaw full in the face, as if expecting him to fill up the blank.

"The man we were talking of yesterday," said Grimshaw, rather reluctantly.

"Exactly. I knew it. My patient, Colonel Loftus Tippy!"

"You won't betray me, Spike?" exclaimed Grimshaw, eagerly.

"Trust me," replied the other, holding out his hand.

Spike spoke with perfect sincerity. He was by nature, if not by profession, inquisitive; and in the whole of this conversation, besides the fun which he wished to enjoy, his chief object had been to satisfy his curiosity

concerning Grimshaw's half-uttered secret, when in his tipsy humour he had threatened to annihilate somebody or other, and adverted to an unknown lady. Having accomplished his purpose, he now rose to take leave.

"By-the-by," he said, "you look a little seedy, Grim. Stomach out of order?"

"Head aches dreadfully," replied Grimshaw.

"Take a little carbonate of soda and essence of peppermint. That's the best thing: put you to rights in no time. I'll send you over a dose. After that, if you still feel queer, go out and take a good rattling walk."

"I won't go to business to-day."

"No. I suppose not. Get into the country. As far as Hendon," he added, smiling.

"I will," said Grimshaw, "if I don't feel better after the dose. But stay, Spike. You're sure about Armspoker? I'm not likely to meet him. I should not like to do so till you've seen him, for fear of accidents. I might be roused again, you know, and so might he. We might do each other a mischief, without intending it."

"Make yourself easy on that score," returned Spike, smiling. "I'll go to him the first thing, as soon as I've sent your mixture. I may give the half-crown to Collins, I suppose, if I meet him?"

"Do," said Grimshaw, taking his purse from the table, close at hand. "Give him two half-crowns, and tell him to hold his tongue."

Collins, as has been said, was a serviceable ally of the United Lobsters, and Spike had no objection to reward him at the expense of Grimshaw, so he put the five shillings in his pocket and went his way, considerably entertained with the issue of his morning's visit, leaving Grimshaw to meditate on the danger he had escaped, through the impetuosity—he really began to think so—the impetuosity of his own daring nature.

XX.

PREPARATIONS FOR CONQUEST.

ACTING upon Spike's advice, Grimshaw stretched his legs as far as Hendon, and being in that neighbourhood thought it would be "only civil"—the sly fellow—to call at Conger Hall. Unluckily, however, just as he came in sight of the house, and was crossing the memorable bridge, he saw Mr. Hardback's carriage come out and turn in the opposite direction. His intended visit was, therefore, a *coup manqué*; but the civil thing was still in his power, and he left a handful of cards at the lodge, with an elaborate flourish of compliments for "the ladies," which, as a matter of course, were not conveyed by the gatekeeper.

The simple act of calling was, however, productive of its reward, for three days afterwards Grimshaw found, on his return from the City, that Mr. Hardback's card had been left in return, with a note bearing his address in very delicate feminine handwriting. We will say nothing about the heart's instinct—under the circumstances there was no need of appealing to it—but merely observe that Grimshaw at once guessed who

had penned the missive which now presented itself to his delighted eyes. Of course, in true lover-like haste, he tore it open, and read as follows:

"Mr. and Miss Hardback request the honour of Mr. Manners's company to dinner on Saturday, the 27th inst., at seven o'clock. The favour of an answer is requested."

Simple words, yet, to a sensitive organisation like Grimshaw's, more potent to stir the blood than a declaration of war from the Emperor of the French, which, indeed, might easily be mistaken for an invitation to dinner!

How many sheets of note-paper Grimshaw spoilt, before he returned an answer to his mind, it skills not to enumerate. Not particularly conversant with the laws of etiquette, but above all things eminently "politeful"—as the young gentlemen of the cockpit of a man-of-war are in the habit of saying—he could not bring himself to confine his reply to cold, formal terms of acceptance, but added the "happiness he felt at the prospect afforded him of enjoying the agreeable society of Mr. and Miss Hardback, together with that of Mrs. Nibbletit, to whom he (Mr. Manners) begged to present his most respectful compliments, with the hope that Miss Hardback's interesting nephew had quite recovered from the effects of the accident which his (Mr. Manners's) trivial aid had providentially been the means of"—at a loss for the right word, he added—"averting," which, if it expressed his meaning, did so at the expense of grammar, the effects he spoke of—a probable cold in the head,—being quite independent of Grimshaw's interference. Grimshaw, however, felt perfectly satisfied that he had at last succeeded in producing a literary masterpiece, and wrote a fair copy of his answer before he sent the original to the post.

Grimshaw's exultation was unbounded. Spike being now in his confidence, he showed the invitation to him, revealed its purport at the United Lobsters by observing at the club, in an off-hand sort of way, that he could not be present at the weekly meeting on the 27th, being particularly engaged to a large dinner-party at Hendon, and, of course, made Fogo aware of the pleasure that was in store for him. Spike, smilingly, offered his congratulations; the United Lobsters provokingly asked no questions, and Fogo observed—in a tone of jealousy, as Grimshaw thought—that "he had heer'd from Bouncer such were to be the case, but, not knowing of the parties, wasn't his-self invited." Grimshaw—to use his own words—would have "waited on his honourable colleague, to offer his respectful thanks in that quarter," but Bouncer just then was absent from business, and the compliment was necessarily deferred.

As the day of the dinner-party drew near, Grimshaw could think of nothing else. Whether he "bulled" it or "beared" it on 'Change he hardly knew, and his "colleagues" *en masse* began to think there was something "queer" about him—an ominous expression when applied to a commercial man, being liable to a double interpretation: the state of his head and the condition of his pocket. It was remarked by the clerk in Grimshaw's office—and you may be sure he circulated his remarks—that his principal now was always talking to himself, scribbling on scraps of paper, which he tore up and threw into the fire, and jumping up from his stool to look at himself in the little square looking-glass, stuck full of

business-cards, which hung over the chimney-piece in the inner room. Beast of a clerk! Misjudging, misconceiving idiot!

As Grimshaw said of Fogo—he had never been in love, or he would at once have instantly recognised the symptoms. "Talking to himself!" Why, of course, he was addressing HER. "Scribbling on writing-paper!" What could they be, but verses in praise of HER? As to "looking at himself in the glass"—is there not the authority of Shakspeare in such or similar proceedings (though Grimshaw, like our ever-green Premier, thought Shakspeare "an overrated man," if he did not go the length of absolutely calling him "a humbug")? If Benedick "brush'd his hat o' mornings," that he might make a more presentable appearance before Beatrice, surely to look at himself in the glass was, under Grimshaw's circumstances, a legitimate transaction! The instance of Benedick was even yet more apt. The Messinese lover-in-spite-of-himself was accused by Claudio of paying a visit to the barber, and as Grimshaw surveyed his reflected proportions on the day of the dinner at Conger Hall, he thought he had better follow Benedick's example.

"Yes!" he said, "I must get my hair nicely cut this afternoon."

Grimshaw's direct route to St. John's Wood lay along Holborn, but there being no such thing as a fashionable tonsor on that line of communication, he went by way of Fleet-street, remembering that there were some first-rate hair-cutting rooms in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, which he had frequently noticed, but never yet tried.

The establishment of Messrs. Millefleurs and Bandoline deserved the reputation it had long borne, but in these days of progress, when people stop at nothing, they were not likely to be left behind in the race, and had, of course, adopted the last improvements. Conspicuously, therefore, above their shop-window was blazoned, in letters of gold, the following announcement:

"HAIR-BRUSHING BY MACHINERY."

"I will try this new process," said Grimshaw, as, with a jaunty air, he stepped into the shop, and was requested to walk up-stairs.

"Do you wish to have your hair cut, sir?" said a tall, deep-voiced, slowly speaking, but affable gentleman, with a profusion of luxuriant whisker, which made him a magnificent shop-advertisement.

There are, at the present day, two classes of fashionable hairdressers: the superbly-silent, who evidently disdain the occupation they follow, and say nothing of the articles "sold below;" and the gravely-professional, who condescend to praise their wares, but only do so in the interests of science. To this latter category belonged the person in question.

As soon as Grimshaw was properly muffled and placed, the philosopher began:

"This is the first time, sir, that you have honoured our establishment? Ah, I thought so! We generally recognise our own mode of treatment. Our manipulation is peculiar—as well as the system on which we proceed. Your hair, I am sorry to say, sir, is harsher than I could wish—more wirier, in fact, than is pleasant to yourself. I see the reason. You have never used our Promethean Elixir. The human hair, you will permit me to observe, sir, can be made to assume the most appropriate form when first it exudes from the surface of the skin, by a proper cultivation,—a

neglect of which causes it to germinate in an unsightly wildness, so to speak, highly detrimental to its appearance and—if I may be allowed to say so—to the possessor. Our principal formula, sir, is the Promethean Elixir, for fine germinations, but we have a second, for stiffer growths, our Badgerine—which would suit you exactly, sir. The qualities in each of these inventions are adapted to the individual case. The Elixir contains a larger proportion of gelatinum than the Badgerine, the basis of which, I have no objection to say so, is one of the sulphine preparations. Having made the study of the human hair our particular forte, we proceed entirely, sir, on scientific principles. Oxide of manganese, phosphate of lime, silica, and sulphur, are its chief support——”

“I always thought,” interrupted Grimshaw, overwhelmed by this display of knowledge—“I always thought that bear’s grease was about the best thing you could use.”

“The bear, sir,” returned the professor, “is a hibernating animal: he sleeps away the winter. Man’s province, sir, is activity—all the year round. If we only applied bear’s grease to the human hair, man would cease to display that wide-awakefulness, if I may coin a word, which is his chief characteristic. On this account, sir, we never eliminate bear’s grease, *poory sample*, as the French say: we always modify it with some chemical auxiliary *when* we employ it, but we greatly prefer the glycerine substances extracted from the badger, which gives its name to our second formula. You will allow me, sir, I hope, to put you up a flask—we have them of all sizes, from half-a-crown to a guinea. The last are by far the cheapest, as a gentleman has in the guinea flask twelve times as much as in the two-and-sixpenny one: it improves, besides, by being kept in bulk.”

Here was a sad falling off, from the wonders of science to the desire of gain, but such is the philosophy of hairdressers—as of some other occupations. There was another reason why the professor wound up at this point: he had cut as much of Grimshaw’s stubble as the stockbroker, who had a glass before him, would permit.

“You mean to try the machine, sir?” asked the operator, when he had taken Grimshaw’s order for a medium flask at half a guinea.

“Oh yes,” was the cheerful reply—“it was chiefly on that account I came here.”

“You are quite right, sir—a hand-brush would not do justice to your back hair, it’s so uncommonly thick and strong! Have the kindness to step this way. The sensation you will find is delightful.”

Ushered into the next room, Grimshaw found several other persons prepared to enjoy the operation. They were seated in a row on a long bench, and above their heads depended a series of broad, parallel leathern straps, passing over rollers fixed in the ceiling, which were set in motion by a machine elsewhere. In each of the pair of straps was set a formidable-looking brush, made of the strongest bristles, connected with wire, which was held steadily to the back of the head by the manipulator while the straps performed their gyrations. Grimshaw, as the last comer, took his seat at one end of the bench, and the signal being given to the boy who turned the machine below, the process began.

A violent rasp, suggestive of being suddenly scalped, was the first of the “delightful” sensations, and Grimshaw internally denounced the in-

vention, hoping that the operation would be quickly over; but as his co-mates in suffering only winced and made wry faces, he also grinned and bore it. Then followed a steady grinding, or rapid succession of shocks, which, perhaps, in time, he might have got accustomed to, but for a most untoward circumstance. Grimshaw's fell of hair, as we have just been told, was of an extremely obstinate nature—the brush becoming entangled stuck fast in it, and the straps swiftly whirling, he was fairly lifted off his seat.

"Hilloa!" cried he, all of a sudden. "What the devil's this? Where am I going to?"

Grimshaw might well ask. Onward sped the straps, fast clung the brush, and higher still rose Grimshaw, shouting and kicking, but all in vain.

"My head! my head!" he screamed; and scarcely were the words uttered before he was jammed against the ceiling, hanging by the hair like another Absalom.

Great was the consternation around! The assistant shouted to the boy who turned the handle of the machine to leave off, but he, supposing he did not turn fast enough, redoubled his energies, and at every turn fresh tortures were inflicted on the unhappy stockbroker, to whose legs everybody now was clinging, in order to effect his release. At length, by dint of struggling on his part and tugging on that of his allies, he came with a heavy thump to the ground, minus nearly half the flowing locks on which he so much prided himself, and smarting like Marsyas after he was flayed. This was bad enough; but the roars of laughter which accompanied the efforts to rescue him, and the ill-suppressed mirth that greeted him when he rose from the floor, were even more annoying than the pain he suffered. He would willingly have "pitched into" them all round, but prudence obtained the mastery over anger, and he manfully refrained from administering the well-merited punishment. On hearing the outcry, Messieurs Millefleurs and Bandoline rushed upstairs.

"O Ciel!" cried Millefleurs, "vot is happen?"

"Gracious!" ejaculated Bandoline, unable to ask any questions.

When the accident was explained, both partners were full of commiseration for Grimshaw.

"Apply some of the Promethean Elixir to the parts, Mr. Vulliamy," said Bandoline, addressing the deep-voiced assistant. "No charge, sir," he added, turning to Grimshaw—"only too happy to alleviate!"

Whether there was any healing virtue or not in the elixir, the application was soothing, and Grimshaw was at last able to leave the shop. A cab was called, and he drove home, not at all in condition for dining out that evening—but, judge of the intensity of his passion for Arabella Hardback, he determined, notwithstanding his sufferings, to do so! Who after this shall say that heroism is extinct on earth!

What success rewarded him at Mr. Hardback's dinner-party we shall see in the next chapter.

CUPID AND CHRISTMAS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

CUPID, none could tell the reason,
 Ventured out one Christmas-day,
 CHRISTMAS said, "You're out of season,
 Silly urchin go away;
 You'll catch cold without your trousers,
 See the snow is on the ground;"
 Bold he was, as you'll allow, sirs,
 There in winter to be found.
 But the god—'twas very stupid—
 Made his mind up there to stay,
 "For I want to see," said CUPID,
 "What you do when I'm away."

CHRISTMAS, like a good old fellow,
 CUPID wrapped beneath his vest,
 Took his seat, and then got mellow,
 Where red lips the wine-cup press'd;
 But, as CHRISTMAS sipped the nectar,
 All at once he felt him go,
 There sat Cupid, bold as Hector,
 Swinging in the mistletoe:
 All the pretty girls upstart'd,
 Gather'd 'neath the pearly bough,
 Then said CUPID, still light-hearted,
 "Ha! my boys, I have you now."

CHRISTMAS scarce to speak was able,
 Such a breach of faith as this!
 All the young lads left the table,
 Vowing they would have a kiss:
 Then arose such shouts of laughter,
 CHRISTMAS said, in accents kind,
 With the Holly ever after
 Mistletoe should be combined.
 This they tell us is the reason
 Ever since it doth appear
 LOVE is never out of season,
 CUPID triumphs all the year.

AUERSTADT AND JENA.

THE memoirs of Prince Eugene of Würtemberg have already supplied us with two curious chapters connected with the history of Russia and Austria. In our present article we purpose to employ the same authority to show how Napoleon taught Prussia a terrible lesson. In our article on Austerlitz, we found the blue coats laughing because the Austrian white coats had been so terribly thrashed at Ulm and Austerlitz: only a year later and the time came for the laugh to be on the side of the white coats. For Bonaparte was justified in saying, "the Prussians are even more stupid than the Austrians," as he most fully proved at Jena and elsewhere. Still we must do the Austrians the justice of saying that they did not openly display their delight at the result of Jena. Even more—had not the Prussian policy in 1806 been so utterly undeserving of confidence, Prussia would probably have had the aid of Austria in her decisive contest with Napoleon. For although Austria was still bleeding severely from the wounds of 1805, she was convinced that taking up arms again was a mere question of time. Count von Stadion knew that no permanent peace with France was possible, and hence from the first moment of his administration he strove to place Austria in a position to continue the interrupted contest. He also clearly understood that an offensive and defensive alliance between the two great German powers was an imperious necessity, but also that this was impossible so long as Haugwitz guided the policy of Berlin. In September, 1806, he wrote to Gentz that Austria intended to remain neutral, because Prussia had not seriously requested an alliance, and because there was no trusting to Haugwitz; but he was careful to add, "I believe that the existing crisis affects us as much as Prussia, and however great our present difficulties may be, neither the emperor nor myself will ever think of really separating our cause from the Prussian." Gentz at once hinted as much to the cabinet of Berlin, but Haugwitz was blinded by self-conceit, and made no effort to evade the collecting storm.

Prussia must infallibly fall, because she was the Prussia of 1806. She had erred in leaving her sword in the scabbard in 1805, and committed an equal error by drawing it in 1806. Instead of making every effort to win Austria as an ally, she preferred trusting to the half promises of Russia, whose assistance must arrive too late, owing to the precipitation with which matters were hurrying on. After breaking up the third coalition, Napoleon was determined to seize the first opportunity for crumpling up Prussia, or even to create the opportunity. In the spring and summer of 1806 he played like a cat with the poor mouse Prussia, that fancied itself a lion. This cat play was at the same time artful and arrogant. While committing acts of insulting violence, he offered perfidious advice, such as that Prussia should form a North German Confederation under his protectorate, while his agents at Cassel actively strove to crush the idea of such a confederation in the bud. In order to complete the isolation of Prussia the French cabinet coquetted with Russia, and even with England, whose Whig ministry was paving the way for a peace. In the interviews which Talleyrand had for this purpose with Lord Yarmouth, it

was evident that Napoleon regarded Germany as his property. Talleyrand went so far as to offer the Hanse Towns as a compensation for the King of Naples. Of course no consideration was given to Prussia. The alliance between France and Prussia in March had made Hanover a Prussian province: but when Lord Yarmouth declared that the restoration of Hanover to George III. must be the preliminary to any further negotiations, Talleyrand did not hesitate to say, "Hanover should make no difficulty." It is only a pity that an "honest" Frederick William III. behaved as honourably with the alliance as did the "perfidious" Napoleon. The ink with which the King of Prussia had signed the treaty was scarce dry ere he formed a secret agreement with the Emperor of Russia, by which he bound himself to march with Russia against France. The reports which the Prussian envoy Lucchesini sent from Paris as to Napoleon's readiness to give back Hanover to George III., caused tremendous excitement in Berlin. On August 10th, Frederick William ordered the mobilisation of his army. This drawing the sword, while a year too late, was at the same time premature by some months. Prussia was quite unprepared, for she stood alone to withstand the superior forces of Napoleon. The recent breach with England was not sufficiently repaired for any help to be expected from that quarter. The imperial friend in Petersburg, when urgently entreated in September, sent off an auxiliary corps of seventy thousand men, but the affair was ended long ere these columns could reach the scene of action. Saxony was forced to join, for which the elector apologised beforehand at Paris, but this compulsion could not be employed against the more distant Hesse Cassel. While the ministry were swaggering with the sword of Frederick the Great, the defences of the country had been allowed to fall into a shameful state. Even in the matter of food for powder Prussia was far inferior: with the aid of the Saxons she could only bring one hundred and thirty-three thousand men into the field, while the Emperor of the French led one hundred and ninety-eight thousand nine hundred and forty troops against Prussia, exclusive of the contingents of his German satraps. And these were veteran troops, full of national pride, and possessed by the demon of glory, commanded by the first general in the world—a general who handled his strategic machine as a virtuoso does his instrument.

And the Prussian army? It was an old Fritzish *caput mortuum*, a brilliant specimen of noble arrogance and self-esteem. In spite of a few modest efforts on the part of Frederick William to moderate the brutality of the officers, the private was still treated on the footing of the good old times—that is to say, like a wild beast, who could only acquire the necessary training and discipline by a shower of blows and running the gauntlet. The commissariat and clothing were shameful. The soldier received daily two pounds of badly-baked ammunition bread, and one pound of meat a week. His uniform was made of such coarse and loosely-woven cloth, that—to use a popular expression of the time—peas could be sown through it. The coats were cut away from the chest, so that the stomach was exposed. In summer they wore canvas trousers, and in these the soldiers, who had neither overalls nor cloaks, were obliged to bivouac in the cold autumn nights of 1806. The white waistcoat was not a real thing, but only a rag sewn on to the coat. The cloth, too, was cut so close that the man who was thrust into this uniform could scarce

move, and stood "like a doll whose arms and legs could only be moved to a certain point." The torment of pigtailed and powder was almost incredible. An accurate measurement of the regimental pigtailed was a great feature of the Prussian art of war. There were in the army captains whose queues trailed on the ground, and required from seventy to eighty yards of ribbon. It happened, at times, that a Prussian field-marshal at a grand parade would draw from his pocket the normal pigtail, and close his reproof of any officer whose men did not reach the standard, with the magnificent dictum: "Ah, general, it is cruelly difficult to make a good queue." It also happened that at an inspection a beardless lieutenant employed an incorrect standard, and ordered the innocent culprit twenty lashes. Fellow, and clod, were the mildest terms of abuse which officers and sergeants lavished on their subordinates. The parade-grounds echoed with savage curses, and the coarse cruelty of the drill-sergeants rendered them true places of torture for the recruits. It is true that a strong tradition of old Prussian bravery had been kept up in the army, but for all that, leading troops thus fed, clothed, and treated, against Napoleon's army, was about the same as opposing Nuremberg toy soldiers to real troops. The fault lay, to a great extent, in the constitution of the officers' corps. The higher ranks were servile, the lower frightfully ignorant and bombastic. It is true that a new race of officers was growing up, men like Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Müffling, and others, who eventually became historic glories of the Prussian army. But at the time of which we are writing the fate of the army was entrusted to two imbeciles, Phull and Massenbach, whom Suabia had lent to Prussia. Such men, puffed up and undecided theorists, without any practical knowledge or courage, were ordered to draw up the plan of the campaign against Napoleon. The Prussian Army List of 1806 is a satire upon common sense. A general under sixty-four years of age was a rarity, for most of them were seventy and upwards, while all the field officers were between fifty and sixty years of age. As a type of the Prussian generals of that day, we will take Von Rüchel, whom Clausewitz described as "a concentrated acid of old Prussianism." This *Miles gloriosus*, over whom all the experiences of the revolutionary wars had passed without leaving a trace, uttered at a Potsdam parade the following fabulous nonsense: "Gentlemen, his majesty's army can display several generals like this Monsieur de Bonaparte." When a sensible young officer, who had learned to admire the mobility of the French army, hinted at the impropriety of the Prussian subaltern officers being mounted, which produced a train of fifty chargers for each battalion, Von Rüchel growled, "A Prussian gentleman does not walk." It is not wonderful, then, to read that when the news of Jena arrived, citizens and peasants should rub their hands and say: "Well, the Junkers have received a good thrashing at last."

It will furnish a sufficient idea of the Prussian army of 1806 when we state that a lieutenant of Möllendorf's regiment took his pianoforte into the field with him, and the generalissimo his mistress, a French woman who was accused of betraying the secrets of head-quarters to her countrymen. The latter charge is not true, however, for there was really nothing to reveal. Napoleon was thoroughly acquainted with all that was going on in Prussia through his organised police, and hence, while the Rüchels

were rattling their sabres in the consciousness of victory, he could write from St. Cloud, on September 12, to his brother Joseph at Naples: "Prussia is arming in a ridiculous manner. She must soon disarm, or else pay a bitter price. In a few days she will either have disarmed or be annihilated." After the resolution was formed at Berlin not to disarm, orders were given for the Silesian army, under Prince von Hohenlohe, to march on Thuringia, and there join the main army under the Duke of Brunswick. The command of the vanguard was entrusted to Blücher, who felt equally confident about destroying the French. A month later, however, we find the hummer lowering his tone considerably. It is a remarkable fact that the two most warlike men in Prussia, Blücher and Prince Louis Ferdinand, could not get rid of their forebodings of evil. Both felt that Prussia was not the Prussia of Frederick the Great, and that there was not a man alive to take his place. The Junkers, though, had no idea that Frederick's Prussia no longer existed, and their continual boasting resembled idiocy. Thus a general said, "Bonaparte does not deserve to be even a corporal in the Prussian army." Beardless ensigns and lieutenants, who had never seen an enemy, spoke contemptuously of Napoleon's soldiers: "They have never had Prussians before them. The victory is certain to be ours—an easy victory—perhaps too easy to be honourable." Even on October 13, Prussian officers said at Weimar, "Let them come on, that is all. We will soon settle these sans-culottes." As a delirious intermezzo, we may remark that Goethe, who had come to the Prussian head-quarters as a commissary for Weimar—"a tall, handsome man, always dressed in a court-suit, powdered with a hair-bag, and dress-sword, who looked like a minister"—was only a "fellow" in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. "Well, well, decent. I am with one Gethe or Gothe—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name." "Ah, it must be the celebrated Göthe." "It can be so: yes, it can be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head." The thoughtless crowd allowed themselves to be led away by these boasts about Prussian invincibility. Thinking men—a poorly flourishing species at all times—and especially thinking soldiers, regarded the storm gathering in the West with very different feelings. When, after a brilliant Potsdam parade, a comrade asked the Engineer officer, Reiche, "Do you now doubt whether we shall beat the French?" he replied, "From what I have seen to-day, the French will beat us." And when Reiche waited on Colonel von Kleist, the adjutant-general at Magdeburg, after the beginning of the campaign, the latter said to him, "My friend, let me advise you not to drop a hint that we can be defeated. My voice does not penetrate. They believe that we need only show ourselves and the French will fly. Experience has not made us wiser." But the strangest thing of all is that the Prussian generalissimo, the Duke of Brunswick, despaired. He only accepted the command in order to escape a war. At times, when his bile was stirred up by his subordinates doing things behind his back about which he was not consulted, he called "Prince von Hohenlohe a weak, vain man, who let himself be governed by Massenbach; General von Rüchel, a fanfaron; Field-Marshal Möllendorf, a worn-out veteran; General von Kalkreuth, a cunning intriguer; and the generals en second

ordre, boasting routiniers." This catalogue he concluded with the words, "and with such people we are to wage a war—a war against Napoleon." Lucchesini and Haugwitz were the duke's stars of hope, because they made him believe that war could still be avoided. When Lucchesini, on arriving at head-quarters at Naumburg, answered the duke's question as to Napoleon's intentions, with the words, "He will never be the assailant—never, never," Brunswick's face displayed the highest expression of satisfaction. And yet so few days lay between Naumburg and Auerstädt!

With such forebodings the campaign began. Berlin was full of martial excitement; the gendarme lieutenants made the most absurd propositions, such as setting a price of ten thousand dollars on Napoleon's head; ladies even spoke of drinking the blood of the French; and the departing army was greeted by a song, in which the "dispersion of the coming storm by the Prussian cannon" was confidently prophesied. But the leading circles were far from feeling such confidence, and the political and military strategists continually became more stupid, and when they finally came in sight of the foe, resembled the bourgeois gentleman, who said to his maid, when she advanced on him with her broom, "You do not attack me according to rule; il faut que tu m'attaques ou de tiers ou de quart." The uninitiated, or those who were not acquainted with the embarrassments at head-quarters, where it was not known till October 9th that Napoleon's intentions were hostile, still revelled in their old Prussian chimeras. A few days before the fearful decision, while the delirium tremens was growing sporadic at head-quarters in Erfurt, a staff officer employed the following language in the quarters of Charles Duke of Weimar: "Up to the present the enemy has not taken a single step which we did not prescribe; our operations are so combined, our corps so stationed, that the enemy is everywhere cut off and driven into the strategic net. Napoleon is as certainly ours as if we had him already in this hat." As he concluded, he pointed into his hat, and many of the credulous listeners rose on tiptoe and looked into the hat, as if Bonaparte were really in it. At this time the Prussian main army, seventy thousand strong, had taken up a position between Erfurt and Weimar. Rüchel stood between Eisenach and Gotha, Blücher between Eisenach and Kreuzburg: both having orders to advance on Erfurt too. The second army, fifty thousand strong, and commanded by Prince von Hohenlohe, was extended along the Upper Saale as far as Jena. The whole Prussian force was spread over a front of nearly one hundred miles, because the augurs at head-quarters constantly talked about out-flanking and surrounding Napoleon, who, after driving in a few thousand men, under Tauenzien, on October 7th, was already preparing to slip through the opening so cleverly left for him between the Saale and the Erzgebirge.

Conscious of his superiority, Napoleon had a prescience of victory, and employed language which, though arrogant, was far more justifiable than the Prussian boasting. On September 18th, he wrote from St. Cloud to his brother Joseph: "It is possible that the quarrel with Prussia may be settled in eight or ten days. If not, I shall so thrash the Prussians in the first action, that all will be over in a few days. You need not feel anxious. You will receive the news of my victory simultaneously with that of my joining the army and the beginning of hostilities." Leaving

St. Cloud on September 25th, Napoleon received at Mayence and Würzburg the homage of his German satraps. He collected his troops in Franconia, only taking across the Rhine the trifle of eighty thousand francs for their sustenance. He knew that through his artistic commissariat arrangements his troops would not starve in an enemy's country; while, on the other hand, the Prussian arrangements were so cleverly made, that they must suffer hunger among their friends. In order to understand how much this circumstance helped to produce the disbandment of the Prussian army after the catastrophe of October 14th, we need only realise the scene that took place at Sömmerda on the evening of the 15th. Here General von Kalkreuth tried to restore order among the defeated troops, and said, in his proclamation to the army, *inter alia*: "Bread will be distributed to the troops, and if there is none, they will receive its value in money." But, as there were neither bread-carts nor money, Prince Augustus of Prussia, who led the column, translated the order very truly: "Give the men money which you have not, so that they may buy bread when there is none to buy." On reaching Bamberg on October 7th, Napoleon received the Prussian ultimatum, which demanded that the formation of a Northern Confederation should be no longer opposed, and that Napoleon should immediately withdraw his troops across the Rhine. Napoleon's reply to this "*véritable délire de la Prusse*" was an arrogant burst of laughter, in the shape of a proclamation to his soldiers, and—"comme on dit qu'il y a une belle reine qui veut être témoin de combats"—an order to his marshals to advance, which was immediately carried out. The French army, ninety thousand strong, consequently advanced along the Leipzig road, while the two wings marched on Coburg and Hof. On the evening of October 9th the centre column, led by the Emperor in person, reached Ebersdorf, near which place the first engagement took place.

Poor Prince Louis! he had the stuff in him to become a great party leader in England; in Russia, a species of Suwarrow, or at least a Potemkin; in France, a bit of a Danton, or a dashing Napoleonic marshal; in Germany he did not rise higher than a promising officer of gendarmes. And yet the Prussian Alcibiades had a heart, and loved his country. He had often said, at Rahel's evening parties: "I will not survive the downfall of my country. If such a misfortune occurs to us, I will die." And before he went to Jena, and thence to Rudolstadt, to take the command of Hohenlohe's vanguard, he wrote, on September 11th, from Leipzig, to the same lady: "We have had to-day a meeting of the three leaders of the vanguard—Blücher, Rüdchel, and myself. We all pledged our word—a manly solemn word, which will surely be kept—to expose our lives, and not survive this contest, in which glory and honour await us, or political liberty and liberal ideas will be long suppressed or destroyed in the event of defeat. So it shall be. What is this wretched life? Nothing—nothing at all. Everything fair and good is disappearing, badness is exalted, and miserable experience mercilessly tears all bright hopes from our heart. So it must be in this age. Only the miserable is left; this alone is victorious. Then why complain because that happens on a small scale, from which a whole age is suffering?" With such Byronic feelings the prince went, on October 10th, into the battle of Saalfeld, which any decent general would have avoided, because Marshal

Lannes displayed such a numerical superiority that any effective resistance was impossible. The prince, however, who was a better soldier than general, accepted the combat, either because he hoped that success might induce Austria to advance to the rescue of Prussia, or else because, from what he had seen and heard at head-quarters in Weimar, Erfurt, and Jena, he had come to the desperate resolution that it was time "not to survive the downfall of his country." While heroically engaged in trying to check the retreat of his troops he received a sabre-cut on the head, followed by a thrust through the chest. His body—which was found stripped after the action—displayed thirteen wounds. When Marshal Lannes was informed of the prince's death, he said: "*Diable, voilà qui est bon: cela fera une sensation à l'armée.*"

It certainly did make a sensation, but it was greater in the Prussian than the French army. The news of Saalfeld was a bombshell. On October 11th the insubordination among the Prussians was so great that a deputation of officers waited on General Kalkreuth at Weimar, imploring him to take the chief command, for "the king's crown was imperilled if the Duke of Brunswick longer retained the command, because he did not know what he was doing or what he wanted; and, in order to make the confusion worse confounded, he had quarrelled with Colonel Scharnhast." About the same time Napoleon learned at Auma that the Prussian main body was still on the left bank of the Saale, at Erfurt, and came to the conclusion that the enemy would concentrate behind that river or the Ilm. He at once made a left wheel, by which the outflankers, as they fancied themselves, were outflanked; for the Prussians were cut off from their base, and the roads to Dresden and Berlin lay open to the French. The latter were drawn up on the right bank of the Saale, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, ready for the decisive blow, while the Prussians were scattered about. Had there been one grain of common sense at Prussian head-quarters, they would at once have resolved on the only chance of salvation, falling back on Magdeburg in good order, and thence reaching the Oder, to give the Russians time to come up.

We must do Brunswick the justice of saying that he had some vague notion of this way of escape; but the Prussians seemed to have lost their senses on finding the *sans-culottes* actually advancing, instead of flying. When no doubt was possible that the enemy was coming up the valley of the Saale, and that the Prussians were outflanked on the east, the resolution was formed at Weimar of moving on and selecting a suitable battle-field between the Saale and the Elbe. But Napoleon had taken care that the Prussians should not have the choice of the field left them. The main army, which left Weimar on the evening of October 13th, only got as far as Auerstädt. Davout had seized the pass of Kösen before it, occupied the heights on the left bank of the Saale, and advanced one of his divisions to Hassenhausen. On the morning of the 14th the battle of Auerstädt began here, and simultaneously with it that of Jena, twenty miles off. The latter town had been occupied by the French on the previous day, and they had seized the plateau running northward from Jena. Napoleon arrived on the same day, and, as he expected to find the Prussian main body behind Jena, he had brought up an overpowering force to this point. Hence, at Jena, Hohenlohe's corps of Prussians and

Saxons fought very clumsily and unsuccessfully against a superior force, while at Auerstädt the Prussians fought still more clumsily and unsuccessfully against a very considerable minority, and could only allege, in their excuse, that a bullet at the beginning of the action put out both eyes of the commander-in-chief, and that the wounded general took away with him from the field the secret of his plan of action—if he had one at all. At the same hour when the Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded at Auerstädt, Napoleon led on his legions at Jena, after addressing the troops at daybreak, and receiving in reply an enthusiastic *en avant!* Prince Eugene of Würtemberg gives so full an explanation of the ensuing defeat, that we will quote his remarks *in extenso*:

“The fall of the Duke of Brunswick disturbed every disposition, and the helplessness of the other leaders destroyed any connexion in any plan which in itself possessed no great amount of cohesion. They advanced separately to the attack, and were driven back separately. Without knowing it, they were solely opposed here by the corps of Marshal Davout, and he did not feel at all comfortable in the affair. At length he resolved to send one of his divisions against the Prussian left wing. This measure produced an imposing effect, and they began to retreat. On the night of October 14th, the discipline of the army was broken up by the fugitives from Jena crossing the retreaters from Auerstädt. The defeat at the latter place was based on an illusion; but the disbandment was positive, and, yielding to the involuntary instinct of marching off in the direction opposed to the enemy, the troops of the main army reached Erfurt, on which city also marched Tauenzien and the Duke of Weimar's divisions, which had stood farther to the right on the Thuringian mountains. When the enemy reached Erfurt, a garrison largely augmented by fugitives capitulated there, which had a very depressing effect on the troops outside, and all fled to Magdeburg, though before they might have marched to that city.”

The conquerors were not disposed to hesitate, least of all their leader. A few days after the double battle he loudly declared that every fresh success would increase the severity of the conditions which he would impose on Prussia, and a striking contrast to this arrogance was displayed in the despondency displayed in the suite of Frederick William, when all persons of influence advised the king to yield without further resistance even to the harshest conditions of France. The Napoleonic word of thunder, “*écraser*,” flew over Germany after Auerstädt. “The house of Hesse-Cassel has ceased to reign. The house of Brunswick has ceased to reign.” The lightning passed menacingly near other houses. Such was the case with Saxe-Weimar. On the evening of the unhappy day of Jena, Goethe was seated at table in Weimar till the thunder of the cannon drove him away. He went round into the garden as the monstrous confusion of the Prussian flight dashed past—a furious medley of men of all arms, guns, ammunition, and baggage-waggons, cavalry on foot, and infantry by two or three on one horse. When it began to grow dark, French chasseurs were roaming through all the streets. Drums and fifes then announced the marching in of the first French infantry column, the so-called spoon guard—“savage bearded fellows in long dusty cotton blouses, and three-cornered hats with a spoon stuck in them.” Then came the frightful night of plunder, when Christiane

Vulpus, by her boldness, saved the prince of poets from the clutch of French marauders, who, heated with wine, forced their way into his bedroom. On the following day, October 15th, Napoleon entered Weimar. The Duchess Louise, who in these fearful hours retained all the nobility of her heart, received the victor at the head of the palace steps with the calm dignity of a woman. "Qui êtes vous, madame?" he attacked her, "je vous plains. J'écraserai votre mari. . . . Qu'on me fasse dîner dans mes appartements." On the following day he had a longer conversation with the duchess. He began in the Napoleonic exploding style. "A cause de vous, madame, je pardonne votre mari, ce fou, qui croit me faire la guerre." To which the princess replied modestly, but firmly, "The duke, my husband, has only done his duty as a Prussian general." The man who "adored nothing but force" must have felt the magic which dwells in such a woman. He lowered his tone considerably, even played the pious man, so to speak, by interjecting the remark, "Croyez moi, madame, il y a une providence, qui dirige tout et dont je ne suis que l'instrument;" and, on returning to his apartment, he said to Rapp, "Voilà une femme à laquelle pas même nos deux cents canons ont pu faire peur."

The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25th Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I have crushed the Prussian monarchy. I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palaces he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. So extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity, that no attempt had even been made to save the private papers of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci he had, or affected to have, an attack of reverence. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a trophy to Paris, and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonourable as to have the revered relic destroyed. On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg his slumbers were disturbed. The divine comedy of history also has comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bedchamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began, trumpets echoed through the palace, the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where all the trumpeters were. Sentries were posted, a part of the servants and adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the écraseur of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock—in truth, du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.

On October 24th, the first French columns marched into Berlin, led by Davout, the victor of Auerstädt, and most devoted slave of his master—for the present and a few years longer. For the time will come when this slave rebels, turns his native savageness against the conquered of Waterloo, and urged on by Belial Fouché, shouts so loudly at Paris that

the dethroned man at Malmaison must hear it, "What, your Bonaparte will not be gone? He must liberate us. If he does not go I will arrest him with my own hand." The French were received with gloomy silence as they marched into the Prussian capital. But the officials unhesitatingly placed themselves at the disposal of the conquerors: they were only a machine without a soul, who did not care for whom they worked. The news of Jena had been preceded by a bulletin of victory, a flattering tale, probably told by hope. Hence the blow was all the more crushing. On the morning of October 18th, "old Heim," one of the most original characters in Berlin at that day,* entered the sitting-room of a respected citizen of Berlin. "What news do you bring?" was the first question addressed to the family physician. "Infernally bad! The battle is lost. They have all run to the deuce." The lady of the house turned pale, but her husband added in extreme agitation, "I fancied that nothing was yet decided: it is said that they face each other like walls." To which old Heim replied: "No, no, no: they ran away like curs. All is lost." In the streets there was a silent, oppressed movement: people stopped eagerly to talk, but did so in whispers. There was a general feeling of mourning and sorrow. In Behren-street, under the windows of the town governor, a dense crowd assembled and awaited news with a dull murmur. The minister supplied it in the shape of a poster. "The king has lost a battle. The first duty of the citizen is tranquillity. I request all the inhabitants of Berlin to carry this out. The king and his brother are alive." The victors of Jena found a "dull, death-like silence in the streets." But for those who had ears to hear there was in the air a shaking and cracking and yelling, not merely the echo of the French drums and fifes, but produced by the collapse of the Prussian state and the laughter of a chorus of demons, who repeated over the ruins the classic bleating: "The first duty of the citizen is tranquillity."

The story of the battle of Jena contains a lesson which Germany, so recently commemorating the triumphs of Leipzig, should take to heart. Unless the signs of the time are more than usually deceptive, the day is near at hand when another Napoleon will try to gain another Auerstädt. Comparing the two armies, and the character of the two leaders, we cannot hope that the result will be different. At any rate, we may safely assert that the conduct of the present King of Prussia does not justify us in believing that he will display greater talent in the hour of his trial than his predecessor did. As for his generals, they are the same fire-eaters as we have seen so lamentably forced to eat the leek at Jena. It was the curse of the Bourbons that they could "learn nothing and forget nothing," and a wise man would hesitate ere he followed their example.

* Raumer gives a splendid anecdote of this physician, which I add, as showing his character. One day the old expelled Landgrave of Hesse was with Chancellor Hardenberg, when Heim came in in a great hurry, as usual. The chancellor introduced the landgrave to the physician, whereupon Heim said, "Are you the landgrave with the pigtail? Just have the goodness to turn round. Cannot you sell me a few of your subjects, as you did to others, so that I may make some medical experiments on them?" The "seller of souls" was quite stupid through surprise, and could not utter a syllable.

TWO UPSETS IN WALES:

AND WHAT THEY ENDED IN.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

DASHINGLY started the "Tourist" coach from the door of the Royal Hotel at Chester, one fine afternoon in July, with a light load of five outside and a lady boxed up in its body. With a cheery crack of the coachman's whip, and a lively overture from the guard's horn, it sped down the street, leaving two or three loungers to watch its progress out of sight, and exchange opinions about its passengers.

"They be rum 'uns, at all events," said a cattle-dealer, coming out of Wales, to a "commercial gent" doing the north-west ground.

"Who?" asked the bagman.

"Them two skylarky chaps behind the coachman," replied the cattle-dealer. "Blowed if I ever see fellows throw their money about like that, eh, Tummas?"

"Tummas" was the waiter, who stood at the door of the Royal Hotel to see his guests off by the coach.

"Well," he said, with befitting gravity, and after duly revolving the question in his mind, "they *are* rather free and liberal; but they're real gentlemen, for all that."

"Oh yes! We know all about it, eh, Tummas?" said the cattle-dealer, with a wink of the eye and a poke in the ribs.

The subjects of these remarks, who were now far away down Watergate-street, clattering over the stones on a light coach, with four fresh horses before them and a glorious sky and sun above them, were young Sparkins of the Inner Temple, and Bob Willings of Guy's—two thorough young Londoners, out for a month into Wales. Sparkins had, as he himself declared to his companion at starting, "drawn his governor" of fifty pounds, and Willings, although not so richly endowed, had received a very nice little present from a maiden aunt, who looked upon him as a prodigy. The law student was retiring into Wales, of course, "to read"—the medical student, to recover a health shattered by a too close attendance at lectures. But, to look at them, you would never have supposed that the one was bent upon study, or the other in search of health. In fact, you would have said that they were two frisky young fellows out for a holiday, and not very ingenious in finding an excuse for it; and you would most likely have been very near the truth.

The other passengers were—a great man, for whom the coachman seemed to entertain a marvellous respect, and who, they concluded, must be the Sir Watkyn of the day, a Methodist parson, and a poor lead-miner returning to Mold, whose skin seemed to have been rubbed over with quicksilver. As for the guard, he left them at the first stage out, being engaged more for effect than utility.

From the first, it was apparent that Sir Watkyn viewed his fellow-passengers—more especially our two young friends—with intense dislike and contempt; sensations which were obviously increased on the appearance of two black and certainly villainous-looking pipes, which they proceeded to fill with the accursed weed.

"You're surely not going to smoke," said Sir Watkyn, in a thin wiry voice, vividly contrasting with his burly form.

"I believe you, my boy!" replied Sparkins, most irreverently.

"Then you'll be pleased to pass behind, and sit to windward of me."

"I'll see you——"

Sparkins was going to say something very wrong and ungentlemanly, no doubt, but Willings stopped him, and, addressing Sir Watkyn, said:

"Certainly, sir! Tom," he added, turning to his companion, "don't you see the gentleman's lungs are affected?" And, climbing on to the roof, they passed behind him, and took their seats on the other side.

"And who told you my lungs were affected, sir?" demanded Sir Watkyn, severely.

"Oh, it's stamped on your face and features, sir, I'm sorry to say, too plainly to deceive a practised eye. We of the faculty are not to be deceived by that insidious but deadly phthisis."

"That is consumption, is it not?" asked Sir Watkyn.

Willings nodded his head with a lachrymose air.

"Dear me! do you think it is an advanced stage?" inquired Sir Watkyn, in a friendly tone. "I've had suspicions: bad cough—shortness of breath——"

"Pain in the side?" asked Willings.

"Why yes—occasionally."

"Oh, of course. Bad case—gone too long. Very rash, *very* rash, sir, to ride outside."

"Do you think so?" asked Sir Watkyn, doubtfully.

"Sure of it—worst thing you can do. Your lungs are not equal to so rapid a passage through the air—will become congested—can't inflate themselves in time—great hole in one of them, I suspect—tear it to pieces."

"Bless me!" cried Sir Watkyn; "I'm really very much obliged to you for your friendly advice. Here, Hugh Morris, pull up, and let me get inside."

"Got rid of him, at all events!" chuckled Willings, as the coachman, with a reverence, put his important passenger inside. "Now *you* must tackle the Methodist chap, Tom."

How his friend proceeded to tackle the Methodist chap, we will forbear from inquiring. I fear it was in a way which neither you nor I could approve, for it called from the reverend gentleman a reproof, in which he addressed them as "ungodly youths," and expressed the opinion that they were "cracked vessels." How long he would have held out was never decided, for the coach presently arrived at the village for which he was destined, and, with a look of benignant pity, he left them. The poor lead-complexioned miner sat humbly in the "dickey," or back seat, so they virtually had the outside of the coach to themselves, which was just what, from some unaccountable whim or caprice, they wanted.

"Now this is glorious, eh, Bob?" cried the legal young gentleman, in ecstasies, throwing himself back on the coach. "But, Lord! what's become of the sun?"

What *had* become of him? Why, he was in his place all right, of course; but some dense, heavy clouds had gone between him and the earth, and began to make their presence known by a rattling discharge of hail.

"Hail in July, and on such a hot day!" cried Sparkins, astonished.

"Off the mountains," replied Hugh Morris, the coachman, looking anxiously at the heap of Sir Watkyn's luggage on the roof. "Will either of you gentlemen just hold the reins while I put the tarpaulin over the trunks?"

"I will," said Sparkins, clambering on to the box as Hugh Morris jumped on the roof.

Now Sparkins had never had four-horse reins in his hands before, his driving having been limited to "the governor's" nag in the family chaise. But, being an aspiring spirit, he caught at them, and albeit they felt somewhat heavy to his unaccustomed grasp, he soon experienced that hilarious feeling which four fine horses in hand somehow or other convey to man. The horses were free and unblown; they wanted no driving—that is to say, so long as the road was straight and level—but, unfortunately, there was a sudden bend and a sharp descent, on which Sparkins had not calculated. He had not achieved the art of what is called, in coachman's parlance, "keeping them together," and, in the twinkling of an eye, there was an undefined scramble, a fall, and the coach went over with a crash!

"Hallo!" cried Hugh Morris, on his feet by the wayside in a minute, with a wreck of trunks and tarpaulins beside him, "how did you do that?"

"I didn't do it—the horses did," cried Sparkins, from some distance, in a wo-begone and pitiful voice. "Here, Willings, come directly! I think I'm hurt."

Willings, who, in some mysterious way which he himself could never explain, had clung to the coach, and, as he said, "let himself down gently," ran to his friend's assistance, and soon discovered that he had received no injury beyond a good shaking, which he deserved.

"Here, then," cried the coachman, "come and help me with the horses; the varmin 'll kick themselves out of their harness!"

But here arose such a hubbub from the body of the coach, as reminded him that he had inside passengers too.

"Oh, it's the poor lady!" he cried. "Well, get the horses up, and we'll see what's the matter with *her*."

"And Sir Watkyn," said Willings.

"Sir Watkyn!" cried the coachman, aghast. "Who says it's Sir Watkyn?"

"No one," replied Willings. "I only thought so."

"No, no," said Hugh Morris, "it's not Sir Watkyn, but a very good gentleman out of Merioneth, I think. Never mind; get the horses up."

The leaders were up already, and were doing their best either to break themselves free or to drag the overturned coach and the two prostrate wheelers (who for their part protested violently in kicks) on the journey. However, by much tugging and pulling, Hugh Morris, with the aid of the lead-miner (for our friends were of very little use beyond risking their shins among the horses' hoofs and heels in fruitless efforts to undo impracticable buckles and overstrained chains), succeeded in unhooking the traces and calming the horses, who, after shaking themselves in their harness, turned round and looked in dismay at the mischief behind them.

"Hi! who-oa!" cried Hugh Morris. "Now just see that they don't go off, and we'll look arter the lady and gentleman."

And indeed it was time that they *were* looked after, for the gentleman had kept up an incessant shouting that no man with a hole in his lung could have managed. As for the lady, her screams had been so piercing at first that it was fair to assume that she was not seriously injured; but they had got gradually fainter and fainter, and now had died away entirely.

"Hark how the old boy's kicking at the door!" cried Sparkins, trying to clamber up the bottom of the coach, which now was, for a time, the side. But old Hugh Morris was used to upsets, for it was no uncommon thing in those days for a Welsh coach to turn over once a week—which was about as often as it travelled; and experience having taught agility, he was soon buried down to his broad back in the vehicle.

"Here!" then cried the inside passenger, "my mouth's full of straw, and my hat's crushed down over my nose, and I can't get it off to see where my feet are, but I think I'm topsy-turvy."

"Yes, sure," said Hugh Morris, "he speaks truth."

"And the lady's swooned," continued the gentleman.

"Swooned!" cried Willings, who had scrambled up and was peeping in under the coachman's arm; "you've smothered her, I verily believe."

"Here, give us hold of your feet, sir!" said the coachman; and by a wonderful process he soon dragged his passenger out, legs foremost, and laid him in piteous plight upon the road, whilst Willings was gently and tenderly extricating the lady.

Pale and senseless, she was yet a lovely young creature to behold, and her bloodless cheeks and closed eyes might have been a study for the sculptor who is getting up a bust of Venus for the Exhibition—being the four hundred and ninety-ninth of that lady which has been catalogued since the foundation of the Royal Academy. But the quivering lip told that she was not marble—her bosom began to heave and fall as the fresh air passed into her lungs—and as Willings chafed her hands tenderly a gentle sigh escaped her.

"She inspires again, you see," said Bob, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied Sparkins, dreadfully mystified in his ideas, as they watched for her respiration. "Yes—and—there—thank God! she expires!"

"Oh dear! oh dear! poor dear lady!" cried the gentleman inside the crushed hat.

The lovely creature opened her eyes—such eyes! a very heaven of blue—languidly, and looked gratefully upon Willings.

"Thank you—thank you, sir, I am better," she said, in a soft, sweet voice.

Poor Bob Willings! Better for him had she bid him begone—his peace of mind was in jeopardy for ever.

It was no great difficulty to put things in order again; the gentleman whom, without meaning the slightest disrespect to the Master of Wynn-staye, we chose to call Sir Watkyn, was soon rescued from the depths of his hat, and lent a hand to his fellow-passengers in getting the coach upon its wheels, whilst Hugh Morris put the horses to, and in a few minutes they were fairly on their journey again.

But poor Willings sat silent and reserved; the lovely landscape—even his pipe—had no further charms for him; and when they came to the rolling Dee, and the coach had to be unladen of its passengers and luggage, and the horses taken off to embark in the horse ferry, he assisted the fair inside passenger to alight, and placed her on the choicest part of the raft, which floated the coach, and horses, and all across the river. What he said to her, or she to him, during the passage of King's Ferry, it would not be fair in me to reveal—even if I knew; but I do not, and never shall, know—but words *did* pass, let us presume, of thanks from her and of politeness from him; at all events, they exhausted his conversational powers for the rest of the journey. At Mold the miner got down, and so did Sparkins, but Willings declined to join him in a glass of ale while they changed horses. Ale indeed! He was drunk with ethereal nectar!

On again as the day closed in and the moon arose—on, on, among the hills, reverberating the soft music of a little band of fifes and flageolets, which had scrambled up behind somewhere in the darkness—on, on, till the coach pulled up at a pretty lodge by the wayside. Here the lady alighted; Bob's spell was broken—the coach went on again with a lacerated heart outside.

"Who lives at the house?" asked Bob of the coachman.

"What house?" inquired Hugh Morris, clearly showing that *his* thoughts were not with the beautiful vision in which poor Bob's were steeped.

"The house that belongs to the lodge," explained Willings.

"Oh," said Hugh Morris; "why, that's Plas Vychan, Lord Gronwy's shooting-box."

"And is she a daughter of Lord Gronwy, then?" asked poor Willings, sadly, as the angel soared to a heaven far beyond his reach.

"Who?" again inquired the coachman. "No; I never see the young woman afore—perhaps she's a visitor, or a new lady's-maid, for you can't tell one from the other now-a-days, only that the lady's-maid's generally dressed the finest."

Was it lawful for a coachman, a mere earthly coachman, to designate that seraphic creature "a young woman?" Willings thought not, and felt a decided inclination to knock Hugh Morris off his box. Then the base insinuation about her being a lady's-maid! Nothing but the dread of a second catastrophe prevented his sending the gross-minded creature spinning into the road.

"Rythen, gents," at length cried Hugh Morris, as he pulled up his horses before the snug little inn known as the Wynnstaye Arms, but more popularly as the Crossed Foxes, at Ruthin. "A car for a gent to Arlech!" he cried.

And in due course the stout gentleman was despatched therein to his destination among the consonants of the Vale of Clwyd, and our travellers found themselves the only guests at the inn. I will not ask the reader to stay with them the week they spent rambling about the beautiful vale, for they were sorry company. Willings was in a dream—a sheer somnambulus; and Sparkins had been so humbled by his adventure with the reins (which he never boastfully called "ribbons" again as long as he lived), as well as by a terrible break down in his Welsh, or "Cambric," as he chose

to call the Cymric tongue, that he was nearly as silent as his friend—he who had boasted so lately that he had qualified for his tour by first acquiring the language; who had roused the envy of some young blades of the Inner Temple by his mastery of the words “Cwrw da” and “Nos da!” which he said would carry a fellow through all Wales, since he would never want for ale or retire for the night uncivilly, had, on his first attempt at airing his Welsh among its native hills, astonished the waiter by asking for “Cwrw nos,” which would have conveyed the intelligible signification, “Ale night,” had he given the words their proper pronunciation, failing which, the host of the Crossed Foxes simply stared at him, and cried,

“Dim Saesneg!”

“What does the fellow mean?” cried Sparkins.

“I have no Englis,” replied the landlord.

“Well, but I was talking to you in Welsh, you fool!” exclaimed Sparkins; “don’t you know your native language? Cwrw nos, I tell you!” he shouted, as it occurred to him that the man was deaf. “No—no—da Cwrw—nos Cwrw! What on earth is it? Drink we want—ale—beer—to drink—to do so with,” he explained, making the pretence of raising an imaginary mug to his lips.

“Ah!” cried the host, with a dawning perception, “Cwrw—ee.”

But poor Sparkins was sadly chopfallen, and subsided into silence like his friend’s—deeper than his friend’s—for Willings did occasionally give vent to a prodigious sigh, as he thought of that sweet girl whom they had left, somewhere in the moonlight, a long way off:

A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
’Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream.

Nor will we follow them from Ruthin to Denbigh, a journey which our youths performed, without adventure or misadventure, in one of the respectable cars which were then—and I suppose are still—to be had at the Crossed Foxes. True, the horse—a gaunt Irish beast of the earliest importation—ran away with them, but that was nothing wonderful.

“Mind you don’t pe galloping tat horse down hill,” the landlord had said to his son Price at starting; “recollect she’s got no preeching on.”

Of course Price galloped down the first hill he came to; of course the car ran on to the mare; of course she set to kicking; and finally ran away.

“This comes of bringing the animal out without its breeches,” cried Sparkins, ruefully, catching his breath as he seemed to be riding on the whirlwind down a steep mountain-side. But by dint of “sawing” at her mouth, with a vengeance which would have split asunder the jaws of an animal *less* Irish and *more* nice, the young charioteer contrived to pull up the headlong beast, and delivered his passengers safely at Denbigh. At the Bull, in that ancient town, then, let us again drop upon them just at the close of dinner. Poor Willings has passed away his plate with the only eatable part of the chop still upon the bone; he is in a very bad way—appetite, spirits, enthusiasm, are all gone—and Sparkins begins to find him a poor travelling companion.

“Come, Bob, boy, cheer up!” cries that lively young gentleman; “this won’t do, you know: hang the girl and her blue eyes!”

“Say that again, Tom,” exclaims Willings in a deep tragedy voice, “and I will——”

"What?" asks Sparkins.

"I won't be answerable for my actions," replied his friend.

"Oh, you will and you won't, eh?" cries Sparkins, laughing. "Well, it's market-day here; the streets are full of men and women—or of men only, for I'll be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I can tell one from the other from this window, with those comical hats on their heads—so let's get out and have a look at the town and castle."

But on the ruined castle poor Willings was taken manifestly worse, for it commanded a long view of the Vale of Clwyd, whither he strained his eyes for Plas Vychan.

"Oh, lovely and beloved unknown!" he commenced in a rhapsodical strain.

"Come, none of that!" interrupted Sparkins; "I'll tell you what, if you're going mad I'll leave you here among all these barbarians, who have 'dim Saesneg.'"

"I don't care," cried the infatuated youth; "I'll go back. I must—I will see her again."

"You won't," said Sparkins, "for hither comes the car that is to carry us to St. Asaph."

They pryed about the singularly uninteresting cathedral town (I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to call it a city, as I know I ought), which they reached in the afternoon, and, sick of its dulness, started off by the Bangor mail next day. The slate quarries of Mostyn, the bridge of Telford, had no charms for Willings, except that one offered a tempting chance of annihilation at every blast of the rock, and the other suggested a final plunge for a despairing swain in the deep strait of the Menai—below, below, below it! The bleak and bracing gusts that sweep over the promontory of Beaumaris brought no relief to their drooping spirits, so back they came to Bangor, and mounting the "Queen of Trumps" coach, started for Carnarvon.

"Steady, Jock, steady!" cried the coachman to one of his team, which seemed to be thinking that ere he started a thousand steps were lost; "who—oah, good horse, you shall have your spin directly. Is the 'Sportsman' over the bridge yet?"

"Just coming," replied the man at the horses' heads.

"Let 'em go, then!"

Words of fearful import! For they portended a mad, headlong, reckless race between the coaches hailing respectively for the Anglesea Arms and the Sportsman hotels at Carnarvon. The "Queen of Trumps" had the best of it at starting, for the "Sportsman" was bringing over a heavy load deposited by the Mostyn packet at Menai. But the "Sportsman's" horses were fresh and plucky, and away flew the two coaches neck and neck. Our travellers were fain to hold on as they winged their flight up hill and down hill, spun on two wheels round sharp corners, crossed and re-crossed each other's track, and performed the other stratagems usual to opposition coaches.

"Darn ye, I'll send ye over in a minute!" cried the driver of the "Sportsman," letting out his long whip and lashing his leaders.

"Mind you don't go over first," responded he of the "Queen of Trumps." "Hie! hie! hie then! Get along! hie then—hie!" And he stamped his feet upon the footboard above the maddened horses like a man possessed.

"Here's going to be a repetition of the 'Tourist' game!" said Sparkins to his friend.

"Yes, and no lady inside," replied Willings, ruefully.

"Myn Diawl!" screamed the driver of the "Queen of Trumps." "I'll have the road!"

"Cas Andras!" yelled the driver of the "Sportsman." "No, sure!"

They were contending for precedence of the narrow road which zig-zagged round the face of a precipitous mountain, below which, a hundred fathoms down, roared the angry sea! It was but a ledge as seen from their present distance, and, at best, could only admit of the passage of one vehicle at a time. On the land side rose the dark perpendicular wall of the mountain to an altitude of hundreds of feet: on the other side rose—nothing: not even a hurdle to protect it from the headlong precipices.

"You don't mean to say you're going along that mantelpiece at this break-neck pace?" cried Sparkins, much discomposed.

"Ees, sure," replied the coachman, grinning all over his face.

"Then I'll alight, please," said Sparkins, with a palpitating heart and choking utterance.

"Can't stop!" shrieked the coachman; and on they flew, swaying from side to side.

Sparkins shut his eyes and tried to say his prayers; but, from that day to this he never knew how they got round the mountain. On venturing to look over again he found they were at the top of a steep hill, and fairly launched upon the descent at a steam gallop.

"Good gracious!" was all he said; but he thought of the Inner Temple, and longed to be back again with Chitty and the Commentators, who only drove coaches and four through acts of parliament.

The situation afforded a too tempting opportunity for one of the tactics of the road; slap came the "Sportsman" from the off side across the leaders of the "Queen of Trumps." Startled in their headlong course, they reared and plunged back among a hopeless confusion of traces and whipple-trees; the coach, with an impetus of fourteen miles an hour, ran on them, and then—the usual result in Wales—rolled over!

"Nos da!" cried the driver of the "Sportsman," laughing, and cracking his whip; "send the tochter from Carnarvon?"

Sparkins was favoured by fate, and stood upon his legs again, after a shake that struck his teeth together. Not so poor Willings; the "Queen of Trumps" had given him "one for his nob," and he lay senseless.

"Here comes a shentleman that will help us," cried the coachman, descreying a carriage coming up the hill. "It's the goot tochter from Llanprydd."

Seeing the mischief above him, the "goot tochter" quickened the pace of his horses, and came up just as Willings had opened his eyes, stared about him for a minute or two, and, feeling himself hurt, shut them again.

"No bones broken," said the doctor, after a rapid manipulation, "but a concussion of the brain. An English gentleman, I presume, sir, and a tourist? Should never ride on Welsh coaches—I never do. Poor fellow! he must be kept quiet. A medical man did you say, sir? Pass him into my carriage, he shall be nursed at my house up yonder. Sorry

I haven't accommodation for you too, sir ; but you'll find it very good at the Sportsman at Carnarvon. There'll be another coach sent to fetch the passengers as soon as this mishap is known. Excuse me, but we must get along with our patient, so good day. I'll write to you to-morrow, Mr. — Mr. —,"

"Sparkins," said Tom, when the garrulous old gentleman paused for breath.

"Mr. Sparkins, Sportsman Hotel, Carnarvon—to-morrow you shall know how we go on. Adieu!"

And the carriage departed, with Willings stretched upon the front cushions.

After some time spent in disengaging the horses from the broken coach, a horn was heard on the road, and a queer shaped vehicle, which was the Welsh for omnibus, came to their relief, and soon landed the capsized passengers at the door of the Anglesea Arms at Carnarvon.

"In first, you see," said the coachman of the "Sportsman," with honest pride.

"Ees, sure," replied the coachman of the "Queen of Trumps," coming up bare-back on one of his leaders, and leading the rest of his team (limping, sadly cut about the fetlocks, and leaving a trail of blood along the road) in a string—"ees, sure, you did me then, Evan James."

"Come along then, James Evans, and let's have a mug of ale."

And the two worthies turned into the house of their evening resort.

Next morning, as Sparkins breakfasted in the commercial-room of the Sportsman, amongst a party of gentlemen whose talk was of "duchesses," "countesses," and "ladies," with whom they appeared on very familiar terms (but who afterwards turned out to be slates, and not ladies patronesses of Almack's), a message was delivered to him from the doctor, informing him that his friend's concussion of the brain was more severe than had at first been apprehended, and that it was necessary that he should be kept quite quiet; advising him not to disturb him for at least a week; and giving the most genuine and sincere assurances of attention and care being paid to the case. Poor Sparkins felt very lonely among the slate merchants and "commercial gents" of the Sportsman, so he set off alone and explored the pass of Llanberis, ascended Snowdon, and descended on the Beddgelert side, ascending again from Beddgelert, and descending at Llanberis, rambled about the two lakes, ruminated on Dolbaddern's ruined tower, made repeated and purposeless ascents of Carnarvon Castle, and looked vacantly across flat Anglesea from the eyrie at the top of the Eagle Tower, and finally settled down for a few days, in the most depressed of spirits, at Mrs. Evans's snug little inn at Dolbaddern (for in those days, when the soil of Wales was yet innocent of railways, the Victoria only existed in pretentious foundations); still he heard nothing from his friend, and was fearful of disturbing him. At length, as his holiday was drawing to a close (and, truth to tell, his funds to a low ebb), he determined on visiting him before he was compelled to return home, and was about to put that resolution into effect, when a note in Willings's handwriting was handed to him. It was a strange epistle, and puzzled Sparkins exceedingly.

"Dear Tom," it commenced, "here I am in the castle of an ogre, a griffin, who calls himself Griffith, but writes himself 'Greffyd,' meaning griffin, I expect. As you value my friendship, don't come near me till I

summon you—he's an awful fellow. He keeps a basilisk—and I believe I am bewitched, and I think I can't get away; so do, like a good fellow, return home without troubling me, and think no more of me till I write and explain all.

"Yours ever,

"ROBERT WILLINGS."

"So this is the way he sticks to me!" cried Sparkins, making up his mind to be offended, after perusing the letter a dozen times, "leaving me in the lurch in the centre of Wales, in this incomprehensible way. Poor fellow! Perhaps the fall has affected his brain—or can this fellow be keeping him against his will? Good gracious! Surely it is not a lunatic asylum!

But his inquiries all satisfied him that "the doctor" was a kind-hearted, skilful man, and that his friend was in the very best hands.

"Poor Bob!" he sighed, as he mounted the coach to return to Bangor, "the concussion must have injured his brain; he is labouring under some delusions; and perhaps it is best to let him be quiet for a while."

Tom Sparkins returned sorrowfully to London, and, as he had to read hard (in fact, as the reader may shrewdly guess, he had done little in that way in Wales), his thoughts only recurred to his friend occasionally, and he was, for a time, satisfied with the hasty notes he received about once a week from Willings, announcing "bodily convalescence." The term was a curious one, but it did not trouble Sparkins much, till his friend began to write about being "chained to the house," "unable to get away," &c. He then valorously determined to apply for a mandamus to be directed to the Sheriff of Carnarvon, and, if there were a sheriff or law in Wales, he would come at the bottom of the mystery. Fortunately, after he had spent two months in revolving the propriety of such a step in his mind, he received a peremptory summons from his friend.

"I have told you," he wrote, "that I am kept in chains here, without the power of volition—bound to the place. The Griffin and his basilisk root me to the spot; if I could attempt escape, I should soon be back again. In three days my chains are to be riveted. Come down, I entreat you, at once, and see the last of your friend "BOB."

At 9.40, according to Bradshaw, but somewhere about 9.60 according to fact (a very different matter), Tom Sparkins was whirled out of Euston-square station by the Birmingham express—past busy Camden, coaly Willesden and lonely Sudbury, sickly Pinner and scholastic Harrow, high above chalky Bushey, round the terrible curve at Watford—and away, in his sleep, dreaming of chains and keepers, to steaming Rugby; away, away, after "ten minutes allowed for refreshment, gentlemen," more oppressed with unpleasant dreams than ever by reason of his having partaken of said refreshments, to smoky Birmingham. Disregarding the pressing invitations of the Queen's and Dee's Royal to take a bed with them, he hired a post-chaise of old Dee's successor (for the "iron horse" had got no farther than the hardware town in those days), and, as the sun rose, he was many miles on the way to Shrewsbury, and so he posted on to Llanprydd, where he found himself deposited at the door of a stately but comfortable mansion standing in a beautiful park, on the slope of the Vale of Clwyd, before sunset next day.

"Can this be a madhouse?" he exclaimed, with an irrepressible shudder, as he heard a footstep traversing the floor of the stone hall to admit him. "So pleasant without, so——"

He started, for a janitor stood at the open portal : one of the keepers, no doubt.

"I wish to see Mr. Robert Willings, who, I believe, is an inmate here. At once," he cried, somewhat rudely.

The man grinned. "Are you the gentleman that was to bring the certificate?"

"Certificate," said Sparkins to himself. "Alas, then, it is as I feared; at all events, it is clear that he is confined without any legal warrant." So he added, aloud, "No, sir, but I demand to see him instanter."

"Step this way, sir. Mr. ——"

"Mr. Sparkins."

"Oh, ees, ees, *this way, sir.*"

Sparkins was shown into a beautiful drawing-room, looking out upon the park, which sloped away from the house, showing the Gothic windows of a ruined church among a clump of trees that might, before the church was built, have been a Druid's grove, while the tall purple peak of Snowdon and his sombre companions filled in the background. He had no time to observe more, when Willings entered the room, unattended, but wonderfully altered! How changed from the Bob Willings of his old friendship! He could not have fancied that six short months—even months of insanity, of raving madness, of fettered restraint, of close imprisonment—could have made such an alteration in a man!

"Behold your unhappy friend!" cried Bob, in a hollow voice, in whose tones there was, nevertheless, something of mockery, and an indication of its being assumed for the occasion.

"Here's going to be a scene," thought Sparkins, looking nervously for the bell-pull; "but how well he looks—how stout—how happy! Poor fellow, it is always so; the body seems to thrive best without the mind!"

"Willings," stammered Tom, holding out his left hand so as to keep his right disengaged for any emergency that might arise, "I'm glad to see you. But haven't you — ahem! — a friend, or companion with you?"

"What mean you, caitiff?" exclaimed Willings, in a tone and with a look of fury, real or assumed; "aha!" in the deepest tragedy tones, "do you think me—*MAD?*"

"Oh dear no—by no means—far from it," replied Sparkins, sidling, nevertheless, towards the door.

"You would escape by yonder portal! I see, and thus I thwart your base design!" And Willings planted his back against the door.

"Now, Willings," cried his friend, with an anxious look to the poker, "don't be unreasonable. You know you were always very partial to me——"

"And so I am still, old fellow," replied Bob, in his old voice; "you ask me if I have not a friend—yes, I have one, I trust, Thomas Sparkins by name—there, never mind the fire-irons; you'll have no occasion to use them, you see—but I want to tell you about the griffin and the basilisk; it's an old fable——"

"Yes, I know it," remarked Sparkins, not yet entirely at his ease.

"No, you don't know it," cried Willings, seizing him by the hand; "you don't know it yet, though the story's as old as the hills. Why, I'll be hanged, Tom, if I don't think you still fancy I'm mad! No, no, the brain's right enough, but the heart is—the heart," he continued, slapping his breast, "*is gone!*"

"Mere fancy, my dear Bob," said Sparkins.

"No such thing, sir," retorted Willings; "it's gone, sir—gone clean out of me! The basilisk has fascinated it away. There she goes!" he cried, drawing Tom to the window, and pointing to a graceful female figure tripping across the lawn; "you have seen her before—yes, yes, you have, Tom—don't you remember our first upset in Wales?"

Thus guided, Tom recognised the young lady who had been the inside passenger in the unlucky "Tourist" coach.

"And the griffin," continued Bob, "you shall come and see at once, for to-morrow he will be my father-in-law! Ha, ha! do you see now? How I was chained to the spot—how I——"

But Sparkins was grasping his old friend's hand, and honest tears glistened in his eyes.

"Do you mean to say——" he commenced.

"Yes, I do," replied Bob, interrupting him; "Doctor Griffith is the most worthy creature that ever existed. He cured me, and that angel of a daughter of his nursed me—none the less tenderly, perhaps, because she recognised me as having been serviceable to her in that unlucky coaching adventure of yours, when she was on her way to her cousin's, Lord Gronwy. Shame on me! I fell madly in love, and, worse still, let her know it, and her father too; and, instead of his kicking me out of the house, he took a great fancy to me, and gave his consent. She is his only child, and as he has a competence already, he was thinking of retiring from practice when I so opportunely turned up. That rascally coach was the Queen of Trumps, indeed, to me! I have seen a good deal of practice in the slate quarries here, have studied diligently, and next term am going up for my examination, and on my return he takes me into partnership, with a view of slipping quietly out of the profession himself."

For a brief moment a sad misgiving came into Tom's head that all this might be the distempered imagination of a mind diseased; but it was speedily dispelled by the appearance of the worthy doctor, who gave him a hearty welcome; and next day, and for a week after the happy nuptials, Tom was an honoured guest at Llanprydd.

He then returned to his dismal chambers in the Temple, to work at that calling which is never learned. Tom is now a rising member of the bar, but does not see his way clear enough at present to get settled; so his bachelor vacations are always spent at Llanprydd, and on the 29th of August in each year he may be regularly seen at the Euston-square station, with his luggage, two dolls and some toys, booking "through" to Bangor. And, as two little damsels sit upon his knee on the evening of the 30th, caressing him for his presents, and nursing their dolls, papa relates, with much exaggeration, the story of Tom's coaching achievements, and usually winds up, "Never mind, Tom; I had TWO UPSETS IN WALES, but they landed me safely on my feet at last!"

OLIVER IN ARDEN :

TYPICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY MONKHOOD.

CAN the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Almost as easily, one inclines to think, as might so consummate an evil-doer as Oliver de Bois, all at once cease to do evil and learn to do well.

Conversions are great facts in the philosophy of human life, and facts are stubborn things. But there are conversions with a difference. Oliver's is a conversion with a vengeance. Considering what an ingrained scamp Shakspeare has made of him, in the early period of the play,—what a sordid, selfish, utterly graceless reprobate, of the meanest as well as most malignant type,—it is hard to suppose that Shakspeare was careful about logical development of character, or philosophical consistency, or psychological probability, or any such thing, when he suddenly wrought a miracle on Oliver, and made a perfect gentleman of that essential blackguard, the best good Christian of that transcendent rogue. Profound psychologist as Shakspeare was, he was also, in some respects, and on some occasions, a careless, easy-going playwright. He wrote not always to satisfy his own judgment, or the demands of the critically judicious, but could condescend to a *coup de théâtre* for the nonce, and huddle up a conclusion by becoming, in his own despite, for the theatre theatrical, of the stage stagey. Not that he designed or purposed, by any deliberate purpose or premeditated design, to tickle theatrical tastes at the expense of philosophical truth; but that he seems, once and again, to have been not careful to answer the critical in these matters, and to have dashed off a conclusion that he knew would go down at the Globe Theatre—better, perhaps, than something more soberly in accordance with human nature, of whose secrets he was intuitively master as none other has been, before or since.

True, that Oliver is the eldest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; and that, by the youngest son's saying, as against the eldest, he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains. Yet, if it be villainous to practise against a brother's life, to hire a bravo that shall do him to death, and to coax and wheedle and incite that brother to meet his death more than half way; if it be villainous to plan and perpetrate this sort of thing, with alternate effusions of bullying bluster and lying slander, and showing himself an inborn rascal and inbred sneak at every turn; then is Sir Rowland's eldest son a villain, out-and-out, in-and-in.

But may not villains be converted, arch-villains too? Granted; and thank Heaven for that same. But the question is, whether a villain of this peculiarly dirty complexion is a credible subject for conversion. And if so, then again whether his conversion might, could, would, or should be looked for on such grounds, and by such a process, as mark Oliver's transformation in the Forest of Arden.

Ponder the spirit and letter of this elder brother's soliloquy, on dis-

missing Charles, the duke's wrestler, with a commission to break Orlando's neck.

Having uttered his "Farewell, good Charles" in accents of bland patronage and almost affectionate unction—for he iterates his affable "Charles," and "Good Monsieur Charles," and "Good Charles," throughout the colloquy, or conspiracy, call it which you will,—the elder brother incontinently lapses into this delectable piece of self-communing: "Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about."* Here Oliver's chest-notes come out with ringing resonance, after the falsetto of his flourishes to Good Charles.

And now we are in Arden. It is the fourth act of the play, and Oliver is converted. Orlando has unwittingly saved his life, as he slept beneath an oak, "a wretched ragged man,"—saved him from a green and gilded snake that had wreathed itself about his neck; and from a lioness, with udders all drawn dry, that lay couching, head on ground, to await his waking.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

CELIA. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

OLIVER. And well he might do so,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CEL. *Are you his brother?*

ROS. Was it you he rescued?

CEL. *Was't you, that did so oft contrive to kill him?*

OLI. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.†

Willy-nilly, one is reminded of Don Juan in Molière, in the fifth act of his career of rascality. What, my son! exclaims the Don's incredulous, yet too credulous father,—is it possible that a merciful Heaven has heard my prayers? Is it really true, what you tell me? Are you not misleading me by a false hope? Can I positively rely with something like confidence on the surprising novelty of such a conversion?—Yes, the irreclaimable profligate assures the old gentleman. He, Juan, is a changed character—all since yesterday evening. By a sort of miracle Heaven has instantaneously converted him—opened his eyes and softened

* As You Like It, Act I. Sc. 1.

† Ibid., Act IV. Sc. 3.

his heart ; and this worst of sinners is about to become the best of saints. "Oui, vous me voyez revenu de toutes mes erreurs ; je ne suis plus le même d'hier au soir, et le ciel, tout d'un coup, a fait en moi un changement qui va surprendre tout le monde. Il a touché mon âme et dessillé mes yeux ; et je regarde avec horreur le long aveuglement où j'ai été, et les désordres criminels de la vie que j'ai menée."* What gaol-chaplain but has heard a paraphrase of all this, tedious as a tale twice fifty times told,—the ordinary stock in trade of ticket-of-leave men, and mouthed by old practitioners among them with emphasis and discretion ?

That soliloquy of Oliver's, after parting with Charles the duke's wrestler, has been singled out by Coleridge as always appearing to him one of the most un-Shakspearian speeches in all the genuine works of our poet ; yet he should be nothing surprised, he adds, and greatly pleased, to find it eventually a fresh beauty, as so often had happened to him with other supposed defects of great men.

Coleridge wrote thus in 1810. In 1818, he recurred to the speech in question, by remarking that although it is too venturesome to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature, yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths, which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so vividly, and so voluntarily, have presented to itself, in connexion with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. "But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sit pro ratione voluntas*!) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."†

In entire contrast to the version, or maybe perversion, of Oliver's character, thus far taken in the present paper, is the estimate set upon him by so acute, and sagacious, and discerning a critic as Mr. Grant White. That gentleman remarks that Orlando's elder brother would be drawn by any but a great master of the human heart as an unmitigated villain ; and that so indeed he is invariably misrepresented on the stage. Whereas, Mr. White decries in Oliver a very note-worthy instance of the nice and intuitive discrimination of Shakspeare in the delineation of a secondary character ; and he sees in that speech of Oliver's which recognises Orlando's gentle and scholarly breeding and vast popularity, a wonderful skill in depicting the effect of moral excellence upon a man envious in temper and domineering in spirit, yet capable of appreciating that which is good in others, and even of desiring it for himself.

In fact, according to Shakspeare's Scholar, as this transatlantic critic styles himself, Oliver is *not* a mere brutal, grasping elder brother ; but being somewhat morose and moody in his disposition, he first envied and then disliked the youth who, although his inferior in position, is so much in the heart of the world, and especially of his own people, that Oliver himself is altogether misprised. "The very moody disposition which makes him less popular than his younger brother, led him to nourish this envious dislike, till it became at length the bitter hate which he shows in

* Le Festin de Pierre, Acte V. Sc. 1.

† Notes and Lectures upon Shakspeare, by S. T. Coleridge, vol. i. p. 118.

the first scene of the play. Had Oliver been less appreciative of the good in others, and less capable of it himself, he would not have turned so bitterly against Orlando. It is quite true to nature that such a man should be overcome entirely, and at once, by the subsequent generosity of his brother, and instantly subdued by simple, earnest Celia. But his sudden yielding to sweet and noble influences is not consistent with the character of the coarse, unmitigated villain whom we see upon the stage, and who is the monstrous product, not of Shakspeare, but of those who garble Shakspeare's text.*

It is with unfeigned reluctance, and not without grave mistrust, that we find ourselves differing, on a question of this kind, from so sound a commentator on Shakspeare as Mr. Grant White,—especially as even to him we should be loth to yield in deepest reverence to the genius of the poet. It may well cause mistrust of one's judgment, to find so sensible and searching an expositor admiring and applauding what one had taken to be exceptionable; to find that signalised as a fine stroke of art, and a masterly piece of psychology, which one had been treating as betraying carelessness if not weakness, a slip if not a blot of the pen.

With whatever reluctance, nevertheless, and with all submission, let us fairly own, that the impression left on our mind by Shakspeare's portraiture of Oliver, is not Mr. White's;—would that it were! So vexatious is it to find oneself chargeable with measureless audacity,—first, in doing Shakspeare foul scorn by hinting a flaw in the perfectness of his art,—and next, in holding to the heresy, even though Shakspeare's own Scholar pronounces the alleged flaw a veritable excellence.

There is some satisfaction, however, in being able to quote in one's favour so notable an authority as Hartley Coleridge. He declares Oliver to be thoroughly odious in the first scenes, and his sudden change of nature to baffle all credulity of imagination. "Such a man could not change, unless it pleased Omnipotence to annihilate his soul and create another in the same body." Elsewhere, again, Hartley confesses that he knows nothing in Shakspeare so improbable, or, truth to say, so unnatural, as the sudden conversion of Oliver from a worse than Cain, a coward fratricide in will, to a generous brother and a romantic lover. Neither gratitude nor love, he contends, work such wonders with the Olivers of real life. "Of love they are indeed incapable, and desire does but exasperate their villany. Obligation, even for life and honour, may check the course of their malice for a time, but, increasing the consciousness of their guilt, will only in the long run urge them on to renewed atrocities." Romance is all very well in the forest of Arden, the critic goes on to say, but Oliver is made too bad in the first scenes ever to be worthy of Celia,† or capable of inspiring a kindly interest in his reformation. Indeed, Celia is taxed with imprudence in accepting so suddenly a man of so indifferent a reputation: "she should at least have put his repentance on a

* Oliver's recognition of Orlando's fine qualities of heart and head being omitted in the acting edition of the play.—See "Shakspeare's Scholar," by R. G. White, pp. 234-6.

† "Celia is even more imprudent than her cousin, to love and vow without longer trial. This I think the worst defect of the play. The usurping Duke, though not much better than Oliver, has at least a more powerful motive for his villany. His reformation is unskillfully managed, and the last act is altogether hurried and unsatisfactory."—*Essays and Marginalia*, II. 141.

twelvemonth's trial. But in the fifth act ladies have no time for discretion."^{*}

Applicable to Oliver is the same commentator's estimate of Leontes, be the justice or injustice of that estimate what it may. Is it possible, he asks,[†] that one who had once fallen thus could ever again be worthy of a restoration to happiness? In the constituted order of human progression—surely never.[‡]

M. Saint-Marc Girardin complains that "le théâtre regorge de dissipateurs qui, au cinquième acte, sont économes, de joueurs qui ne jouent plus, d'avares qui deviennent généreux, de haineux qui oublient leur haines, de méchants enfin qui se changent en bons. Ce n'est pas dénoncer naturellement une comédie de caractère, que d'en métamorphoser moralement le personnage principal."[§] Metamorphose, monsieur? We thank thee for that word.

No metamorphosis can nature change;
Effects are chain'd to causes; generally,
The rascal born will like a rascal die.||

A paragraph in one of Mr. James Hannay's fictions begins with, "And now Doggy suddenly reformed—became the kindest of men, and Eustace's bosom friend ever after? No! Not so has the present historian read human nature. He does not believe in the sudden conversions so often found in the pages of brother (and sister) novelists."[¶]

The sceptical have good reason to ask with Junie in the French tragedy,

—un si grand changement
Peut-il être, seigneur, l'ouvrage d'un moment?^{**}

Reviewing the character of that "low, rapacious blackguard, without one redeeming quality," Nicholas Thirsk, in a modern novel,^{††} a penetrating critic objects, that as to his theatrical reformation at the fag-end of the book, it remains to be shown that the bitter selfishness of a thoroughly bad heart—fed, as in his case, by a savage temper, and an inveterate want of principle—can be permanently charmed away by any such momentary impression as is made to act upon him. "On the contrary, we are quite satisfied that, within three months from the day of his ostentatious repentance, he was as great a scoundrel as ever."^{‡‡}

So true is the teaching of our poet-laureate, that

The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.§§

* Essays and Marginalia, II. p. 145.

† See Hartley Coleridge's Notes on the Winter's Tale.

‡ "Remorse, the tyrant would feel; but it would urge him to vengeance on the instruments of his crimes—perhaps to some superstitious rite—some self-sought atonement; but never to a heart-cleansing repentance."—Notes on Shakespeare, II. 149.

§ Litt. Dram., De l'Egoïsme paternel.

¶ Eustace Conyers, ch. xvi.

†† Slaves of the Ring, by the Author of Grandmother's Money.

‡‡ Saturday Review, No. 369.

|| Prior, State Poems.

** Racine, Britannicus, V. 1.

§§ Idylls of the King: Enid.

Some of the conversions in Mr. Dickens's novels are open to this kind of distrust. Mr. Dombey has often been cited as one of these improbable converts. Scrooge is another: converted from a heartless old hunk, hard as the nether-millstone, into a radiant benefactor of his species, who wakes up on Christmas-day (having been a morose snarling brute on Christmas-eve) "as light as a feather, as happy as an angel, as merry as a schoolboy, as giddy as a drunken man"—laughing in transports of conscious beneficence, frisking about his bedroom, and shouting "A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"* And when Scrooge gets out of doors, "all in his best," he regards every one with a delighted smile, and looks so irresistibly pleasant, that people in the streets can't refrain from wishing a merry Christmas to such a self-evident impersonation of all the charities, graces, and glee of that season.

Another example may perhaps be quoted in the very forbidding person of Tackleton the Toymaker, that crusty, bearish, overbearing, ill-conditioned, malicious old curmudgeon. Yet when the felicitating finale of the picture requires it, presto! this Tackleton is transformed into the jolliest of jolly companions every one. "You never saw such a fellow. What *had* he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known, before, his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the Fairies been doing with him, to have effected such a change!"† What indeed! Only the Fairies know *that*.

Miss Braddon's last,‡ or penultimate, or antepenultimate fiction—or something, perhaps, by this time, a deal farther back than any such polysyllables provide for, in dating backwards *à parte ante*; so fast a writer, in more than one sense, is this sensational lady—was objected to, as regards its finale, by the critic of the *Jupiter*, or "leading journal," on the ground of the abrupt conversion of Eleanor Vane from dogged vindictiveness to hyperbolic generosity. The gist of his exception-taking may be read in a foot-note below.§

* A Christmas Carol, stave v.

† Cricket on the Hearth, Chirp the Third.

‡ Eleanor's Victory.

§ "Through long years of trial and privation and painful endurance Eleanor faces trouble and disappointment for the great purpose of achieving her revenge; when at last her object is attained, and she has the villain within her power, she endows him with houses, land, and fortune. We were not prepared for this conclusion, which looks frivolous in contrast with the rigid purpose of the story. It is true that women sometimes break down in the presence of success, and may be supposed to take an enjoyment in revenge while it is distant, which they cannot take when it is near. They may forgive in a moment the hatred of years, and rush to the extreme of generosity. But are they likely thus to treat a scoundrel whom they know to be a scoundrel, and towards whom they have no predilection? Hamlet refused to kill his uncle at prayers in case he might send his soul to Heaven. Eleanor loads the wretch, who might be regarded as the murderer of her father, with favours. Perhaps, however, Miss Braddon intends this to be considered as the Christian form of revenge, in coals of fire upon the head of an enemy; still, we are scarcely prepared to find a young lady who nourishes a pagan sentiment of vengeance through a thousand pages suddenly on the last two or three pages turning Christian and rendering good for ill. Readers who through three goodly volumes can sympathise with the unchristian thirst for revenge will be quite content that the heroine should remain unchristian to the end—at least to the extent of not rewarding a rascal. With three strokes of her pen Miss Brad-

A well-disposed critic of Mr. Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," qualifies his praise by objecting that the characters are screwed round rather than gradually bent into their right places—a fault which the teaching of a novel is apt to have. In real life, observes the critic,* characters that undergo a change are altered so that the child is still the father of the man—in novels, the grown, reclaimed, and perfected man is always made to be the son of some one else than his former self.

It has been objected to Corneille's *tyrans* and *marâtres* that, although uniformly wicked, *méchants d'un bout à l'autre*, yet, on seeing some fine action, or hearing some handsome sentiment, they occasionally and most abruptly turn right about face, and become virtuous exceedingly—"il leur arrive quelquefois de faire volte-face, de se retourner subitement à la vertu."† Such are Grimoald and Arsinoë. And the same critic, in an essay on Racine, favourably contrasts him with Corneille in this respect, "que jamais il n'y a lieu d'être surpris de ces changements brusques, de ces retours sans intermédiaire, de ces *volte-faces* subites, dont Corneille a fait souvent abus dans le jeu de ses caractères et dans la marche de ses drames."‡ Whatever we may, for once and away, think of Oliver in Arden, no one can affirm that Shakspeare *a fait souvent cet abus* in the development of his characters and the evolution of his plots. He knew human nature too well, and that

—in a hollow land,
From which old fires have broken, men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin,

despite his sympathy with, and respect for,

—simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.§

don can do justice at the last, even if she exercises mercy; and on behalf of ten thousand readers we appeal to her. These myriad readers will all join with us in saying,—To gaol with the caitiff! If Miss Braddon refuses to send him to gaol and to load him with chains, why need she afflict us by lodging him in a palace and loading him with gold?"—*Times*, Oct. 3, 1863.

* *Saturday Review*, III. 176.

† Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits Littéraires*.

‡ *Essai sur Racine* (1830).

§ *Idylls of the King*, pp. 89, 92.

SIX WEEKS AT HUNSDON MANOR.

PART V.

I.

As Lady Margaret and Ethel passed down the long gallery, after wishing us good night, the sound of their merry laughter proved that *they*, at least, were exempt from any depressing influence Guy's story may have caused.

The terrace-room was at the very extremity of the last gallery, and was entered by a door of solid oak, the massive proportions of which might have stood a siege. The situation of this room was, to a certain extent, isolated, there being but few rooms in the gallery, all of which were vacant at that time, with the exception of the two occupied by Bob Mordaunt and myself.

It was a large and beautifully proportioned apartment, hung with tapestry, produced by the far-famed looms of Arras centuries ago. And so lightly had Time touched it with its effacing fingers, that the colours were but slightly dimmed, and the figures in the design came out in strong relief. Round the room, and forming a kind of border to the tapestried walls, ran a deep wainscot of dark oak; and a huge mantel-piece, displaying carving and scrolls of the same material, was surmounted by a lofty mirror, corresponding in its setting with the high-backed chairs and antique furniture. The bed, with its hearse-like plumes and draperies of rich crimson damask; the old-fashioned toilet-table, with its oval looking-glass and quaint silver boxes; the deep bay-windows, with the heavy silken curtains—all relics of a past and long-forgotten age—conspired, with the size of the apartment, to give it an air of solemn grandeur; and perhaps the very freshness of their preservation tacitly preached a forcible and sad homily on that transient dream—a man's life, impressing upon the mind that less perishable were these memorials of his handiwork.

The surface of the mirror was still smooth and unsullied, but many a fair young face, whose beauty it had reflected back, had passed away; and that old arm-chair, with its rich carving and cumbrous shape, untouched by time or use—where are the lovely forms that once, doubtless, reposed in its roomy depths, dreaming their sweet thoughts of youthful happiness? Ah! where are they? Faded and withered long ago in the grave their memories only linked with the present period by their portraits on the walls, in which the bright hues of the colours are likewise dying away.

Two large presses, or wardrobes, of oak stood against the wall on either side of the door, contributing not a little, by their heavy carving and immense size, to the sombre appearance of the room, the general effect of which was marred by no profaning addition of modern furniture. Such an apartment would have generally ranked as the state-room of the mansion, its imposing proportions certainly entitling it to this honourable

precedence, and rendering it a fitting location for the lordliest of couples. But the absence of any adjoining dressing-room entailed the necessity of apportioning the terrace-room to the occupation either of young ladies or of bachelors, or any one journeying on the railroad of life by the narrow gauge. Although the month of September had not quite expired, and though the days were still warm and sunny, yet the evenings closed in with the chilliness and incipient frost of autumn, and on this particular night a wood fire blazed brightly on the hearth, enlivening by its cheerful rays the gloomy aspect of the apartment and imparting to it a look of comfort, causing Lady Margaret to exclaim as she entered it:

"Well, at all events, ghosts invariably contrive to attach themselves to the best rooms in the house, and I cannot disapprove of the Lady Millicent's taste in this instance. Seriously, though, Ethel, now that we are beyond the reach of inquisitive ears, tell me if you have any qualms about sleeping here alone after Guy's dreary story! As I have told you already, for your sake I do not mind facing a probable encounter with a whole family of ghosts—the Lady Millicent, Sir Guy, and the proud Sir Ralph de Lisle into the bargain, throwing in even the deserted baby, who, perhaps, died before he reached the age of manhood."

Ethel laughed. "Thank you all the same, dear Margaret, but I do assure you that, if I tried to do so, I could not conjure up any genuine show of alarm that would be in keeping with the story or the room. Indeed, I feel quite unworthy of occupying it, being so utterly destitute of the proper kind of feeling suitable to my situation, and which I certainly ought to possess, to sympathise sufficiently with the supernatural part of the Lady Millicent's story. Perhaps,"—she added, with a bright smile and a deepened colour—"perhaps, Margaret, the reason of my deficiency on this point of faith may be that my heart has no longer any room for such thoughts."

Lady Margaret glanced at her for a moment, admiringly; as she stood by the old mantel-piece, her face lighted up with the same thoughts that had given expression to her last remark, and then replied:

"You mean that it is haunted by something more engrossing—by another Sir Guy, in fact. Do you know, Ethel, that my opinion on that matter is, that my well-beloved cousin, though he may not have performed many deeds worthy of note in his life—There, my dear, don't be angry, I am only assuming the possibility, you know. He may be a second Bayard, for aught I know to the contrary; but, as I was going to observe when you interrupted me by that indignant look, supposing he never *did* but one wise thing, that red-letter day was when he made his choice of a wife. Now, I call that a prettily-turned compliment, worthy of Sir Willoughby, though, by the way, he never said anything half so pretty to me in his life."

"You must in justice allow, Margaret, that his failure is not from want of trying."

"Perhaps not," rejoined the other, coolly; "but I have no sympathy with unsuccessful efforts. To return to our subject, however. You are a strange anomaly, Ethel; looking at you, I should imagine that it would take but little to scare you, and yet I verily believe that you have a very small proportion of fear in your composition."

"Certainly not of anything supernatural, dear Margaret," returned Ethel, laughing.

Their conversation at this moment was broken upon by the entrance of Ethel's maid, a middle-aged, respectable-looking woman, who, having formerly filled the capacity of nurse, had, with her young charge's progression into womanhood, gained her promotion to the advanced rank of lady's-maid.

"Since you will not accept my society to-night," said Lady Margaret, "I shall wish you good night."

"As I told you truly, Margaret, I am not in the least nervous——"

"I believe you are a heroine," rejoined Lady Margaret, as she kissed Ethel, and then left the room.

"What did her ladyship mean?" asked Ethel's maid, who, with her long years of service, had claimed certain privileges, and who, at times, good woman, found it a difficult matter to disentangle in her mind the memory of the child she had carried in her arms from the actual identity of the grown-up young lady she now waited on.

"Lady Margaret thought, Thomson, that I might not like sleeping alone in a haunted room," replied Ethel.

"Haunted! gracious powers!" ejaculated poor Thomson, whose nerves were none of the strongest; "it is true, then, what all the servants say. I cannot abide this room, Miss Mordaunt. It may be very grand and handsome, but I should prefer sleeping in a cupboard."

"I am sure I should not, Thomson," said Ethel, laughing.

"This evening," resumed Thomson, "when I was up here arranging your things, ma'am, I heard a noise, quite sudden like, that frightened me out of my wits."

"I don't think it would take much to scare them from your possession, you dear old goose," said Ethel, smiling. "I often hear noises here, but you forget what quantities of rats there always are in old houses."

Thomson, however, was not reassured, and before quitting her young mistress she commenced a deliberate survey of the apartment, looking in all the corners, and under the bed, to Ethel's amusement.

"Ghosts are not to be discovered in that way, Thomson. If they intend to come, they will defy all human precautions."

"Don't talk in that way, please, there's a dear young lady," said Thomson, who did not share her young lady's scepticism on that point. "The best way is never to talk of such things. Good night, ma'am; and don't think of ghosts or any such-like any more."

With this parting injunction the worthy woman took her departure, believing, in her own mind, that Ethel could not possibly be totally free from the superstitious dread pervading her own mind.

For a few minutes before retiring to rest, Ethel sat gazing into the fire. Who does not know and appreciate that time so peculiarly and essentially our own—that quarter of an hour before going to bed, when undisturbed by the frequently-recurring interruptions of the day, the mind dwells upon the treasured burden of our happy day-dreams; or, alas! sometimes reflects on the misery lying deep in our hearts—the bitterness of which is unknown to all but ourselves. I cannot tell if Ethel's thoughts reverted at all to the sad story of the Lady Millicent. I am inclined

rather to believe the testimony of her own avowal to Lady Margaret, that her heart had no room for other than the happy thoughts that occupied it; and most probably as she sat there her reflections were coloured with the rose-tinted hue of her present life, and the anticipated charm of the future, filling her heart, doubtless, as she lay down to rest, with the earnest thanksgiving such pure natures instinctively yield for the blessings they receive.

II.

FOR a time Ethel remained awake, idly watching the flickering flame playing over the walls, until at length the figures of the nymphs and shepherds in the tapestry, growing fainter and more indistinct, gradually faded away from her closing eyes, and she fell asleep.

When youth and health are equally balanced in the scale, as a natural consequence it follows that sleep is more profound and less easily disturbed by the sounds which would not fail to break a lighter and less healthful slumber. Ethel had been asleep for some time, when the great turret-clock struck one o'clock; the booming reverberation only partially aroused her, and turning on her side, she was relapsing into slumber, when a strange kind of noise fell upon her ear. She was in that state, between sleeping and waking, when the senses, though in a measure alive to what is passing around, are lulled by the quiescence of the mind into a half-consciousness, an incapability of realising the impressions they receive, and when the dominant sensation is that of a pleasing languor, slight sounds only serving to enhance and deepen the soothing effect. This phase of feeling, however, is not continuous; either the physical powers of the brain relapse into the torpor of sleep, or the mind resumes the sway of full perception. For a few moments Ethel seemed to listen in a kind of half-dream to the sound. It was possibly the ivy, stirred by the night wind, tapping against the window, or it was caused by the ashes falling from the partly consumed log into the embers beneath. Confusedly and vaguely she began thus to account for the noise that seemed to mingle with her dreams. By degrees, however, she wakes to fuller consciousness, and listens more attentively to that singular grating sound. It is not the ivy fluttering against the pane, nor the ashes falling on the hearth. By neither of these causes could it have been produced. Raising herself on one arm, she looks in the direction of the fireplace, from which side of the room the sound seems to proceed. The fire is almost extinct, the dying embers only emitting now and then feeble sparks. A small night-lamp burning on a table sheds its faint lurid rays over a limited space of the apartment, rendering only more palpable the obscurity in which the remaining portion is enveloped, the distant dressing-table and large closets almost indivisible from the surrounding gloom. For a while Ethel's eyes, half dazzled by the imperfect light, can distinguish no object. Still the same sound continues, harsh and grating; all else is still; not a breath of wind is stirring to ruffle the otherwise unbroken hush of the night. As she continues to gaze from the dark canopy of the bed on that one illumined spot, her sight becoming gradually and slowly accustomed to the light, she begins to distinguish the outline of a form or sub-

stance crouching on the ground. Yet another moment, and the dark mass assumes a more defined shape. By the feeble irradiation of the lamp she now discerns distinctly the large black head and broad frame of a man! Not standing, but apparently on his knees, his body bent towards the ground; and still, seeming to keep touch and time with the beatings of her heart—never stopping—goes on that same monotonous sound. She strains her sight to look again, and, now! what is it that shines bright and glittering in the light, moving backwards and forwards on the hearthstone? The man is crouching with his back turned towards the bed. Suddenly the noise ceases, the pulses of Ethel's heart seeming simultaneously to stop with it. He suddenly holds towards the light, which is reflected back from the broad polished surface, a long pointed knife! and another moment reveals to her the ghastly face of Tony the idiot! The pale glimmer of the lamp falls on that livid countenance, rendered more appalling by the savage ferocity of the dark terrible eyes, and the scowl of the lowering brows. The coarse lips, bloodless and parted, through which are gleaming, like the tusks of a wild animal, the white teeth, are distorted by a fierce, exulting grin, as he hisses in a harsh whisper, falling, in the dead silence of the room, on the hearing of the horror-struck girl, "Not sharp enough yet! Not sharp enough yet!" and then returns with renewed vigour to his absorbing employment.

Motionless, paralysed, turned to stone, as it were, by the awful horror of that revelation, Ethel remained spell-bound in the same attitude. It needs no other proof than the sight of that dreadful face to interpret aright the deadly purpose of his presence, or the terrible meaning of his occupation. Too well she knows that the knife is sharpening on the hearthstone for her own murder; yet it appears to her not like a dread reality, but rather as a fearful vision, appalling her senses, but failing to convince her reason.

There are moments in some lives—let us hope but in few—when some terrible emergency arriving suddenly and unexpectedly, the mind takes in, with a horrible and unnatural clearness, the minutest details of the circumstance—a fearful test of its power and of its strength. Such an hour had come to that young girl, who but one short hour ago had lain down to rest in all the confidence of happy security, and is now suddenly aroused from her quiet sleep to meet unwarned, face to face, a cruel and violent death!

Her nerves, tense and strung to the utmost, fail not. With unnatural calmness and awful despair she takes in at a glance the horrors of her position, her irremediable and defenceless state. The little hand clutching convulsively the coverlid; the rigid, death-like look in the fair face; the wild, fixed stare of the large blue eyes,—well can I picture to myself those mute symbols of that hour of mortal agony, all the terrors of that scene aggravated, if possible, by preconceived loathing and aversion to that fiend incarnate who is there, pitiless and remorseless, in the fatuity of his imbecile rage, to take her life.

She knows full well that no help is near, and that the slightest cry or sound from her would but hasten her terrible end. With an anguish deadened by the intensity of her despair, thoughts come crowding on her mind of Guy, her mother, her home; of those loved objects she will

never see again; of that love which would have shielded her from all harm, but which now, alas! is powerless to save. Mechanically she wonders when the dreadful probation will be over, when the moment of her death will arrive. So young, so innocent, and yet to die! For one minute she appears to resign herself passively to the frightful fate awaiting her, but in the next returns in full force the natural instinct of self-preservation. A crimson Cashmere lay across her bed. For one instant her eye rents upon it. A sudden thought flashes across her mind, and acting on its impulse, she seizes the shawl, and steals noiselessly and with hushed breath from the bed. If the idiot again looks up her doom is sealed then, but his whole thoughts are concentrated upon the one object of sharpening the knife, whilst ever and anon he mutters with a low chuckle, "Not sharp enough yet!"

Stealthily she glides, spirit-like, across the room, her footfalls light as snow and inaudible upon the polished flooring. Now she is near him. She hears the thick breath coming in heavy respirations as he wields the knife with savage energy. Close, closer she approaches, until her small bare feet almost touch the ponderous nailed shoes. For one instant she pauses, and then, with the quickness of thought, she throws the shawl over his head, and with the same almost incredible rapidity, and with all the energy of her strength, she manages to secure the folds in a tight, hard knot. Taken by surprise, and thrown off his guard, the idiot loses his balance, and falls heavily forward; as he does so the arm holding the knife is thrown wildly upwards, the sharp blade striking against Ethel's shoulder, inflicting a wound, from which the blood trickles down. In another moment the maddened and infuriated monster springs to his feet with a yell, half suffocated by the folds of the shawl drawn tightly and closely over his head and round his throat. He strives to tear it off, but the firm and strong texture resists his efforts. Now he endeavours to pursue his victim about the room, with the gleaming knife still grasped in his hand. In his blind course he staggers in the contrary direction, and Ethel springs towards the door. Her hand is on the lock, but, oh, horror! it yields not to her touch—the door is locked, and the key is removed! The idiot (no longer seemingly one, in the diabolical forethought which had suggested to him this precaution) turns as he hears the sound of the lock turning, and with an exulting laugh more hideous than a groan he stumbles towards her. Escape seems now impracticable, and her heart dies within her as she reflects that not much longer can the shawl resist those desperate efforts to rend it. In her extremity she looks towards the window. Better a thousand times death in any other form than at those hands. Urged by this one pervading dread, she again evades him, and creeps towards the recess of the window. He does not hear her movement, but in his blind pursuit he chances to turn also in the same direction. Coming close to where she stands, crouching in the corner of the deep bay-window, his outstretched hands almost touch her. She closes her eyes in sickening anticipation, but suddenly he stumbles against a chair, and the obstacle serves to turn his headlong course. God be praised, she has yet time! Noiselessly she glides behind the heavy curtains, and mounts upon the broad seat. Slowly and cautiously her trembling fingers unfasten the window, fearful lest he should again be

attracted by the sound. At last it is open, and the bright moon streams in upon her. She looks out upon the terrace, lying deep and hard beneath her; it would be a fearful leap, with but one probable result—sudden and inevitable death, but a less horrible one, to her mind, than the cruel hands, the sharp knife. The night air is laden with the heavy perfume of the clematis, the fountains in melodious murmurs are sending their bright waters up into the clear air; all is calm and quiet, nothing without in keeping with the terrible scene within. Now she hears the heavy rush of his steps again coming towards her. Once more she looks down upon the terrace, this time unflinchingly, and steps out upon the sill. In doing so her eye rests upon a projecting ledge of masonry, not a foot in breadth, which runs underneath the window, continuing along the whole length of the building. With the same strange perspicuity that had not for one moment deserted her, she sees, that though it might be possible to move sideways along the narrow ridge of stone, with no other support than that of the ivy and creepers clustering over the wall, yet the attempt would be one fraught with imminent danger; in which the chances would be a hundred-fold in favour of death against life.

Even at this awful juncture she reflects that the next window—should she succeed in reaching it—is that of an unoccupied room; and scarcely within the bounds of possibility appears the power of attaining the next, lying far beyond, belonging to her brother's room. As she hesitates the curtains behind her are shaken in the clutch of the idiot's grasp, and her resolve is taken. Death every way seems to stare her in the face. This last course is her only remaining and desperate chance of life, and without an instant's further delay she steps down on the ledge and begins her frightful and perilous attempt.

The stonework is wet with the heavy night dew, and her feet almost slip as she moves step by step on her sidelong way over the damp surface. Convulsively she clings to the ivy, her sole support. The China roses clustering amidst the leaves touch her cold cheek as she brushes by them, and the dew shaken from their bright cups falls in plentiful showers over her face. Their thorns tear and lacerate her hands, but she is unheeding of the pain. All sensation is merged in the one absorbing dread of the creature whom she has left in that dark chamber! In his mad and desperate rage he may pursue her even yet along the narrow brink; and the thought lends fresh strength to her faltering feet. She seems to see the folds of the shawl rending asunder; much longer it cannot resist those fierce hands.

She hears his steps again near the window, and now in his blind struggles he has thrust his hand through the pane. She glides on with greater rapidity, and now she has reached the first window. Between it and the next one there is a long unbroken flat, and for the first time the true sense of her awful peril thrills through her. For a moment her brain seems to reel, and there rushes upon her that sickening feeling of utter hopelessness engendered by the crisis of dire danger and risk. Again the dreaded sound of the idiot's movements fall upon her ear, nerving her trembling limbs to another effort. Passing the window she continues to creep along the narrow parapet, not daring to look down—

wards: one glance at the broad white terrace below would suffice to cause her immediate fall. The unnatural tension of her mind is such that the smallest details seemed graven on her brain. She notes even the bright glistening dewdrops on the glossy ivy, and the quiver of the Virginian creeper, as the wandering air gently stirs its crimson leaves. Now an owl, startled from his nocturnal reverie on one of the gables by the unwonted apparition, rushes past her with a wild shrill hoot, his grey wing almost sweeping the loosened mass of her golden hair as it floats in careless unrestraint over her shoulders. Scarcely five minutes have elapsed since she started on her fearful journey, and yet a lifetime seems condensed in them. She feels that her strength is fast ebbing, and her hands and feet are growing numbed and nerveless. At last she has reached the second window; but oh! if her brother is asleep and cannot hear her. With a desperate effort she clings to the broad mullion, and taps once, twice, at the window. In a low, hoarse voice, sounding strange to her own ear, she calls his name; but there is no answer. Can no one hear that agonised tone, that last appeal? Must she die now, on the threshold of escape? Her grasp will soon relax. Once more she calls, and now it is answered by rushing steps and eager hands unbarring the window from within. One backward glance she turns towards that dreaded spot, and then suddenly breaks upon the night that terrible, fearful shriek which had roused me from my sleep!

From my window I could command a full and uninterrupted view of the scene without, which the bright rays of the moon lighted up with the clearness of noon day. More like a spirit than a reality was the appearance of that white form clinging to the stone mullions of the next window! Blood was flowing in a slow stream from her shoulder, staining the folds of her long dress, and the moonbeams fell upon the white face, revealing with terrible distinctness the wild stare of the large blue eyes and the rigid expression of the features. Still more appalling was the sight of that other face eagerly thrust from the terrace room; ghastly and livid in the silver light was that distorted countenance, convulsed with impotent rage and baffled hatred. Before I could realise the actual reality of this terrible scene, the figure clinging to the window suddenly disappeared, and the frightful face in the distance was as quickly withdrawn, whilst I remained rooted to the spot, almost inclined to believe myself under the influence of some horrible nightmare!

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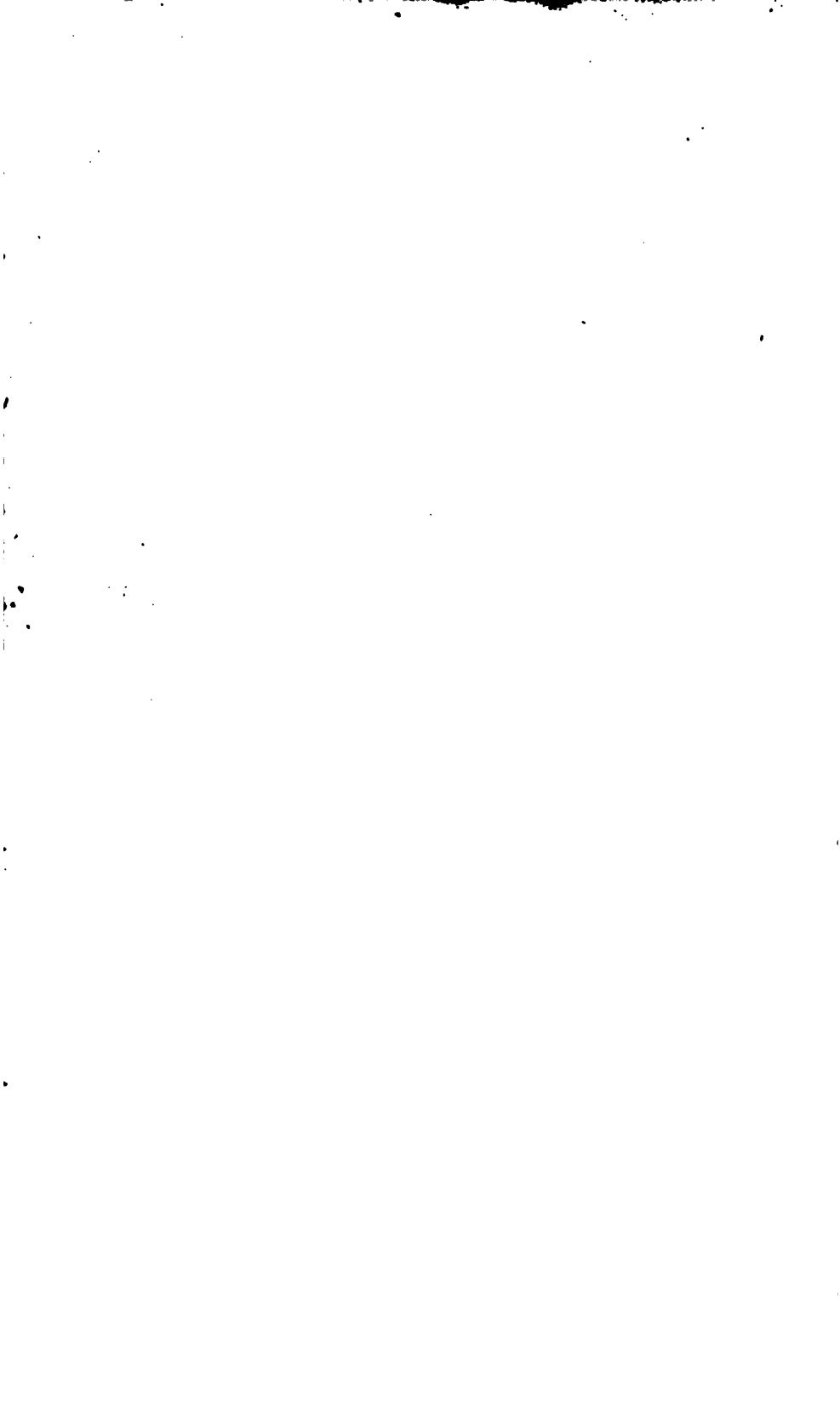
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